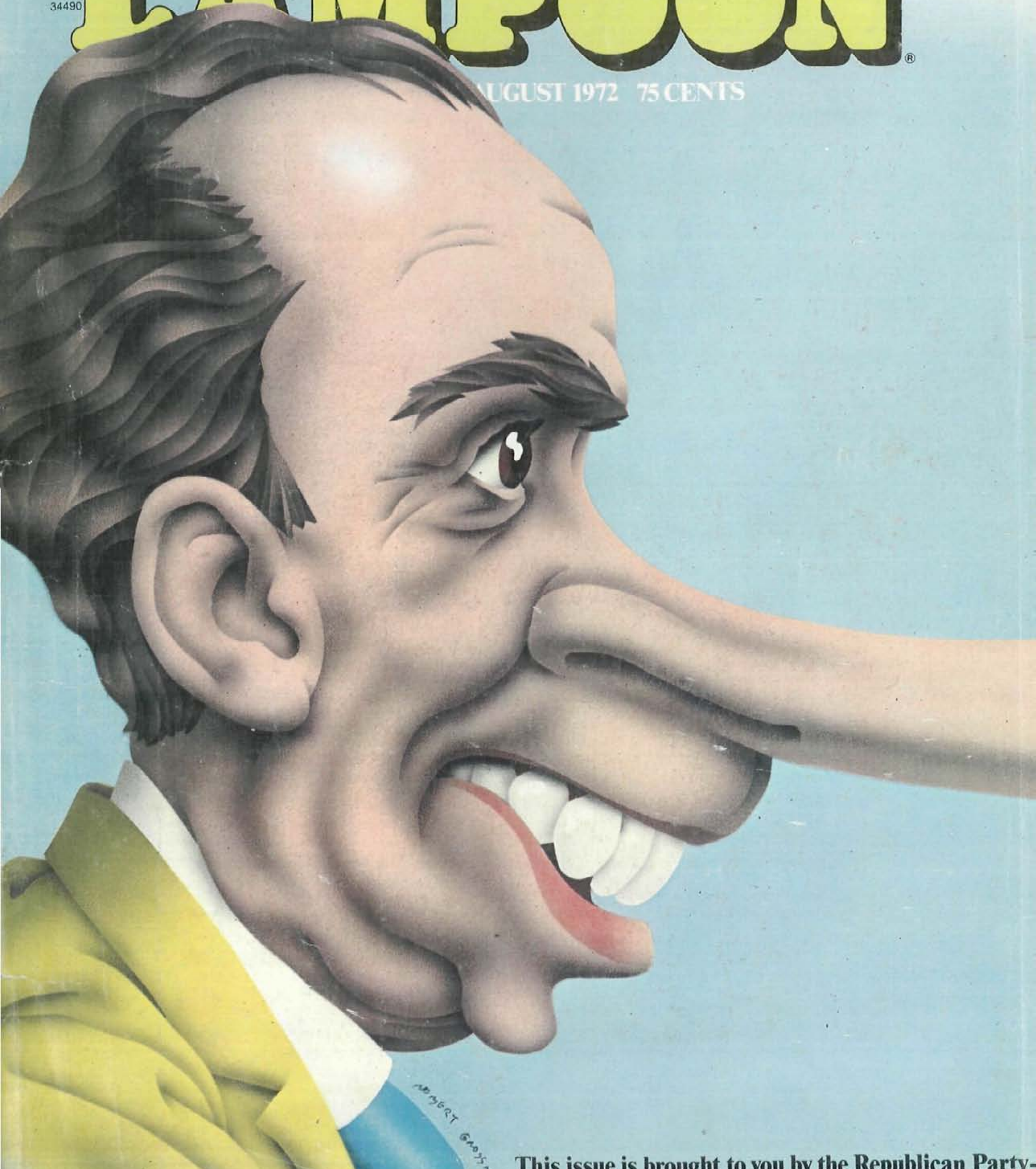
The Miracle of Democracy

Wallace Horror Comic Equal Time Coronation of King Dick

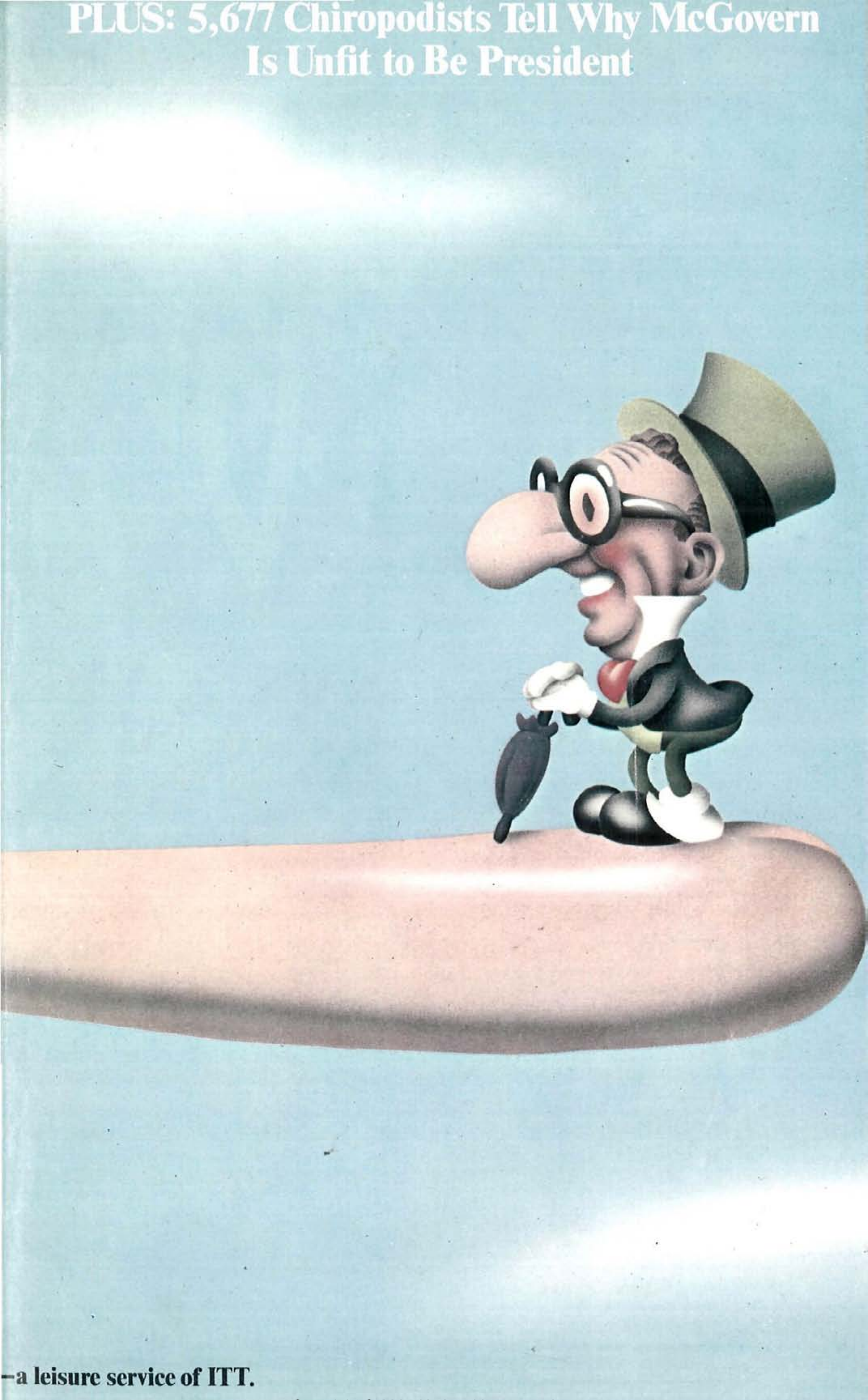
NATIONAL LAMPOON®

IND
34490

AUGUST 1972 75 CENTS



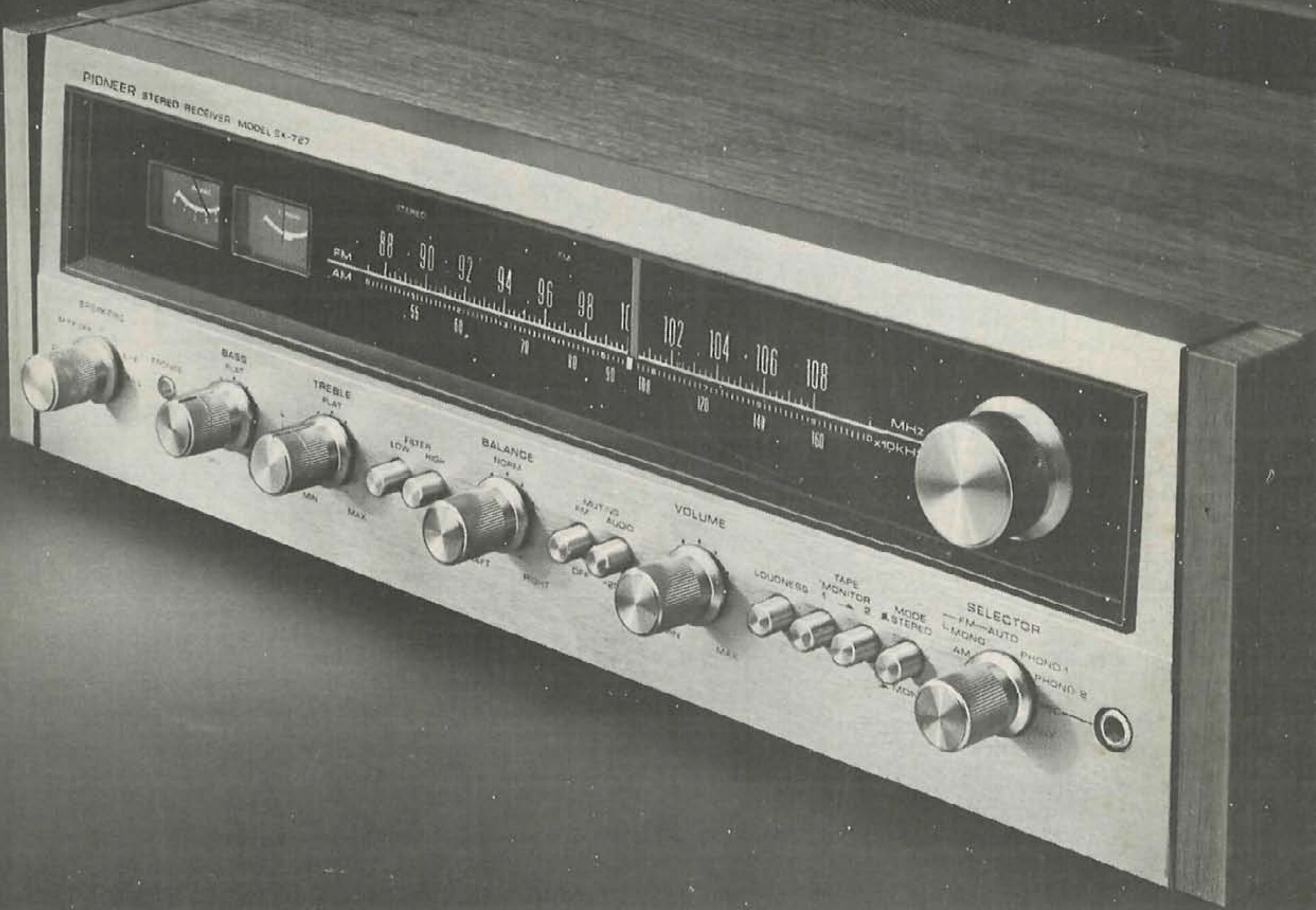
This issue is brought to you by the Republican Party-


PLUS: 5,677 Chiropodists Tell Why McGovern
Is Unfit to Be President
—a leisure service of ITT.


NATIONAL LAMPOON
CHIPPED BEEF
CHIPPED BEEF ON
CREAMED POTATOES,
PEAS AND DICED CARROTS
GARNISHED WITH OLEO,
SALTED CRACKERS,
VANILLA JUNKET


NRA
MEMBER
U.S.
WE DO OUR PART
wt. 5¼ oz. avoir.

Our new SX-727. So much for so little.



If you think that value is an abstraction, you'll change your mind when you see and hear the new Pioneer SX-727 AM-FM stereo receiver. Comparison proves it has greater power, performance, precision, features and versatility than any similar priced receiver.

Looking behind its power rating — 195 watts IHF. 40 + 40 watts RMS at 8 ohms, both channels driven — you find a direct-coupled amplifier and dual power supplies. The result is consistent power throughout the 20-20,000 Hz bandwidth for improved transient, damping and frequecy responses, with low, low distortion.

You're in complete command of the FM dial, even in congested areas. New and advanced FET/IC circuitry has substantially improved sensitivity and selectivity. Reception is crystal clear and free of interference.

There's a wide range of connections for turntables, tape decks, headphones, microphones, and even 4-channel. You can connect three speakers, which are protected against damage by an exclusive, new Pioneer safeguard system. Additional features include: loudness contour, high & low filters, FM and audio muting, click-stop tone controls, ultra wide FM tuning dial, dual tuning meters, mode lights and an oiled walnut cabinet. Sensibly priced at $349.95, the SX-727 is one of Pioneer's new line of four 'margin of extra value' receivers. The others are SX-828, SX-626 and SX-525, designed for both more luxurious and more modest budgets. Hear them all at your Pioneer dealer today.

U.S. Pioneer Electronics Corp.,
178 Commerce Road,
Carlstadt, New Jersey 07072

PIONEER®
when you want something better

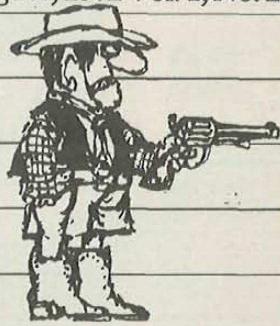


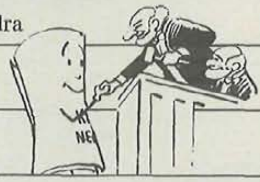
Everything you've always wanted to know about real High Fidelity is in the new, free 96-page book "Understanding High Fidelity."



CONTENTS

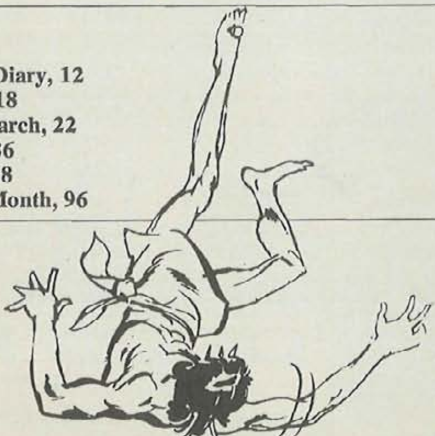
August, 1972 Vol. 1, No. 29









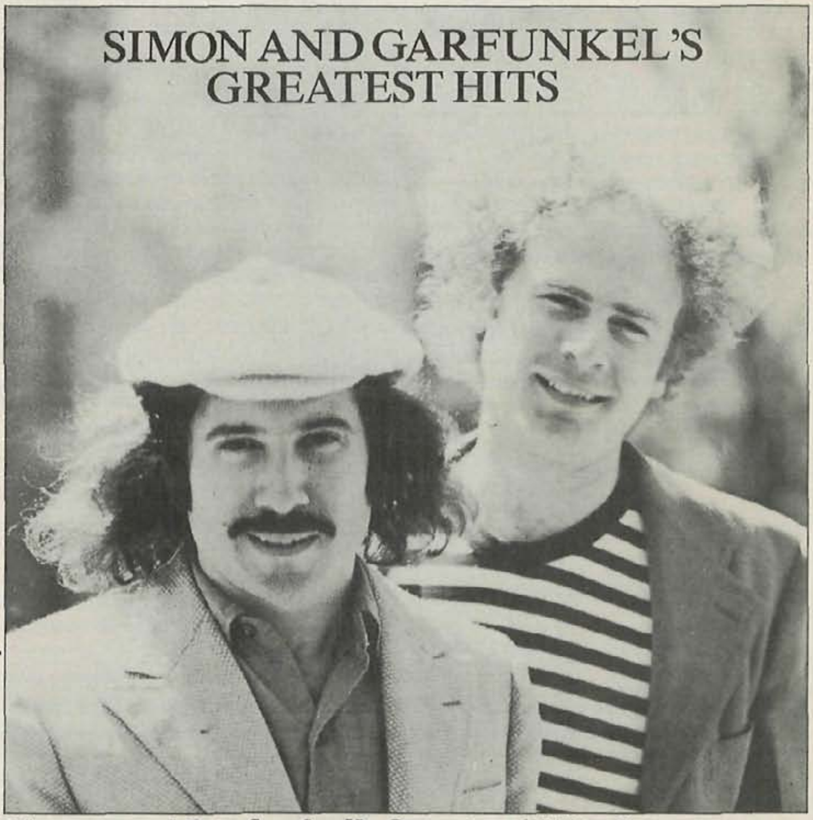


 SUBSCRIPTIONS: Published monthly by National Lampoon, Inc., 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. $5.95 paid annual subscription, $10.50 paid two-year subscription, and $14.50 paid three-year subscription in territorial U.S. Additional $1.00 for Canada and Mexico. $2.00 for foreign. Second-class postage paid at New York, N.Y., and additional mailing offices. **CHANGE OF ADDRESS:** Subscriber *please send change of address to Circulation Manager, National Lampoon* Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Be sure to give old address, new address, and zip code for both. Allow six weeks for change. POSTMASTER: Please mail Form 3579 notices to: Circulation Manager, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. **ADVERTISING INFORMATION:** Contact Advertising Director, National *Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call* (212) 688-4070. **EDITORIAL INFORMATION:** Contact Submissions Editor, National Lampoon Magazine, 635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022, or call (212) 688-4070. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, and photographs submitted if they are to be returned. Publisher assumes no responsibility for unsolicited material.

14 songs that have made musical history.

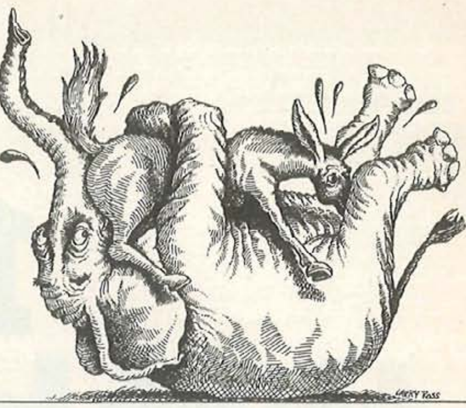
Bridge Over Troubled Water
Mrs. Robinson
The Sound of Silence
Scarborough Fair/Canticle
I Am a Rock
For Emily, Whenever I May Find Her
Kathy's Song
Bookends
America
Cecilia
El Condor Pasa (If I Could)
The Boxer
Homeward Bound
The 59th Street Bridge Song (Feelin' Groovy)

Including several never-before-released live performances.



"Simon and Garfunkel's Greatest Hits." KC 31350
Songs that people have never stopped singing.
On Columbia Records and Tapes

EDITORIAL PAGE



Red, Pink, or Just Plain Yellow? *President* Nixon? Why not call him *Comrade* Nixon? Or contrariwise, President *Brezhnev* and Vice-President *Kosygin?* Just to whom do we owe our allegiance these days, that's what the *National Lampoon* would like to know! Last spring, when our so-called Chief of State visited the Citadel of World Communism in Moscow, that hatchery of bloodthirsty plots to enslave the entire human race under the iron yoke of a Red flag, was he truly establishing America's armed superiority forever in the world? Alas, America, as the sickening realities of Nixon's bargaining with the Communists progressively unfolds before us, it becomes manifest that we have been sold a *dandy* bill of goods!

Was Nixon drinking vodka when he sold half the Free World down the Volga? Just consider what he forked over, on a silver spoon as it were, to the bloody-handed Red Gangsters of Soviet Red Russia. Their ferocious imperialistic appetites were only whetted by the barbarous occupation and suppression of Czechoslovakia, Romania, Hungaria, Turkestan, and other free Balkan states. For when "Comrade" Nixon finally emerged from the Svengali job thrown on him by the smirking, beetle-browed Brezhnev, lo! we had given those bombastic bums nuclear superiority, the Mediterranean, tiny enslaved Chile, and the Moon—just as surely as if the title to all this real estate had been signed in the very lifeblood of the men, women, and children living on it.

Last winter we traded Chiang to Mao for Ho and two pandas. One ally from Column A, "Comrade" Nixon, and two from Column B? And isn't it interesting, speaking of the foulest treachery, how the Communist slave-masters on both sides of the Red Mongolian steppes could with such aplomb throw their onetime puppet ally, Red North Vietnam, to the wolves?

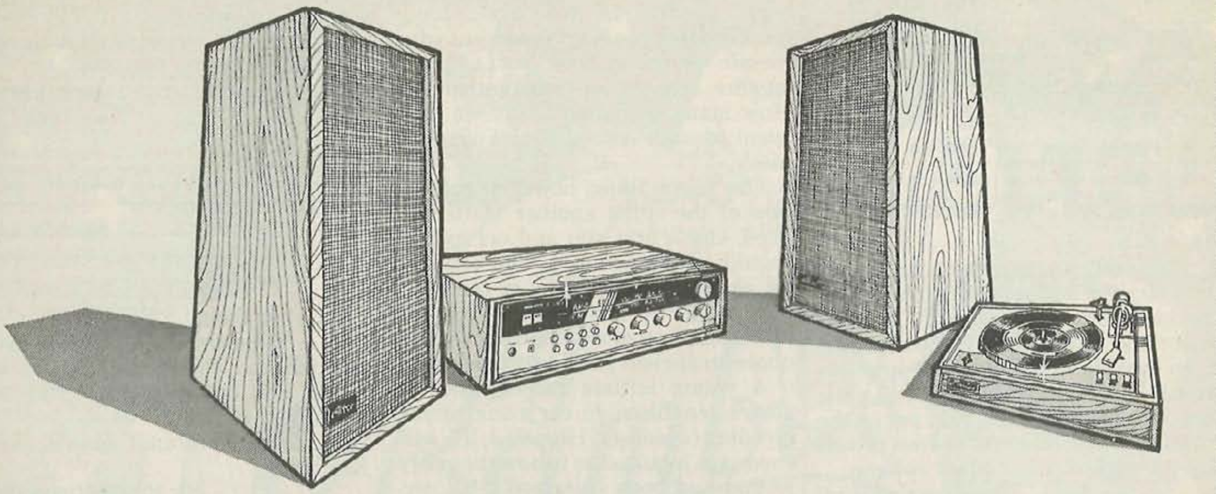
That's the lesson to be learned from observing these power-mad maniacs: you can't trust 'em as far as you can smell 'em, and you can smell 'em from the Potomac to the Yangtze and on every college campus in this country. For, whatever the sinister influence the shadowy Zionist Henry Kissinger may exert on our self-styled Prez, be assured that he is not without assist from the likes of Abbie Zionist Hoffman, Jerry Zionist Rubin, John Q. Professor, and other long-haired egg-heads of that pinko stripe.

We must begin *now* to exterminate this cancer! And not from the *bottom up*, a la Joe "Lace Curtain" McCarthy, but from the *top down* this time. The slates must be washed clean and white, even if we have to give such high-ranking traitors as Richard "Tovarich" Nixon and William "Benedict Arnold" Rogers the old Rosenberg treatment—after due process of law, of course. And while we're on the subject, isnt there a way to muzzle that turncoat flannelmouth Jack Mormon Anderson once and for all? Crisp the whole lot of 'em, we say! Frankly, the *National Lampoon* seriously fears whether this nation or any nation, beset from without by avaricious bandits and from within by desperate traitors, can long endure. But at least, if we get the drop on them first, we can take a few of the bastards with us before we go down.

—D.L., R. Schultz

Cover: This month's cover is by Robert Grossman, winner of the coveted *National Lampoon* Political Caricature Award, consisting of a handsome stipend to permit a half hour of study in any appropriate area of the fine arts, for his immortal portrayal of Richard Nixon as Pinocchio, which (as is customary for winners of this sought-after citation) appears on the cover of "that magazine which most fulfills the ideals and principles symbolized by the *National Lampoon*." □

The National Lampoon, Inc. is a subsidiary of Twenty First Century Communications, Inc.
Chairman: **Matty Simmons** President: **Leonard Mogel** Vice-President: **George Agoglia**
Vice-President, Sales: **Gerald L. Taylor**



after the movie...take her home and show her your equipment

Wouldn't you like to be confident that your equipment performs better than any in its class? After all, it's well known that flowing music from a compatible sound system will add warmth to any occasion. Well, if you're one who hasn't been able to demonstrate perfect fidelity . . . you really ought to know about Stereo Warehouse. We represent every major brand, and offer single components and complete music systems at shameful discounts. Stereo Warehouse is an alternative for those people who are dissatisfied with the selection, or service, or prices of their local otulet. For instance, if you were thinking of buying a complete music system for around five hundred dollars—you'll find this system unbeatable:

The new Harman Kardon 630 AM/FM stereo receiver has separate power supplies and delivers a very stable 120 watts IHF; or more precisely 60 watts RMS, into 8 ohms, from 20-20,000 Hz, at less than 0.5% distortion. Our own tests proved this new model 630 to be as much and more than Harman Kardon claimed. The FM section far surpassed what you might expect from a $300 receiver. Overall quality control and performance on the dozens of units we tested was admirably consistent. It's been a long time comin'—but the new receivers from Harman Kardon are tops!

The Garrard model SL 72B is the most popular of the "component" series. The model SL 72B incorporates many of the same features (including the synchro-lab motor and controls) as found on the famous Garrard Zero 100. It tracks with precision to one gram, and its dependability and functional controls make it a pleasure to use—either as an automatic changer or a manual turntable. We include a base, dustcover, and Shure M91E Hi-Track elliptical cartridge.

Altec Lansing speakers are used in professional recording studios across the nation. The model 886A is a recent Altec design—a new development from over a quarter of a century of Altec Lansing research. Each speaker system features two 10" bass units, coupled with a separate high frequency driver. The combination produces the smoothest fidelity you'll ever hear for $179.95. Crisp and clear high frequencies, solid bass fundamentals without breakup, even at high volume levels.

The system breakdown is below. Send us a money order or cashier's check for $529, and we'll ship your system immediately. (Include $18.75 additional, and we'll pay the shipping costs, insurance and handling to anywhere in the United States.) Sales tax only for California residents. Substitutions of different brands and models possible. Simply call us, write, or come see us. We'll zip you a price quote, catalog and literature . . . fast and free.

Harman Kardon 630	$299.95
Garrard SL-72B	99.95
Base and Dustcover	13.00
Shure M91E	49.95
Two Altec Lansing 886a's	359.90
Total Regular Price	822.75
STEREO WAREHOUSE PRICE	**$529.00**

SEND FOR DETAILS AND FREE CATALOG

ILLUS: BRUCE FRASER

STEREO WAREHOUSE

782 HIGUERA, SAN LUIS OBISPO, CALIF. 93401
PHONE (805) 543-2330

NAME ______________________

ADDRESS ______________________

Zip ______________________

NL-8-72



Dear Sirs,

My lovely assistant here will secure this straitjacket and will then tie my ankles together. That's right. Now the other one. Good. Now if those gentlemen over there will help me into this trunk . . . good. Now if you will close and lock the trunk and then put on the chains, I will attempt to free myself by the end of this Letters column.

The Amazing Rudi
In the Trunk

Sirs:

Life in our simple ashram, vibrating as it is with the all-pervading transcendental bliss of cosmic oneness, nonetheless gets a little dull now and then. Which is why, in the evenings after our simple supper and customary game of Twister, we sometimes like to send the *schvartze* out in our simple limousine for an amusing magazine and maybe some chips or a frozen custard, these which we reverently enjoy seated in the "half rutabaga" meditation pose around our humble Olympic-size heated yin-yang mosaic swimming pool. *NatLamp* is a surefire favorite at these gatherings. How many delighted hours we have spent passing around your Foto Funnies!

Fun is one thing, however, cultivation of the spirit another matter indeed. One's first aim and occupation should always concern the struggle for egress from this "net of illusion." How better to facilitate for you the understanding of this concept than to quote an ancient parable of the Yogis:

A young initiate rushed into his guru's den, his right ear mangled and bleeding copiously. Horrified, the wizened sage inquired as to how the grisly wound had been sustained. "Bit myself," answered the novice. "Great Siks!" exclaimed the master. "How is that possible?"

"Stood on a prayer-stool," came the reply.

Hugs,
M. M. Mahish
Beverly Hills, Calif.

Sirs:

You know what I thought Cole Porter was? I thought Cole Porter was a job on a railroad train. "Hey, we're out of fuel. Someone get the coal porter." But that's not so. Cole Porter was that guy who sang "Oh My Papa" and "Raggmopp" and liked to be photographed chasing taxicabs.

Bobby Short
New York City

Sirs:

Bobby Short? Isn't a bobby short an English police car?

Noel Coward
Vacationing by the Sea

Sirs:

I always thought that Noel Coward was a department-store clerk who dreaded the Christmas season, but now I find out he is a person who made two movies: *The Lady Wore Pink Chainmail* and *Joan's Other Kitchen.*

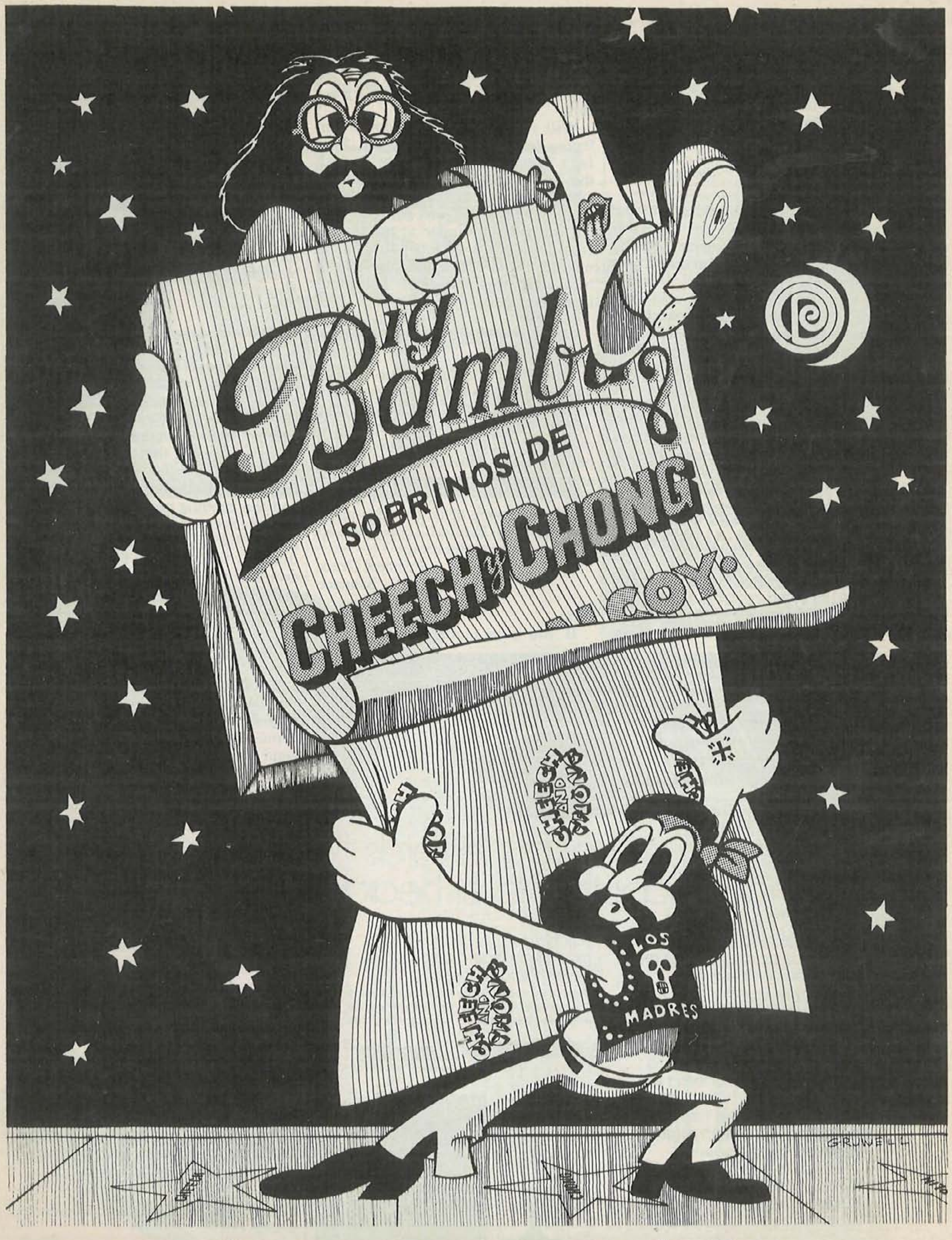
Sir Ralph Richardson
Garth, Plith

Sirs:

Since my "get up and go" "got up and went," shall we say, ha-ha, I haven't had too much use for the old plume & parch. But I could sure show you greenhorns a few things about the humor biz! Fr'instance, listen to this one—and we'll see if you don't just "bust a gut"!

Seems a young man had rushed into the doctor's office, his right ear man-

continued



"At Your Favorite Dealer"

continued

gled and bleeding copiously. Horrified, the good doctor inquired as to how the grisly wound had been sustained. "Bit myself," the boy answered. "Gadzooks," exclaimed the doctor, "how is that possible?"

"Stood on a chair," came the reply.

Edgar A. Guest, Sr.
DeCarlo, N.J.

Sirs:

In your article "Knocking Out the Dauntless Little Stilt for Its Own Good" (May, '65), author Lockley makes the erroneous claim that Chico Dominguez, Grace Vendago, and myself met clandestinely (his word, not mine), to coordinate our separate reports so that each included the basic facts that the stilts nested in the shallow alkaline pools of the vast Bear River refuge in Utah, that they're able to raise their nests if flooding becomes a danger, and that they look like sparrows with seven-inch legs and have long beaks. The meeting that took place was purely of a social nature and no ornithological discussion took place.

Frank Ciano
Chicago, Ill.

Mr. Lockley replies:

YOU GODDAMN LYING SON OF A BITCH. THAT ISN'T SO AND YOU KNOW IT. I SWEAR TO GOD HE'S LYING, THE BASTARD. HE GAVE ME $10 TO KEEP QUIET ABOUT IT, BUT I ONLY SAID MAYBE. HE'S LYING.

Sirs:

Will you please keep it down! I'm trying to write my new novel, *This Isn't Funny*, and I can hear you all the way up here in Massachusetts where I live with my four children and my wife who I was going to take out tonight for dinner at an Italian restaurant right in town that is famous for fresh butter and long loafs of bread that look sometimes like phalluses.

John Updike
Ipswich, Mass.

Sirs:

Here's a little item your readers might be interested in. A very well-known movie actress's colostomy bag broke while she was attending a gala premiere dinner. Her friends, seeing her dilemma, were quick to her aid and corrected the unfortunate accident before any of the other guests were even aware of it. It's sure lucky that Margaret Rutherf—oops, I wasn't supposed to say who it was.

Princess Grace
Monaco

Sirs:

If you guys hadn't said I was an asshole so much I wouldn't have been canceled and even though I am a bit of an asshole you didn't have to say so much did you just once would have been enough you rotten unsmashing unsuper unfantastic rotters I hate you and stop saying I'm a traitor to my race because Diahann isn't that black and anyway now that I'm canceled because of you guys calling me an asshole so much she's having second thoughts and she's the only person I've got left because I've always been such an asshole and who else but a black asshole would like me? Please.

Yrs.,
David Frost

Dear Sirs,

This is the Amazing Rudi again. I've run into an unfortunate delay. In trying to free myself from the straitjacket, I inadvertently undid my trousers, which would be a simple enough problem if that were all. But it isn't. It seems that when my trousers worked themselves down my legs, they took my underpants with them, and the rubbing and the friction that took place caused my reproductive organ to become stiffened. I mention this only to assure you that I am quite aware of the laws that regulate print material and will not emerge until I have made myself decent to appear.

The Amazing Rudi
Still in the Trunk

Sirs:

Things aren't bad enough. I send my emissary to your country with $300,000 to buy rifles. The shipment comes, but, instead of rifles, the idiots send us handcuffs. Now my troops, who aren't exactly Phi Beta Kappa candidates, get a hold of these and within two days, to a man, have locked themselves to beds, cabs, toilets, each other, tourists, garbage cans, churches, ice-cream trucks, cattle, and every other large, difficult-to-move object you can think of. And, of course, there are no keys. Could you see if you could find the keys? And for God's sake, don't tell Argentina or those CIA bastards of yours.

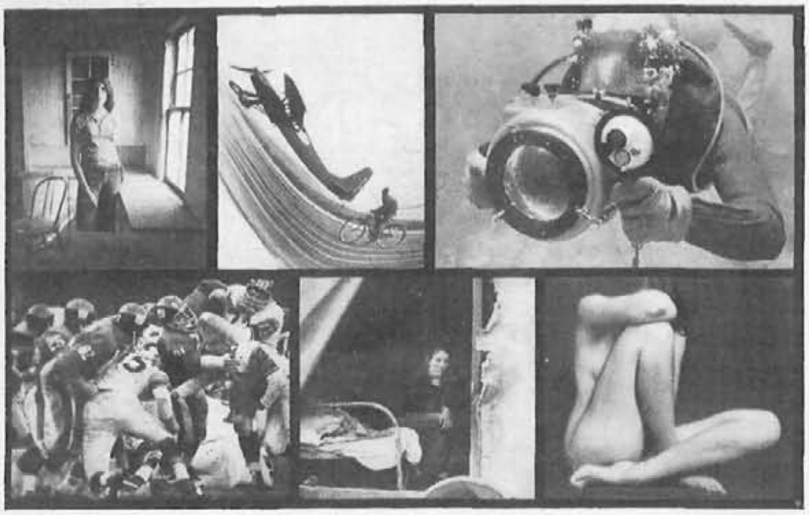
Salvador Allende
Santiago, Chile

Dear Sirs,

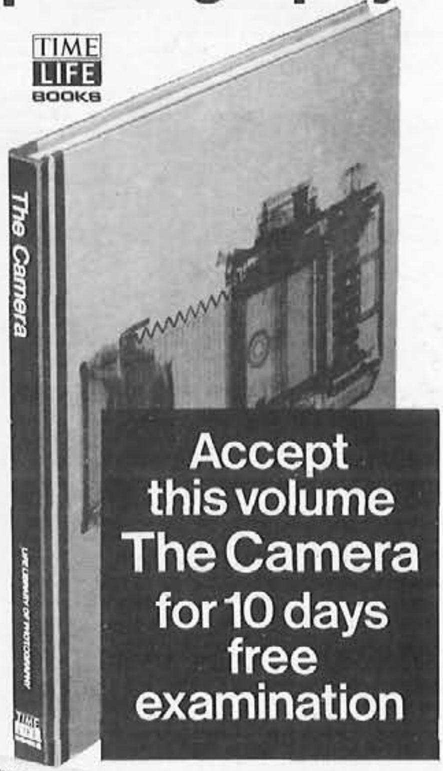
It's me again. I got rid of my erection, but now I can't get my pants back up, and I'm afraid if I thrash around too much, I'll get the erection again. The air's getting pretty stale in here, and it doesn't look like I'm going to get out in time, so why don't I just change my act to "The Amazing Rudi, The Man Who Undresses and Excites Himself in a Straitjacket and Locked Trunk." Now somebody please let me out.

Rudi
Trunk

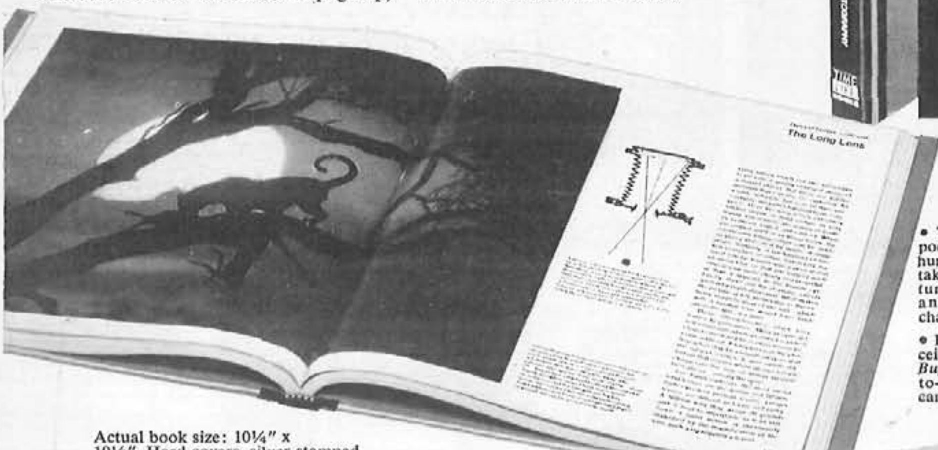
For the man who wants to experience all the creative pleasures of photography



Each volume is designed to develop your skill and knowledge in a particular area of photography. The photos above are among hundreds used in the series. Top group, left to right: from *Color*, *The Print* and *Photography As A Tool*. Bottom, left to right: from *Special Problems*, *Photojournalism* and *The Great Themes*.



Accept this volume The Camera for 10 days free examination



Actual book size: 10¼" x 10¼". Hard covers, silver-stamped black-cloth binding. Each contains approximately 230 pages. 350 monochrome and color pictures.

FREE if you buy The Camera: Photographer's Handbook and Camera Buyer's Guide



- This valuable 64-page pocket-size manual contains hundreds of tips and ideas for taking and making better pictures. Includes 150 photos and drawings, dozens of charts and tables.
- In addition, you will receive an informative *Camera Buyer's Guide*, containing up-to-date facts and prices on cameras and accessories.



TODAY the possibilities of photography are almost limitless. You can take pictures anywhere—even where there's no more light than a candle. You can turn the most commonplace objects into striking visual designs—with everything from ultra zoom lenses to fisheyes. You can start with ordinary negatives and transform them into startling abstractions in your own darkroom. And now, this whole marvelous world of photography has been put into a remarkable series of books: the Life Library of Photography.

Here, in magnificently illustrated volumes, you'll receive step-by-step guidance on shooting all kinds of subjects—studio shots, portraits, sports, children, nature, still lifes. You'll learn how to plan each picture... how to compose it... how to make it "speak" to the viewer. Famous LIFE photographers such as John Dominis, Carl Mydans and Alfred Eisenstaedt will offer you their personal tips and trade secrets.

You'll learn about all the possibilities open to you in the darkroom, too—from the basics of developing, printing, dodging and burning-in to special effects such as solarization, bas relief and combination printing.

And by examining a magnificent gallery of some of the greatest photographs of all time—and seeing why they succeeded so brilliantly—you'll be encouraged to develop your own sense of what makes an unforgettable picture. Whether you are an experienced photographer or a beginner, the Life Library of Photography can't help but bring you closer to the kinds of photographs you've always dreamed of creating.

Accept *The Camera* for 10-days free

Just as a picture is worth a thousand words, you must really see the Life Library of Photography yourself—and try some of its suggestions—to appreciate how much it can mean to your picture-taking. That's why we invite you to send for this Volume for 10-days free examination without obligation. If postpaid card is missing, use the handy coupon.

TIME-LIFE BOOKS, DEPT. 2843
TIME & LIFE BUILDING, CHICAGO, ILL. 60611

Yes, I would like to examine *The Camera*. Please send it to me, together with the illustrated *Photographer's Handbook* and *Camera Buyer's Guide* for 10 days' free examination and enter my subscription to the LIFE Library of Photography. If I decide to keep *The Camera*, I will pay $7.95 plus shipping and handling. I then will receive future volumes in the LIFE Library of Photography, shipped a volume at a time approximately every other month. Each is $7.95 plus shipping and handling and comes on a 10-day free-examination basis. There is no minimum number of books that I must buy, and I may cancel my subscription at any time simply by notifying you.

If I do not choose to keep *The Camera*, the *Photographer's Handbook* and the *Camera Buyer's Guide*, I will return them within 10 days, my subscription for future volumes will be canceled, and I will not be under any further obligation.

Name____________________
(Please Print)

Address____________________

City & State________________ Zip________

POSTER ART BY



P401. Modigliani: SKETCH OF GIRL. *On Artists' Canvas* Modigliani's lithograph in strong black lines & shades of red. 18" x 24". *Special* 2.98



P51. Max Ernst: BIRDMAN. Metallic stock: red, blue, silver & black. 19½" x 29½". *Only* 1.00



P188. A KISS IS LOVE BY WORD OF MOUTH. Deep red tones. 34" x 22". *Only* 1.98



P704. JOIN. Black & white photo. 21½" x 27½". *Only* 1.00



P215. TRIPEZE. Optical swirls, rainbow Dayglo hues on black; silkscreen. 33" square. *Only* 2.98



P557. "I AM YOUNG AND STRONG AND LIVING A GREAT ADVENTURE". *Ann Frank* quote; b/w photo, 22"x28". *Only* 1.49



P556. START SMILING & ENJOY THE MIRACLE OF NOW. B/W Photo. 22"x28". *Only* 1.49



P100. BAN THE BRA. Full Color Photo. 26"x39". *Only* 1.98



P533. ECCE HOMO. A world in agony; black line on white. 18½" x 24½". *Only* 1.00



P563. I LOVE YOU BECAUSE YOU'RE ALWAYS WILLING TO LISTEN TO ME. B/W Photo. 22"x28". *Only* 1.49



P207. Audubon: 1[...] BEST LOVED BIRD[...] PAINTINGS. Hand[...] some full color prints suitable for framing including all the Au[...] dubon favorites: each 9" x 12". Set of 18 *Special* 1.00



P679. DON'T TRUST ANYONE UNDER 30. Black & white photo. 28¾"x39½". *Only* 1.00



P793. WANDA EMBRY. In full color. 12"x63". *Only* 3.95



P110. Thoreau: ON INDIVIDUALITY. "Why should we be in such desperate haste to succeed, and in such desperate enterprises?" Painting by Durfee with greens predominating. 30" x 45". *Only* 3.98



P800. ZONKERS. Full Color Lithograph. 36"x24". *Only* 1.00



P149. *THE GREAT AMERICAN DISASTER.* Multi-color political-social satire. 22"x33". *Only* 1.00



P566. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD I COULD EVER NEED. B/W Photo. 22"x28". *Only* 1.49



P474. STRIKE. Dayglo fist on matte black. 17½"x40½". *Only* 1.00



P105. CANNABIS. Red, white & gold. Silkscreen. 20¼"x28". *Only* 1.98



P359. SOLILO[...] QUY. Mind r[...] in shimmerin[...] Dayglo color[...] on black. 22[...] 23". *Only* 1[...]



P483. BE PREPARED. Full Color classic. 29½" x 39". *Only* 1.00



P670. TO BE NOBODY ELSE. Black & white. 24" x 17½". *Only* 1.00



P768. LEOPARD. Stunning monochrome photo of one of the last of a vanishing species. 38"x28". *Only* 1.00



P579. THE SNAIL. Computer-drawn black lines on white. 20" x 29½". *Special Import* 1.00



P33. Dita: TIGER ON RED. On Canvas; full color litho. 18" x 24". *Only* 2.98



P323. WISE OW[...] Vivid Dayglo cerise & purpl[...] predominate. 2[...] x 27". *Only* 1.[...]



P5. HAPPY FRUIT. Dayglo orange on matte black. 20¾" x 20". *Only* 1.00



P737. Picasso: DON QUIXOTE. Artists' canvas, silk-screen black on white. 20" x 24". *Special* 2.98



P456. Hug: PARROTS. On Canvas; gorgeous tropical plumage superbly lithographed. 32¼" x 28¾". *Only* 2.98



P547. Modigliani: RECLINING NUDE. *On Canvas.* Full Color. 24"x18". *Only* 2.98



P3. LOVE IS THE ANSWER. Monochrome photo on heavy, glossy stock. 22" x 28". *Only* 1.49



P927. EARTH, THIS IS GOD! Sepia on cream. 17" x 22". *Only* 1.00



P654. POWER TO THE PEOPLE. Panther 21 poster; dayglo red, yellow, matte black. 29½" x 43½". *Only* 1.98



P858. Ben Shahn: [...] HAVE NOT CONV[...] ED A MAN. Blac[...] brown on white. 30" x 45". *Only*



P129. SYNCOPATED RHYTHM. Color blocks in dayglo greens, red, blue, orange, on black. 29" x 23". *Only* 1.98



P882. FLY UNITED. The "only way to fly"; dayglo red & blue on white. 27¼"x20¼". *Special* 1.00



P672. SOMEONE TO LOVE. In black & white. 17½" x 24". *Only* 1.00



P124. ST. PETER'S. Vivid dayglo red, green, cerise, purple, matte black; after M. C. Escher. 28¼" x 22". *Only* 1.98



P749. ROBERT REDFORD. Black on yellow-green. 6 ft tall x 18". *Only* 1.98



P889. GONE WITH THE WIND. Selznick-MGM 1939 with Clark Gable, Vivien Leigh, Leslie Howard, Olivia de Havilland; Full Color. 19¾" x 29". *Only* 1.00

P876. MARIE. In full color a huge 29"x52". *Only* 1.98

P334. WORK DILIGENTLY WITH INTEGRITY— You'll get your *JUST REWARD!!*; full color cartoon. 11"x17". *Only* 1.00

P803. ON WOMEN'S[...] Green, brown & lave[...] 22" x 28". *Only*

P390. POWERFUL PIERRE. Full Color. 4'4" x 34". *Only* 1.98

P843. AMERICA. The Almighty Dollar in vivid multi-hued Dayglo. 30" x 22½". *Only* 1.00

P484. THE SORCERER. Silkscreened in vivid Dayglos. 28"x43". *Only* 1.98

P871. Gillette: LOVE. Couple embracing against background of sea and sand. 17½" x 23". *Only* 1.00

P721. MONSTER. Hobbit-Folk poster; deep blues & greens. 18½" x 24¾". *Only* 1.00

P541. 18TH CENTURY DUTCH ZODIAC MAP. Constellations plus astrological information; pale greens predominate. 29" x 23". *Only* 1.98

P718. DRAGON. Hobbit-Folk poster; red, brown tones, deep blue. 24¾"x18½". *Only* 1.00

P442. IT ONLY MATTERS THAT YOU LOVE. Rod McKuen quote; B/W photo. 22" x 28". *Only* 1.49

P54. DIFFERENT DRUMMER. B/W Photo with famous Thoreau quote. 22"x34½". *Only* 1.00

P80. BLUE LOV[...] Silkscreen; [...] blue on matte [...] 23¾"x36". *Onl[...]*

P673. LOVE IS REAL. In black & white. 17½" x 24". *Only* 1.00

P842. MAKE A COMMITMENT TODAY. Building blocks in vivid multi-hued Dayglo. 30" x 22½". *Only* 1.00

P169. Giacobetti: DANIELLE LA BELLE. Full Color Photo. 40¼" x 27½" *Only* 2.98

P89. LIVING IS LOVING. Full Color Photo. 27¾"x39¾". *Only* 1.98

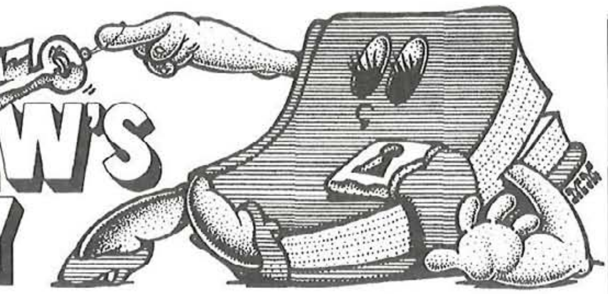
P799. SOUL SOUND. Full Color Lithograph. 24" x 36". *Only* 1.00

P341. HE KEPT OUR BOYS OUT OF NORTHERN IRELAND. Nixon in full color against the red, white & blue. 16¾" x 21½". *Only* 1.00

P176. Kishin Shinoyama: TWO WOMEN. Full Color Photo; brown & white on bluegreen. 40¼" x 27½". *Only* 1.98


MARBORO
MANY NOW ONLY $1
decorate like crazy!
MAIL COUPON TODAY
FRANKENSTEIN
A CHILLING THRILLER
P897. FRANKENSTEIN. Boris Karloff's 1931 chiller; Full Color. 19¾"x29". Only 1.00
RIGOLETTO
P741. SIX METROPOLITAN OPERA "FIRST PERFORMANCE" POSTERS. 1883 Met Grand Opening Nite, 1883 Traviata & 1907 Butterfly 1st nites, 1903 Caruso, 1908 Toscanini & 1931 Lily Pons debut nites; all on cardstock. Each 12" x 16". Set of 6, Only 2.98
WARS ARE NOT HEALTHY FOR PEOPLE AND OTHER LIVING THINGS
P705. WARS ARE NOT HEALTHY. Multi-hued Dayglo flowers & black legend on white. 21" x 33" Only 1.00
BIERES DE LA MEUSE
P716. Mucha: BIERES DE LA MEUSE. Muted purple, yellow-gold, red, cream. 34" x 53". Special 2.98
P102. "THE GODFATHER" WEDDING. Full Color Photo. 33"x21½". Only 1.98
P104. MICHAEL CORLEONE—THE GODFATHER. Full Color Photo. 21½"x33". Only 1.98
P580. SYNCHROJECTOR RAMA. Black & gray tiger; full color rainbow. 30" x 20". Special Import 1.00
FREE! with every order
We have met the enemy, and he is us.
WE HAVE MET THE ENEMY. In black & white line. 22" x 31".
nature is the living, visible garment of god.
P558. "NATURE IS . . . the living, visible garment of God", Goethe; Full Color Photo. 27½"x22". Only 1.98
P816. TOMORROW is the 1st day of the rest of your life. Red, green, blue, purple. 22" x 28". Only 1.00
P564. YOU'RE THE ONLY ONE IN THE WORLD I COULD EVER LOVE. B/W Photo. 22"x28". Only 1.49
P103. DON CORLEONE—THE GODFATHER. Full Color Photo. 21½"x33". Only 1.98
VIETNAM
ursula
P86. KEKE. Full Color Photo. 27½"x39½". Only 1.98
P119. "USCHI" NO. 3. Down in flames; Full Color Photo. 29"x45". Only 1.98
P770. HORSE. Shades of brilliant red on red. 27½"x38½". Only 1.00
P687. VISIT BEAUTIFUL VIETNAM. Travel poster in blue-greens & white. 23" x 35". Only 1.98
P535. REVERSIBLE URSULA: 2-Sided Jigsaw Puzzle. 396 reversible pcs for front and rear views of out-of-the-bath Ursula. 15"x20". Only 4.95
P361. RHYTHM. Dayglo yellow-orange, red, purple, greens, blue. 22" x 26". Only 1.00
P83. GIRL WITH LION. Full Color Photo. 29½"x39½". Only 1.98
KING KONG
P904. KING KONG. RKO 1933 with Fay Wray, Robt. Armstrong, Bruce Cabot; Full Color. 19½" x 29". Only 1.00
P688. SHIT. Unusual artwork slows recognition time; matte red, blue & green. 22¼" sq. Only 1.98
P869. "WE NEED LAW & ORDER—Or our nation cannot survive," Adolph Hitler, 1932; red, white & blue. 35" x 23". Only 1.98
P360. ENERGY. Kaleidoscope of blinding Dayglo yellow-orange, cerise, blue, greens, 22" x 27". Only 1.98
P801. PEACE. Full Color Lithograph. 52" x 15". Only 1.00
P829. SHALOM. Hand in blue, green, white, on red background; produced in Israel. 17¾"x24½". Only 1.00
CELEBRATE
P184. PUBERTY IS HAIR-RAISING. Yellow & sepia on textured stock. 22"x34" Only 1.00
P565. CELEBRATE! Dayglo yellow, cerise, green on deep matte blue. 21"x33". Only 1.98
P766. JOHN F. & ROBERT F. KENNEDY. Monochrome photo. 33¾"x25". Only 1.00
P668. Bosch: GARDEN OF EARTHLY DELIGHTS. Surreal 15th century tryptych: Creation (left), secular frolic (center), Inferno (right); Full Color. 37½" x 22". Special 4.95
P166. The Above On Canvas, a hand-process reproduction with brush-stroke texture, expertly mounted on a stretcher. Only 24.95
P106. "USCHI" NO. 1. Full Color Photo. 29"x45". Only 1.98
P225. GOD IS LOVE. Silkscreened in vivid multi-hued Dayglo. 28"x43". Only 1.98
P56. IF EVER TWO WERE ONE . . . THEN SURELY WE! Monochrome photo. 41¾" x 29½". Only 1.00
P957. I DO MY THING AND YOU DO YOUR THING. F. S. Perls quote on monochrome photo. 35" x 22¾". Only 1.00
Caution: Keep out of reach of children
P501. CAUTION: KEEP OUT OF REACH OF CHILDREN*. *Milk in such containers may be unfit for human consumption. B/W; 19" x 29". Only 1.00
P744. PEACE, PLEASE. Red, white, blue, green, brown faces; full color photo. 35"x23". Only 1.00
P774. ISADORA. Figure & birds in hazy blue & lilac. 38½" x 26¼". Only 1.00
I miss you
P443. I MISS YOU. Monochrome photo. 22"x28". Only 1.49
RIGHT ON
P745. RIGHT ON. Blinding dayglo fist & black slogan on white. 20" x 28". Only 1.00
P559. I MISS YOU IN THE DAYTIME. B/W Photo. 22"x28". Only 1.49
DRACULA
BELA LUGOSI
HELEN CHANDLER
P888. DRACULA. The Bela Lugosi 1931 thriller with Helen Chandler; Full Color. 19¾" x 29". Only 1.00
P123. HIGH AND LOW. Chartreuse, purple, matte black; after M.C. Escher. 14½" x 34". Only 1.98
P79. NUDE AND SAND. Full Color. 29½"x40". Only 1.98
P765. PHALLELUJAH. Dark blues & purples predominate. 28½" x 39". 30¼"x22¾". Only 1.00
P739. Paul Rand: SKULL & DEATH. Black & white with a green twig, on a field of deep blue. 24" x 36". Only 1.00
P128. SPIRIT OF '69. The Spirit of '76 today, bloodied but unbowed; in full color. 29½" x 39½". Only 1.98
P886. IMPLOSION. Silver-gray bars on blinding red dayglo. 29"x30". Only 1.00
P179. PAULETTE. Gorgeous Full Color. More than 6 feet tall x 25" wide—a huge door size poster. Only 2.98
P170. Haskins: REDBIRD. Full Color Photo. 27½" x 40¼". Only 2.98
P393. ASTRONAUTS. Giant step for mankind in Full Color. 21"x26". Only 1.98
P767. LAURANIE. Full Color Photo. 25¾" x 38½". Only 2.98
P530. John Pitré: OVERPOPULATION. Surreal landscape solid with nude figures; blues, greens, browns. 30¼"x22¾". Only 2.98
MAIL COUPON TODAY!
MARBORO dept. NL-210
205 Moonachie Rd., Moonachie, N.J. 07074
Please send me the items circled below. (Please add 75¢ postage and handling on all orders.)
MINIMUM MAIL ORDER $ 3.00
☐ Enclosed find $ .... ☐ Send C.O.D.
Charge my: (check one)
Bank name for Master Charge
Amer. Exp.
Diners Club
Carte Blanche
Bank Number
& write in your account # ....
P3 P124 P390 P559 P716 P801
P5 P128 P393 P563 P718 P803
P33 P129 P401 P564 P721 P816
P51 P149 P442 P565 P737 P829
P54 P166 P443 P566 P739 P842
P56 P169 P456 P741 P843
P79 P170 P474 P579 P744 P858
P80 P176 P483 P580 P745 P869
P83 P179 P484 P654 P749 P871
P86 P184 P501 P668 P765 P876
FREE! WE HAVE MET Poster with every order.
P89 P188 P530 P670 P766 P882
P100 P207 P533 P672 P767 P886
P102 P215 P535 P673 P768 P888
P103 P225 P541 P679 P770 P889
P104 P323 P547 P687 P774 P897
P105 P334 P556 P688 P793 P904
P106 P341 P557 P704 P799 P927
P110 P359 P558 P705 P800 P957
P119 P360
P123 P361
Name ....
Address ....
City .... State .... Zip Code ....
New Jersey residents add 5% sales tax.
A few cents extra for C.O.D.
GUARANTEE: If not satisfied, return order after 10-day examination and money will be cheerfully refunded.

MRS. AGNEW'S DIARY



Dear Diary,

Forgive me, dear Diary, for I have been naughty. It has been four weeks since my last entry. I lied four times (age, weight, dress size, the mashed potatoes were actually French's Instant), cheated on my diet twice—well, *three* times if you count the stale Fritos under the sofa—and, I am trembling to admit this, even to you, didn't get the hatpin in right and am probably responsible not only for Spiggy losing his promotion, but for the total disintegration of American Democracy as we know it today.

I know that must sound like a tall order for a simple and, frankly, pleasingly plump housewife from Baltimore, Maryland, but I cross my heart that this is not just what Kim calls more of my honky jives. In addition, too, this will also be my very last entry I will ever write, as well, I should add.

What it was was that it had been no secret that for some time Spiggy's future at the office has been in question, or, as Martha put it, "up for grabs." This, of course, both Spiggy and I have attributed to the rising tide of support Spiggy has won on the grass-roots level as a direct result of his many speeches and junkets throughout the country and the whole world. Only yesterday, after a spot on "To Tell the Truth," for example, Spiggy picked up three votes and would have made a clean sweep except that Bill Cullen abstained because he couldn't believe that a Vice-President didn't know the capital of Nevada.

Spiggy, needless to say, has been quite upset about the rumors that he may be out of work, and the lien the creditors of the Famous Writers School put on our savings account ($214.68 in bank—$16,865.50 in debt) is a pinch that would certainly be felt. (Speaking of pinches, Martha says she hasn't gotten one out of John since he made her sit between two folding chairs at a crowded fund-raising luncheon and she shrieked and knocked a tureen of creamed spinach into Strom Thurmond's lap and he woke up and started screaming that that goddamn hotel maid had finally given him gangrene and somebody get him to a hospital quick and he almost gagged to death on a ham chunk but that's another story.)

Anyway, several days ago I was vacuuming in the rumpus room humming that cute hymn about how you've got a lot to live and secretly hoping to turn up a Frito or two under the sofa (I did, sigh), when Spiggy poked his head through the door and told me to hustle my buns upstairs because there were some people who wanted to talk to me. I was startled at first because I thought it might be investigators from that awful Holiday Inn where we got sick on the cola and had to listen to the people from the Moose convention slamming the ice machine outside our room all night and got so mad that we snuck out without making the beds.

But, when I went upstairs, there in the living room were Mr. Finch, Mr. Carswell, Mr. Haynesworth, Mr. Hickel, Mr. Romney (asleep), Mr. Rogers (not the real one on TV—just the one who brings Hank Kissinger coffee), and what I at first took to be a pile of garbage on the rug but suddenly moved and turned out to be Mr. Chiang Kai-shek, who certainly is getting on in years, but I must say he carries it well, except sometimes he can't carry it all at the same time and he has to leave some pieces behind (I bet it's that toe he was looking for that has been making that smell behind the fridge!).

Sit down and take a load off the floor, Spiggy said patting me on the fanny, we want to have a little chat with you and for Christ sakes if you can't swallow it, stop chewing it. (One of the Fritos turned out to be a Scrabble tile which is no wonder why last week Dick couldn't find *p* for his "soup.") As you may be aware, Spiggy began as I sat on the Wipe 'n Wash vinyl hassock Spiggy won for me on "What's My Line?," there has been some concern lately about Dick's suitability for reelection this year.

Right away, dear Diary, I knew Something was Up. You see, Judy, Mr. Rogers said patting my knee, although we all know what a fine job Dick has been doing, we are all terribly afraid that his health might not be up to par this year. Everybody nodded. Spiggy leaned over and whispered in my ear remember that time when we asked him at David Eisenhower's birthday party if Dick could pat the top of his head and rub his tummy at the same time and Dick said sure but when he tried he got so dizzy he started to spit up and make little bottom noises which really didn't bother anybody because if you've been around Spiggy after one of his baked-bean sandwiches, Martha says, you know what it's like to be trapped in a coal mine after the last canary kicks off, but just as Dick was going to fall over he made a great big raspberry near the birthday candles and there was a big boom and the last thing I, personally, saw was Tricia going out the plate-glass window and David being blown through the toy drum set that he never even got to use.

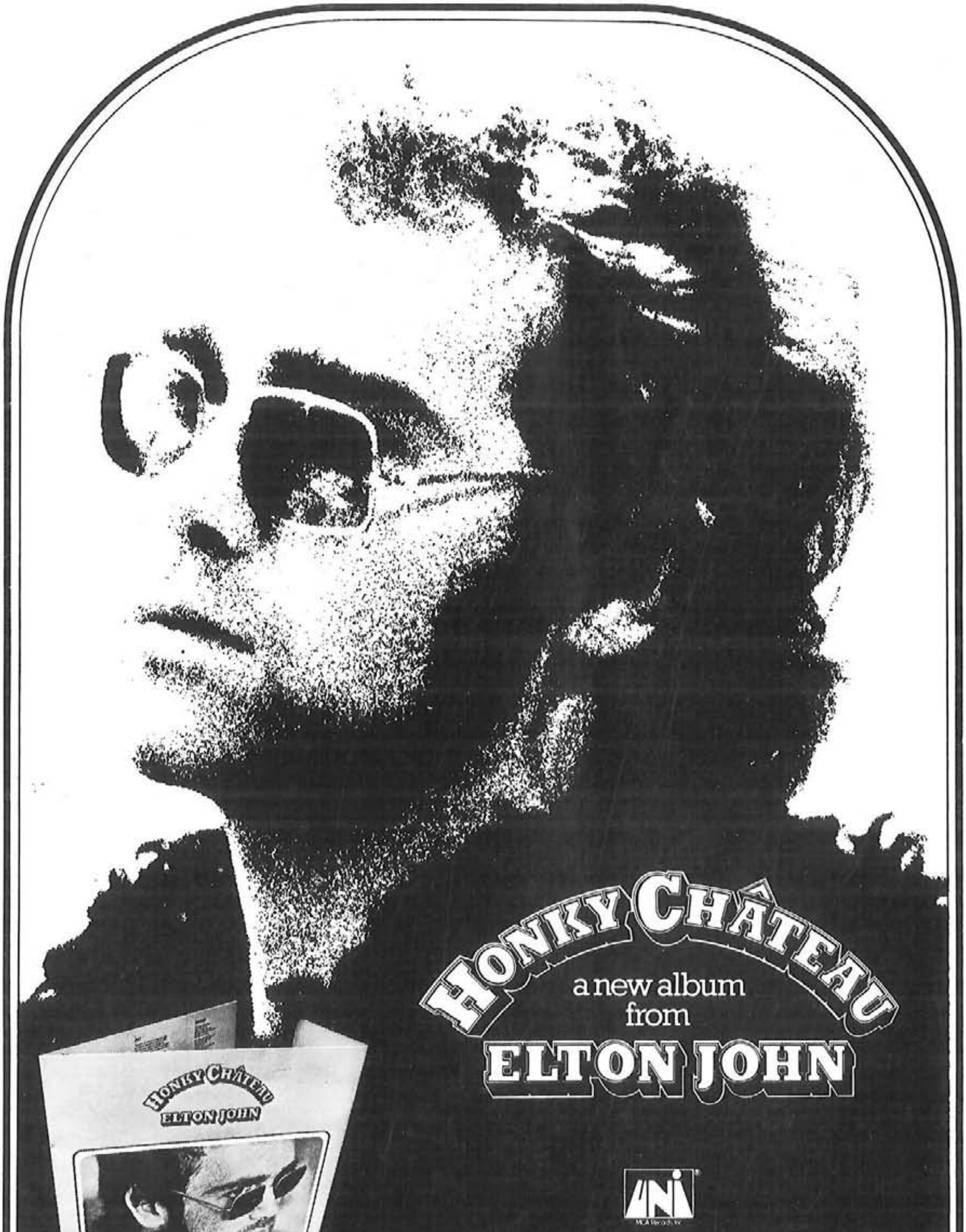
Truth is stranger than fiction, and it is no secret what cottage cheese can do to a person's regularity.

At this point Mr. Hickel said that Mr. Kai-shek had come up with something that might make Dick feel better and save the country from what was obviously a sellout to the Commies and forgetting who his real friends were (like Spiggy!) called a cute puncture. From the mysterious East, Spiggy said, has come this ancient method of curing mental distress. Knowing the intimate feeling Dick holds for you (at this point I realized that Somebody had been reading our little secrets, dear Diary, *and, as Kim says, I was a bit pee oed*), we feel, Spiggy continued, using the voice he uses when he wants to see them "tighten their sphinxes," that you are the man for the job.

Then Mr. Kai-shek showed me how a cute puncture can be used to make people feel better by putting a needle into his foot and saying he didn't "feel a thing," which was obvious to me since it smelled like his foot was pretty much held together by his sock anyway. All you have to do, Spiggy said, is take one of these needles and put it where it will do the most good. After a round of what I thought were rather indelicate wisecracks considering the seriousness of Dick's condition, they finally decided that I should sneak up behind Dick the next time I see him alone and stick my hatpin in his trouble spot, which they agreed after some more debate was located between his eyes, just above that thing that people who don't know him always think is a blackhead.

Well, to make a long story shorter, the very next day they packed me off to Dick's office with the special pin (they were going to give me a whole set, but Spiggy said I had better use a knitting needle because it's better safe than sorry) and I was supposed to tell him that Pat sent me over to massage his temples since she got tied up at the Cub Scout Jamboree by accident dur-

continued


HONKY CHÂTEAU
a new album
from
ELTON JOHN
HONKY CHÂTEAU
ELTON JOHN
UNI 93135
UNI



COLLECTOR'S ITEMS

NOVEMBER, 1970/NOSTALGIA: With The 1956 High School Yearbook; The Dink Patrol; The Sears, Roebuck Sex Catalogue; 1936: A Space Odyssey; Monster Memories; and the Special 1950s Section.
DECEMBER, 1970/CHRISTMAS: Gahan Wilson's Christmas Beware!, Write Your Own Agnew Speech, The Myth of the Mafia, Santology, I Remember Jesus, Sob Story, and Underachiever Jokes.
JANUARY, 1971/WOMEN: With The Censorless Woman by "O'D," the *Cosmopolitan* parody, Mighty Minerva, Unlikely Events, and the women's lib pinup calendar.
FEBRUARY, 1971/HEAD ISSUE: With Siddhartha Classy Comics, the Special Stoned Section, The Great Automobile Revolt, the 1791 *Rolling Stone* parody, Instant Yoga, and Woodstockade.
MARCH, 1971/CULTURE: With Michael O'Donoghue's How to Write Good, da Vinci's Undiscovered Notebook, Captain Bringdown, The Dolts, and Gracie Slick's etiquette handbook.
APRIL, 1971/ADVENTURE: With Derby Dames on Parade, Tarzan of the Cows, Real Balls magazine, The Philosopher Detective, Spoilers, Mexico on 5 Toilets a Day, and the Corn Flakes parody.
MAY, 1971/FUTURE: With The NASA Sutra: A Zero Gravity Sex Manual; Toilets of the Extraterrestrials; Printout, the computer magazine; and The 1906 *National Lampoon.*
JUNE, 1971/RELIGION: With The Polaroid Print of Dorian Gray, Big Blessings Bulletin, Gahan Wilson's Holyland, O.D. Heaven, Magic Made E-Z, and a parody of *The Prophet.*
JULY, 1971/PORNOGRAPHY: With The Breast Game, Everything You Always Wanted to Know About Sex (Aren't You Sorry You Asked?), Dick in Jane, Are You a Homo?, and Nancy Reagan's dating guide.
AUGUST, 1971/BUMMER ISSUE: With Defeat Comics; the Canadian Supplement; Would You Buy a Used War from This Man?; As the Monk Burns; Welfare Monopoly; and (Classified), the CIA newsletter.
SEPTEMBER, 1971/KIDS: With Eloise at the Hotel Dixee, The Hardy Boys, Children's Letters to the Gestapo, The Toilet Papers, Death Is, and How to Cook Your Daughter.
OCTOBER, 1971/BACK TO SCHOOL: With the *Mad* parody, Rodrigues' Hire the Handicapped, Magical Misery Tour, The Campus War Game, School of Hard Sell, 125th Street, and The Final Seconds.
NOVEMBER, 1971/HORROR: With Dragula, The Phantom of the Rock Opera, Sick Jokes of the Seventies, Gahan Wilson's Science Fiction Horror Movie Pocket Computer, and The Incredible Shrinking Magazine.
DECEMBER, 1971/CHRISTMAS: With Jessica Christ, Blind-Date Comics, This Is Your Life . . . Francis Gary Powers, The Russian Gift Catalogue, and Editorial Fantasies.
JANUARY, 1972/IS NOTHING SACRED? With Son-o'-God Comics; The Vietnamese Baby Book; The Last, Really, No Shit, Really, The Last Supplement to the Whole Earth Catalog; and Where Do YOU Draw the Line?
FEBRUARY, 1972/CRIME! With Groin Larceny; Ralph Nader, Public Eye; Angela and Rocky Take You on a Tour of the Big House; Dick Tracy on the take, and an Edward Gorey whodunnit.
MARCH, 1972/ESCAPE! With Hitler in Paradise, the California Supplement, celebrity suicide notes, the *Papillon* parody, Swan Song of the Open Road, and doing it with dolphins.
APRIL, 1972/25TH ANNIVERSARY: With the '58 Bulgemobiles, The Playboy Fallout Shelter, Commie Plot Comics, Frontline Dentists, and Third Base, the Dating Newspaper.
MAY, 1972/MEN! With How to Score with Chicks, The Men's Pages, Germaine Spillaine, Stacked Like Me, Norman the Barbarian, and The Zircon As Big As the Taft.
JUNE, 1972/SCIENCE FICTION: With *UFO*, The Flying Saucer Magazine; a Theodore Sturgeon sci-fi story; Sextraterrestrials; The Last TV Show; Dodosaurs; and Gahan Wilson's Click.
JULY 1972/SURPRISE! With Third World Comics, the Refugee Pages, the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao, How to Be a He-Man, and Sermonette.

To order these back issues, just check off the ones you want in the coupon below. Return the coupon to us with $1 in bill, check, or money order for each copy you'd like.

THE NATIONAL LAMPOON, Dept. NL872, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y.C. 10022
Send me the following:

No. of copies	Issue	No. of copies	Issue
______	NOVEMBER, 1970	______	OCTOBER, 1971
______	DECEMBER, 1970	______	NOVEMBER, 1971
______	JANUARY, 1971	______	DECEMBER, 1971
______	FEBRUARY, 1971	______	JANUARY, 1972
______	MARCH, 1971	______	FEBRUARY, 1972
______	APRIL, 1971	______	MARCH, 1972
______	MAY, 1971	______	APRIL, 1972
______	JUNE, 1971	______	MAY, 1972
______	JULY, 1971	______	JUNE, 1972
______	AUGUST, 1971	______	JULY, 1972
______	SEPTEMBER, 1971	______	TOTAL

I enclose a total of $________ at $1 for each copy requested. This amount covers purchase plus shipping and handling.

My name____

Address____

City__________________State____________Zip________

continued

ing the knot competition (Spiggy, as you may have guessed, thought that one up). Well, Dick raised his eyebrows quizzically when I barged in, which he generally doesn't do in public of course because the skin graft sometimes buckles and shows, but I explained what Spiggy told me to.

Dick said fine, fine and would I mind if he slipped into something more comfortable. Well, I knew what he meant by that, so before he had a chance to put down his model airplanes and order up the live duck, I reached into my bag and hit him square between the eyes with the needle. Unfortunately, although I got him between the eyes, I aimed a little too low and jammed it in his nose, which, needless to say, did not have the therapeutic effect they had hoped for. By the time I got past the guards and jumped into a bus, all the bells and sirens in the White House were going off just like the time he thought Eddie Cox was putting his hand under Tricia's skirt in the Green Room and it turned out that he was only trying to get his fraternity pin back and Dick was jumping up and down saying awful things (he did that both times) only *this* time his nose was bleeding and he was holding the end of the needle instead of a pair of scissors.

I finally huffed and puffed my way back to the Watergate and told Spiggy that I had failed, but he didn't even listen to me because he was in a terrible state over a phone call from Jack Anderson who said he'd picked up my diary on a bus and the Vietcong are already dickering for the movie rights.

Perhaps Spiggy is right after all and writing is not my strong point. Anyway, Mr. Ling, the nice Chinaman who helps me vacuum Spiggy's false-bottomed drawers says he thinks I might like to try some creative photography with the miniature camera he gave me that looks like a lipstick so I can get some good candids of those model planes on Dick's desk.

Good-bye wordsmith, hello shutterbug!

All for good,
Judy

Mar. 16

U.A. SECY: Mr. Mike Stewart calling Mr. Ike Turner.
IKE'S SECY: Louder!
U.A. SECY: Mike Stewart, President of United Artists Records is holding for Ike Turner.
IKE: What's he holdin', Honey?
MIKE: Ike?
IKE: Hey.
MIKE: Hey, we heard you cut some new stuff at your studio.
IKE: Louder!
MIKE: We heard you put some blues stuff together.
IKE: No way.
MIKE: We have exclusive rights to all your music.
IKE: Can't hear you.

Mar. 24

MIKE: Ike is that you? What the hell is that sound?
IKE: My chopper.
MIKE: Pull over I have to talk with you.
IKE: No where to stop in the desert. The new music is mine…personal…for me…
MIKE: But Ike.
IKE: Can't hear you.

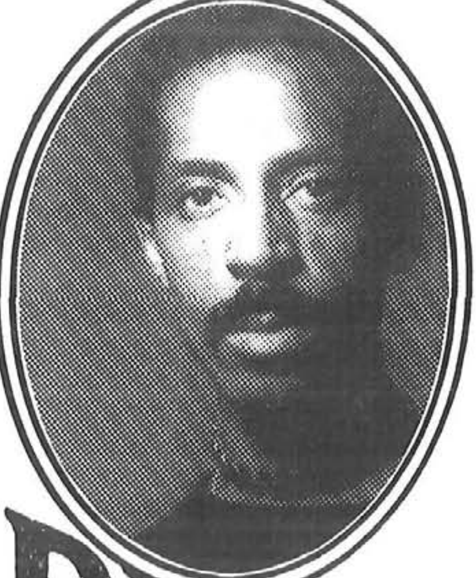
Apr. 19

MIKE: Ike, we just want to hear the new stuff.
IKE: Don't change my life, man.
MIKE: What?
IKE: Me and Tina, that's where the public wants my music.
MIKE: Maybe they want to hear your blues.
IKE: Can't hear you.

May 4

MIKE: Ike, I'm sorry we had to do it this way.
IKE: …but, I don't want to be a singer.
MIKE: Can't hear you!

The album Ike Turner didn't want released is now available.
We are prepared to suffer the consequences.



IKE TURNER BLUES ROOTS

UNITED ARTISTS RECORDS

USE THE POWER (18) AND VOTE



505. COLE
Robert Kimball and Brendan Gill
(Counts as two)
Publ. Price, $25.00

591. SOCIALISM
Michael Harrington
Publ. Price, $12.50

518. THE HOUSE OF LIFE: Rachel Carson at Work
Paul Brooks
Publ. Price, $8.95

355. IBSEN, A Biography
Michael Meyer
Publisher's Price, Publ. Price, $12.95

143. THE ROCKY COAST
Rachel Carson
Publ. Price, $6.95

346. UPSTATE
Edmund Wilson
Publ. Price, $8.95

003. ELEANOR AND FRANKLIN
Joseph P. Lash
Publ. Price, $12.50

196. CRISIS IN THE CLASSROOM
Charles E. Silberman
Publ. Price, $10.00

573. BIRDS, BEASTS, AND MEN
H. R. Hays
Publ. Price, $8.95

511. POE POE POE POE POE POE POE
Daniel Hoffman
Publ. Price, $7.95

110. THE DECLINE OF THE WASP
Peter Schrag
Publ. Price, $6.95

215. THE 12-YEAR REICH
Richard Grunberger
Publ. Price, $10.00

305. THE MORTGAGED HEART
Carson McCullers
Publ. Price, $7.95

337. I'M OK—YOU'RE OK
Thomas A. Harris, M.D.
Publ. Price, $5.95

328. THE CITIZEN KANE BOOK
Pauline Kael, Herman J. Mankiewicz & Orson Welles
Publ. Price, $15.00

580. BELLA! Ms. Abzug Goes to Washington
Bella S. Abzug
Publ. Price, $7.95

485. FLANNERY O'CONNOR: THE COMPLETE STORIES
Publ. Price, $10.00

498. GROW IT!
Richard W. Langer
Publ. Price, $8.95

102. STORIES AND PROSE POEMS
Alexander Solzhenitsyn
Publ. Price, $7.95

165. MYSTERIES
Knut Hamsun
Publ. Price, $8.95

564. NO NAME IN THE STREET
James Baldwin
Publ. Price, $5.95

577. FRANZ KAFKA: THE COMPLETE STORIES
Publ. Price, $12.50

494. BODY TIME
Gay Gaer Luce
Publ. Price, $6.95

473. TEACHER AND CHILD
Dr. Haim G. Ginott
Publ. Price, $5.95

461. UNCOMMON SENSE
James MacGregor Burns
Publ. Price, $6.95

021. MEMOIRS OF HOPE: RENEWAL AND ENDEAVOR
Charles de Gaulle
Publ. Price $10.00

074. THE DANCE IN AMERICA
Walter Terry
Publ. Price, $8.95

408. WHO OWNS AMERICA
Walter J. Hickel
Publ. Price, $6.95

035. THE MYTH OF THE MACHINE: Technics and Human Development
Lewis Mumford
Publ. Price, $12.00

487. CITIZEN NADER
Charles McCarry
Publ. Price, $7.95

559. THE SAVAGE GOD
A. Alvarez
Publ. Price, $7.95

520. THREE POPES AND THE CARDINAL
Malachi Martin
Publ. Price, $7.95

018. WHO PUSHED HUMPTY DUMPTY?
Donald Barr
Publ. Price, $10.00

006. WHAT I HAVE LEARNED
A Saturday Review Book
Publ. Price, $6.50

566. RUN THROUGH: A MEMOIR
John Houseman
Publ. Price, $9.95

395. ARIEL AND CROSSING THE WATER
Sylvia Plath
(2 Volumes counts as one)
Combined Publ. Price, $10.90

082. DESCHOOLING SOCIETY
Ivan Illich
Publ. Price, $5.95

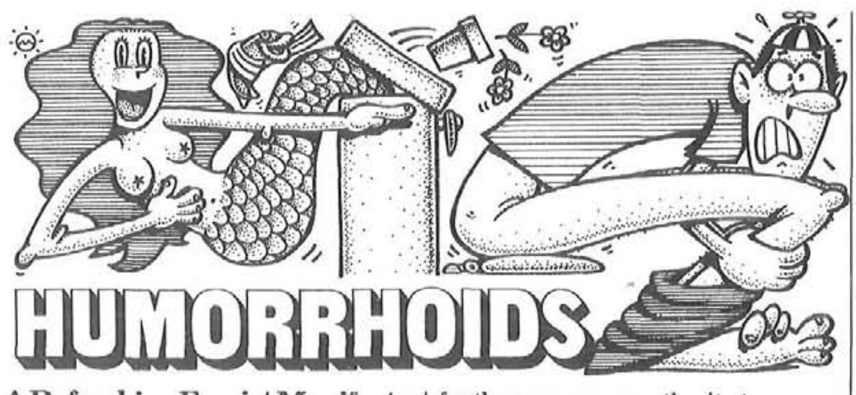
268. DUCE!
Richard Collier
Publ. Price, $12.50

496. THE CASE OF THE MIDWIFE TOAD
Arthur Koestler
Publ. Price, $5.95

223. MEET ME IN THE GREEN GLEN
Robert Penn Warren
Publ. Price, $7.95

099. THE NEW INDUSTRIAL STATE
John Kenneth Galbraith
Publ. Price, $8.95

049. KNOTS
R. D. Laing
(Deluxe Edition)
Publ. Price $5.95



HUMORRHOIDS

A Refreshing Fascist Manifesto

by Ed Bluestone

After reading Marlon Brando's *A Brief History of America As Seen Through the Eyes of the Buffalo,* any serious student of sociology must conclude that the only ideal society is one in which its members' total ignorance of the social structure breeds in them a numbing apathy toward everything meaningful. And as Montaigne once remarked in his sleep, "Ignorance and apathy are the reluctant handmaidens of social stability."

Fledgling dictators who have found themselves in agreement thus far with these pointless sentiments will wish to scrutinize the following proposals for building an authoritarian utopia.

1. Everyone in society would be arbitrarily assigned a number. Anyone with a number higher than yours would have the right at any time to demand all of your money and property. On the other hand, you would have the right to demand the phone number of any person higher than yourself, thereby making it possible for you to call him up and beg for a partial refund, propose elaborate forms of self-humiliation as a substitute for total confiscation, or merely whine at length. Admittedly, it is highly unlikely that you would ever exercise this right, since such a person would of course have the power to retaliate at some future date for any unpleasantness and embarrassment you might cause him by once again taking all your money and property, but this provision does serve as an all-important "safety valve" in cases of extreme hardship.

2. Society would be ruled by an unquestioned authority who would remain completely anonymous.

3. The anonymous authority would tax society heavily. The tax money would be sent to a post-office box. In return for this tax revenue, the anonymous authority would be obligated to thank society. This thanks would be expressed in the course of an annual television special called "An Evening with the Anonymous Authority." Naturally, since it would be impossible for the anonymous authority to appear on television and still remain anonymous, the special would always be preempted at the last minute by other programming, invariably an uninteresting sports presentation that would have been rigged to require extra innings, play-off holes, sudden-death overtimes, or whatever.

4. Everyone in society would be required to write one fan letter a month to the anonymous authority, c/o the post-office-box number. Gifts would also be accepted. Anyone who failed to send his monthly fan letter or whose letter was insufficiently sincere and fulsome in his praise of the anonymous authority would have his number cut in half for each offense. Although no gifts, no matter how lavish, would ever result in anyone's number ever being raised, this would not generally be known, and unsubstantiable stories of individuals who received extremely high numbers as a result of their generosity would be widely circulated.

5. Everyone in society would be required to observe the annual state holiday Anonymity Day. On this day, the anonymous authority would make known the new post-office-box number to which all taxes, fan letters, and gifts should be sent. Celebration of the holiday would consist chiefly of public panel discussions on the subject of the new box number, with topics such as "64: Promise or Enigma?" and "After 871—What?" There would also be pep rallies at which speakers would exhort audiences "to make 775 the best number yet," and appearances by celebrities who would recall "those golden days of 154."

6. Communication between society and the anonymous authority in those instances where various groups wanted something done would take the form of extremely costly paid advertising in the anonymous authority's quarterly memento book (composed, of course, completely of such advertising in view of the scarcity of biographical information, pictures, etc.), "Toward the Future with the Anonymous Authority." Denial for such a request would be communicated by the appearance in a major city of a great many parakeets saying "No." The only requests that would have any chance of being granted would be those that required no action on the part of the anonymous authority, such as not building a certain highway or not raising taxes, and, in these cases, the conveyance of permission would be expressed by the failure of the parakeets saying "No" to appear. As a result, dissatisfaction with the anonymous authority would be held to a minimum, since it would be impossible for society to determine whether a particular request has been granted or if the parakeets were late.

7. Members of society would be forbidden to show discontent in any way. The only permissible outlet for dissatisfaction would be for one to prepare an Emotional Stress Complaint form and send it to the post-office-box number along with the monthly fan letter. Upon receipt, such a form would always be inadvertently mistaken for a disappointingly insincere fan letter, and as a result the sender's social number would accidentally be halved. In this event, the only possible recourse would be the submission of yet another Emotional Stress Complaint form, a course that few individuals would probably elect to take. In cases of extreme disenchantment, individuals would be furnished with a telephone number they could call to hear an inspirational recorded message consisting of a Shakespearean actor reciting the "Tomorrow and tomorrow and tomorrow" speech from *Macbeth.*

8. In view of the fact that the human body completely regenerates itself by replacing every cell with a new one approximately every thirty-six months, citizens would be required to apply for new birth certificates at three-year intervals. The certificates would be granted or withheld after careful study of each individual's Fan Letter File. Persons whose applications were rejected would receive a death certificate, together with an appointment for appearance at a mandatory burial center. Inconvenient appointments could be rescheduled to an earlier date.

9. As a final affirmation of the ideals expressed in every aspect of this social organization, the anonymous authority would retain the right to charge admission to your funeral. Three members of your immediate family would, of course, be expected to grant the authority a year of mindless servitude in a token attempt at compensation for the costs and thoughtfulness involved in printing tickets, advertising, and building a little box office. □

Bill Graham
Presents In San Francisco

FILLMORE
THE LAST DAYS

SANTANA
GRATEFUL DEAD
HOT TUNA
MALO
NEW RIDERS OF THE PURPLE SAGE
QUICKSILVER
IT'S A BEAUTIFUL DAY
TAJ MAHAL
BOZ SCAGGS
TOWER OF POWER
COLD BLOOD
ELVIN BISHOP GROUP
STONEGROUND
SONS OF CHAMPLIN
LAMB

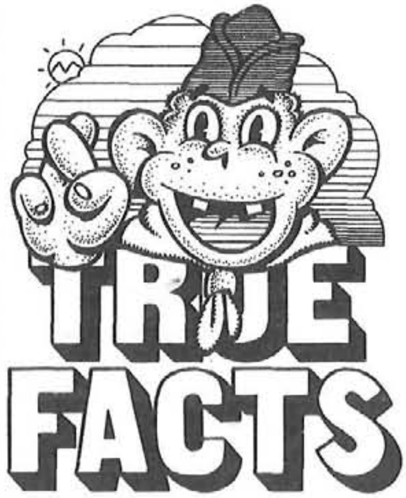
Fillmore.
The album from the original cast.

Fillmore. A great 3-record set recorded live from the last days of the place where it all started. Including as extras, a 7″ interview record with Bill Graham, a full-color poster, a 32-page booklet and an actual Fillmore ticket. Fillmore. "The Last Days." For once a good thing doesn't have to come to an end.



On Fillmore Records
Distributed by Columbia Records

Z3X 31390 A specially priced 3-record set Also available on tape



• Vera Czermak of Prague, Czechoslovakia, jumped out of her third-story window when she discovered that her husband had been cheating on her. She is recovering in the hospital after landing on her husband, who was killed. *Orange County Register* (R. Clark)

• Police in Tallahassee are still searching for a pink cinderblock house which was stolen from a quiet residential neighborhood early in April. "There's no telling where to look," said Chief Deputy Ken Garrett. "Your guess is as good as mine."

The only witness to the heist was Miss Mareesa Carpenter, who recalled seeing two men and a teen-aged boy drive up to the house site in a pickup truck two weekends in a row. They spent both Saturdays and Sundays sawing and hammering away at the house, then disappeared.

The house's owner, Dr. Frank Banghart, a professor at Florida State University, said he was confident that the house thieves would be brought to justice. "I just can't imagine them not being able to find someone who steals a house," he said. "I just can't imagine them not being able to." *Tampa Tribune* (P. Hyslop)

• Nine hundred and sixty-eight swine escaped from a farm near a small airport in England, made their way to the runway, and ate an airplane. The pigs apparently found the fuselage fabric so tasty that ten were killed fighting for their share. *Hamilton Spectator* (S. Goldberg)

• When Evelyn Sullivan, fifty-four, of Sault Ste. Marie, Michigan, blew her nose Saturday night, a .22-caliber bullet came out. Mrs. Sullivan had been standing outside her cabin in Bay Mills, Michigan, earlier in the day, when she heard gunfire from some hunters in the distance. Police theorized that a stray bullet ricocheted off several objects and came to rest in Mrs. Sullivan's right nostril.

"It must have hit her lip and bounced up into her nose," said State Trooper Duane Baley, who added that the incident was "a case of careless shooting." (AP) (E. B. Reisinger)

• A judge in the Philippines, angered by increasing crime, has recommended a number of new punishments to deter it, including skinning criminals alive and spraying them with vinegar until they die. *St. Louis Post-Dispatch* (W. Hartmann)

• In a speech at Branciforte Elementary School in Santa Cruz, California, a former agent of the FBI, the House Un-American Activities Committee, and the Chicago police, made the following statements:

"Pilots have confided to me that, while attempting to land at Los Angeles International Airport, their planes have been fired on by anti-aircraft guns on the ground."

At Palo Alto High School, students "walk around giving each other the clenched-fist salute," speaking Russian.

The line that "Christ was the first Communist" is being "fed to students in state-run universities."

"There was nothing spontaneous about the thousands of May Day arrests in Washington—money was arriving at National Peace Action Committee offices from the Soviet Embassy in cigar boxes."

"The reason we are losing the war in Vietnam is that American soldiers aren't being allowed to fire their guns." (*City on a Hill Press*)

• The following ad appeared in the *Dallas Morning News*, April 24, 1972: FOR SALE: To close estate: all guns, other equipment used by notorious 1966 University of Texas Tower sniper Charles Whitman. 1 shotgun; 3 rifles; 3 pistols; misc. knives (1 with Whitman's name on blade), and other paraphernalia. Purchaser must buy entire lot. (T. Miller)

• Tommie Watts, Jr., a twenty-eight-year-old resident of Van Nuys, California, allegedly fired four shots at a dentist who struck a nerve while working on one of Mr. Watts's teeth.

The dentist gave Watts, who is an unemployed dental assistant, two injections to deaden the tooth, but when he tried to probe the tooth, Watts reportedly began to swear, produced a pistol from his pocket, and started shooting. *New York Daily News* (M. Nichols) □

A one-year subscription or the equivalent value in *National Lampoon* products will be given for items used. Send entries to: True Facts, National Lampoon, 635 Madison Ave., N.Y., N.Y. 10022.

SPECIAL BOOK AND RECORD BARGAINS

Order Now! Save up to 400% over original published price!

2962. THE ANNOTATED ALICE. Alice's Adventures in Wonderland & Through the Looking Glass. By Lewis Carroll. Illus. by John Tenniel. With Introd. & Notes by Martin Gardner. The complete text and original illus. in the only fully annotated edition. Notes are concurrent with the text on all the jokes, games, parodies, puzzles, etc. with which Carroll filled his writings. Size 8¼" x 12".
Orig. Pub. at $10.00 *New, complete ed., Only* **$3.95**



S-4194. Segovia, Montoya, John Williams: MASTERS OF THE GUITAR. Classical, Flamenco, folk guitar treasury featuring Segovia, Montoya, Williams, Manitas De Plata, Alirio Diaz, Laurindo Almeida, other great performers. 75 compositions in all.
7 Record Set.
$35 Val. Only **$9.95**

K928. THE PULPS. Ed. by T. Goodstone. Over 50 complete stories from the pop magazines of the 20's, 30's, and 40's. *Weird Tales, Argosy, Western Story, Detective Fiction Weekly, Black Mask*, many others by Lovecraft, Max Brand, Paul Gallico, Ray Bradbury, Dashiell Hammett, Luke Short, Edgar Rice Burroughs, others, with 100 original covers reproduced in Full Color plus black & white drawings & ads. 8½" x 11¼".
Pub. at $15.00 *Only* **$6.95**

2879. PICTORIAL GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE in Full Color. Europe's most beautiful, best-selling sex manual now available with over 100 Full Color, Full Page Photos of a man and woman engaged in a variety of sexual intercourse positions, each *shown in an individual photo accompanied by* sophisticated informative text translated into English. For sale to adults over 21 only. Softbound.
Pub. at-$12.98 *Only* **$4.88**

8320. SEXERCISES: Isometric and Isotonic. By E. O'Reilly, M.A., M.S.P.E. 300 photos. Approved exercises to develop those muscles directly concerned with sexual activity of both men and women to produce maximum pleasure in the sexual fulfillment of marriage.
Pub. at $4.95 *Only* **$2.98**

N96. Walt Whitman's LEAVES OF GRASS. Introd. by W. Lowenfels. Illus. The finest parts of the great American poet's vibrant hymn to life, in an exquisite edition with imitation leather binding and gold stamping.
Extra Special Value Only **$1.00**

1772. TREASURY OF PHILOSOPHY. Ed. by D. Runes. The thought and wisdom of 381 great philosophers the world over, from ancients to moderns. 1300 pgs. of choice writing, with biography of each philosopher and evaluation of his importance in man's quest for knowledge.
Pub. at $12.50 *Only* **$4.95**



S-2694. Krips' COMPLETE BEETHOVEN SYMPHONIES. Now, arranged in sequence for automatic record changers, you can hear any symphony complete without turning a record over. These are the famous London Festival definitive recordings. 7 magnificent records plus handsome 2-color softbound Pictorial History of Composer's life. Originally released in different format at $40.00. Now only ¼ of the original price!
Stereo *Only* **$9.95**

64. A PICTORIAL HISTORY OF LOVE. By Paul Tabori. Strange tribal customs, the deliciously amoral frolics of the Greek gods, the passionate adventures of Casanova, the exploits of the infamous Borgias, chastity belts, famous women of ill-repute, etc. 250 illustrations of old prints, satirical cartoons, portraits of famous lovers, photos of present-day film stars, and much more.
Originally $5.00 *Now only* **$2.98**

S-4776. Original Voice Tracks plus Poster: THE MARX BROTHERS. Three of the funniest men who ever lived — the inimitable Grouch, Chico and Harpo — in riotous, zany passages from the sound tracks of their most hilarious films. With 17 x 23 poster.
Pub. at $5.98 *Only* **$1.98**



67. ANANGA RANGA: The Hindu Art of Love Illustrated. Magnificently illustrated edition of the classic *Ars Amoris Indica*, comprising a rich distillate of six centuries of commentaries and elaborations on the *Kama Sutra;* with a contemporary evaluation of Oriental sex medicines & recipes, and 25 full-page illus.; complete & unexpurgated. 8½" x 11¼"
Pub. at $15.00 *Sale* **$4.98**

833. SEXUAL SELF-STIMULATION. By R. E. L. Masters. Examines history and techniques of male and female masturbatory practices including physical aspects and the erotic fantasies employed. Filled with remarkable case histories.
Pub. at $7.50 *Only* **$3.95**

90053X. GOLDEN HITS OF THE SMOTHERS BROTHERS. Their funniest concert performances captured in *My Old Man, I Talk to the Trees, Pretoria,* more.
Pub. at $4.95 *Only* **$1.98**



AW19. IN SEARCH OF YOUNG BEAUTY: A Venture Into Photographic Art. By Ch. Du Bois Hodges. Over 100 portraits of young girls & boys, both clothed & unselfconsciously nude, depict the rare beauty inherent in the young body; concise comments on each photo for the amateur photographer. 7¼" x 10".
Pub. at $8.50 Only **$2.98**

1. THE PICTURE BOOK OF SEXUAL LOVE: A PHOTOGRAPHIC GUIDE TO SEXUAL INTERCOURSE: Explicit & exciting sexual success manual, with exceptionally revealing text & over 196 un-retouched photographs — many in FULL COLOR. The world of human sexual experience, feeling, love, passion, ecstasy & much more. Every embrace, position, technique & act fully explained in words & pictures, a 21st century home study marriage manual presenting the means of giving & taking more pleasure than previously imaginable. 320 pp; 8½" x 11".
Pub. at $15.00 *Sale* **$9.98**

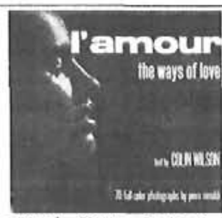
N822. Facsimile Edition of THE FIRST FOLIO OF SHAKESPEARE. Ed. by Prof. C. Hinman. Beautiful, definitive edition in which the best, most accurate existing versions of every page were combined into one perfect facsimile of every play as Shakespeare wrote them. A huge (10 x 14 x 3), 976 page, exquisite volume of half-morocco leather binding with gold stamping, gilt top and ribbon marker.
Pub. at $75.00 Extraordinary Value at Only **$29.95**

1077. DUNNINGER'S COMPLETE ENCYCLOPEDIA OF MAGIC. By Joseph Dunninger. A rare type of book in which a great magician reveals his secrets with hundreds of clear illustrations. Here are sleight-of-hand mystic jugglery, telepathy stunts, spirit writing, card tricks, scientific effects ranging from simple tricks to production numbers. 8½" x 11".
Pub. at $25.00 *Only* **$4.95**



100959. Erotic Art: LEONOR FINI. 162 illus. incl. 104 hand-tipped reproductions, 54 in stunning Full Color. Sensuous art at its most appealing—lush views of woman in all her sexual roles, in a large, gorgeous volume published by the notorious Olympia Press. 12 x 12. Limited quantity.
Pub. at $32.50 Only **$9.95**

M-4775. W. C. FIELDS AND MAE WEST. The irascible, irresistible Fields in The Temperance Lecture and The Day I Drank a Glass of Water plus the great Mae West singing Come Up and See Me Sometime, Slow Down and 6 more sensuous songs.
Pub. at $4.98 *Only* **$1.98**



K121. The French Picture Book of Sexual Love: L'AMOUR. France's magnificent pictorial portrayal of the varied positions of sexual love with 70 Full Color graceful action photos of an extraordinarily handsome couple specially posed in the nude by one of France's most imaginative photographers, Piero Rinaldi, with poetic text by Colin Wilson. For sale to adults over 21 only.
Pub. at $9.95 *Only* **$5.88**

900521. SMOTHERS BROTHERS COMEDY HOUR. Tom and Dick Smothers at the peak of comic perfection in *The Impossible Dream, Tom's Party, Caught in the Draft*, etc.
Pub. at $4.95 *Only* **$1.98**

MAIL THIS COUPON TODAY!!

21ST CENTURY BOOKS, Dept. NL872
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Please send me the book bargains circled below. MINIMUM ORDER $3.

On orders totalling $3 to $10 add 35¢ for shipping charges. On orders over $10 no charge for shipping. Add 35¢ per title for deliveries outside continental U.S.

Enclosed find $__________. Send check or money order only. Payable to 21st Century Books.

Sales Tax: For delivery in N.Y.C., add 7%. For delivery elsewhere in New York State, add 6%.

K121 K928 M4775 N96 N822 833
1077 1772 2879 2962 8320 900521
90053X S2694 S4194 S4476 100959

1 64 67 AW19

NAME ____________________
(please print)

____
(address)

____

(city) (state) (zip)



"There's no stopping us now," warble the Supremes.

NIXON COURT HANDS DOWN NEW TRIAL RULE: NINE ANGRY MEN ENOUGH FOR CONVICTION



Last week, in the first prosecution under the recently passed Federal Seriousness Act, a little-known bill introduced last fall by the Nixon Administration as part of "updating legislation" to the Omnibus Crime Control Act of 1970 and sponsored by senators Roman Hruska and John McClellan, a group of comedians were arrested at the Oriskany Lodge in New York's "Borscht Belt" after giving a performance that contained, according to one patron, some humorous references to Vice-President Spiro T. Agnew. The group, which has become known as the Poconos Four, were indicted under a portion of the law that makes it illegal to cross state lines to incite

levity or to engage in a conspiracy with frivolous intent. A subsequent search of their homes in various parts of New Jersey yielded what FBI agents described as "all the makings of a laugh riot," including joke books, thousands of "one-liners" on three-by-five cards, and "a quantity of jocose and whimsical paraphernalia." A fifth member of the group, who often acted as straight man, was apparently an undercover member of the FBI's newly organized Gag-Abuse Squad, and is ready to testify that he heard the comedians on various occasions refer to "bringing the house down," being in possession of "dynamite material," "killing them," and "murdering them." The FBI also claims to have extensive wiretap recording of conversations between one of the comedians and a man with a foreign-sounding voice identified as "an agent," in which the comedian claimed that he "wasn't getting enough money" and "was afraid of bombing."

In an effort to "upstage" the Russians following President Nixon's trip to Moscow, it is now likely, according to a number of sources, that a "high Chinese official" will visit the U.S. about a month before the election, and extensive plans for the journey are already being made. The visit is reportedly contingent upon some substantial progress toward resolution of the war, which seasoned observers believe depends entirely on the willingness of the enemy to negotiate seriously or the publication of a major poll showing President Nixon trailing his eventual Democratic rival, whichever comes first.

The leader, who is almost certain to be Chou En-lai, will fly from South China to Alaska for a short refueling stopover where he and his party will receive refreshments (probably the traditional Fanta and Fritos). From there, he will fly directly to Washington, landing at Dulles Airport, which in view of the snub delivered to the Chinese by John Foster Dulles in Geneva, will be renamed "The West Is Green" Airport for the duration of the Premier's stay. A motorcade will then take the Premier the thirty miles to Washington along a carefully guarded route from which a number of "big-lettering" billboards considered "offensive" to the Chinese will have been removed, including one that reads "Confucius say, Wise man shop at Manny's Gate of the Heavenly Discount" and another that shows Charlie Chan saying, "Licaloni, heap um good, begorrah!"

The motorcade will then enter Washington through the imposing Alexandria tollbooth and proceed to Blair House, where the Premier will



stay. In the evening there will be a formal state banquet in the vast Sam Rayburn building (built in only thirteen years by eleven thousand laborers at a cost of $150,000,000), with the usual fruit compote, creamed chicken and peas, and pound cake with fudge-ripple ice cream. After the dinner, the dignitaries will trade the traditional toasts (rye for the President, whole wheat for the Premier).

Interspersed in the busy schedule of talks will be visits to the remarkable U.S. Capitol building, where in ancient times the American Congress once declared wars, ratified treaties,

continued

continued

and produced legislation; the fabled 147-mile-long Beltway, wide enough for eight cars to pass abreast; and the huge ten-acre State Department parking lot. Also scheduled is a trip by motorcade to the D.C. Drive-In in Anacostia for a screening of *Patton*.

At least one meeting between Chou and Chairman Geneen of ITT is planned, and it will most likely take place at the chairman's country home in Coral Gables. Continuing the courtesy of exchanging gifts, the Premier will give the U.S. two Tibetans, and President Nixon will send the Chinese two Negroes.



It has been learned that the conservative majority on the Supreme Court intends several further reinterpretations of constitutional doctrine on trial procedure when appropriate appeals cases provide the opportunity for definitive rulings. In addition to its recent relaxation of the requirement of unanimity in jury decisions in state criminal cases and limitations on the Fifth Amendment "privilege" against self-incrimination, the "Burger Court" will shortly promulgate the following "streamlinings" of the judicial process: witnesses for the prosecution will no longer have to tell "the whole truth," but rather "a reasonably large part of it" (the justices disagree on how much of the truth must be told, but there seems to be a consensus that 75 percent will be enough); in a "slight modification" of the traditional presumption of innocence, suspects will be considered "not innocent until proven not guilty"; persons will still have to be informed of their constitutional rights when arrested, but it will be permissible for this to be done by third-class mail; confessions will be admissible as evidence, regardless of the method by which they were obtained, unless the defendant can produce a counterconfession from the examining policeman who took his confession that it was wrongly obtained; presiding judges will still be able to rule inadmissible evidence amassed through illegal wiretaps or unconstitutional searches and seizures, but only

continued

What is Psychology?

Psychology is being used more and more as a standard for the conduct of human behavior. People are fascinated with its findings, yet they remain relatively uninformed and unable to place it in proper perspective. Some exaggerate psychology's potential to control man's actions—and become frightened. Others treat psychology as a trivial pastime—and play games with it.

No other scientific subject affects everyone as frequently and as deeply as does psychology. However, newspaper and magazine articles on topics in psychology like racial prejudice, psychedelic drugs, mental illness, brainwashing, extra-sensory perception, and intelligence testing are often superficial or just plain wrong. The modern public has been educated to look for prime sources of information, but these have not been available in psychology—until now.

At last, the information gap has been closed by **Psychology Today** magazine. This new monthly magazine fills the current need by providing a forum where world renowned experts relate facts which concern them *professionally* and which concern you *personally*.

Psychology Today places the power of the social sciences in proper perspective. Orwell's *1984* need not be the world of the future, and psychology need not be dehumanizing. Psychology can insure our personal integrity and freedom if we understand its discoveries and use them wisely.

Knowledge is the property of everyone, and access to it is one of the rights and needs of our way of life. What is psychology? Now you can find out.

T George Harris

T George Harris,
Editor *PSYCHOLOGY TODAY* Magazine



FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 740
BOULDER, COLO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

psychology today

P. O. BOX 2990
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 740
BOULDER, COLO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

psychology today

P. O. BOX 2990
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

FIRST CLASS
PERMIT NO. 740
BOULDER, COLO.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No Postage Stamp Necessary if Mailed in the United States

Postage will be paid by

psychology today

P. O. BOX 2990
BOULDER, COLORADO 80302

SUBSCRIBE NOW AND SAVE

Save 50% over the newsstand price by subscribing now to



psychology today

Special Introductory Subscription Form

Please send me my complimentary current issue of *Psychology Today*. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started at a special Introductory rate—just $6.00 (Half the regular $12 annual price).

6-B65

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________

STATE ____________________ ZIP __________

psychology today

Special Introductory Subscription Form

Please send me my complimentary current issue of *Psychology Today*. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started at a special Introductory rate—just $6.00 (Half the regular $12 annual price).

6-B65

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________

STATE ____________________ ZIP __________

psychology today

Special Introductory Subscription Form

Please send me my complimentary current issue of *Psychology Today*. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started at a special Introductory rate—just $6.00 (Half the regular $12 annual price).

6-B65

NAME ____________________

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ____________________

STATE ____________________ ZIP __________

17 reasons why you should read psychology today

1 Why words are the least important of the ways we communicate with each other.
2 Can you prepare for aging while still young?
3 How did political groupthink help lead to the Vietnam war?
4 Why Asians make better politicians than Westerners.
5 Do men need more recreation than women?
6 What kind of parents do hippies make?
7 Does sports activity really build character?
8 The inferiority feelings of men who seek corporate power.
9 What the schizophrenic is trying to tell us.
10 Were campus activists rebelling against the system—or their parents?
11 What your daydreams reveal about your ethnic background.
12 Overcrowding—not the threat to mental health we once thought.
13 How do most people react to natural disasters?
14 Does a child think before he can talk?
15 Why are today's students attracted to violence?
16 The social life of black Co-eds on white campuses.
17 Are some men born criminals?

Want to learn what modern psychology has learned about people? Including you?

Until recently, that was quite an order. Your choice would have been to plow through professional journals. Read weighty new books as quickly as they came out. Or trust the mass media—where psychology is often sensationalized, distorted, oversimplified.

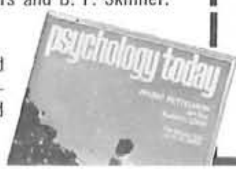
PSYCHOLOGY TODAY has changed all that. It allows the educated layman to catch up with the social sciences. And keep up. With full coverage of all the different approaches to understanding the human condition. The viewpoints range from hard-core Freudianism to the newer behaviorists who, frankly, think Freud was all wet.

It's psychology the way you'd want it to be presented. Excitingly. Without tired jargon. No cliche-ridden definitions. And with contributions by many of the most famous names in the behavioral sciences—like Bruno Bettelheim, Kenneth B. Clark, Rollo May, Ashley Montagu, Carl Rogers and B. F. Skinner.

Send for a complimentary issue

You can find out what PSYCHOLOGY TODAY is like—and learn a few things you may never have known before—without paying a penny. If you mail the coupon, we'll send you a complimentary issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY.

There's no obligation.



6-B65

psychology today

P.O. Box 2990, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary current issue of PSYCHOLOGY TODAY. I may keep my sample copy and owe nothing. However, unless I cancel, you may enroll me as a trial subscriber and send me the next 11 issues. Bill me after my subscription has started at a special Introductory rate—just $6.00 (Half the regular $12 annual price).

Mr.
Mrs.
Miss ____________________

Address ____________________

City ____________________

State ____________ Zip ________

Remember, as Lao Tsze sa
"If a man have two loaves, let him sell o
and buy some of these swell NatLampCo produ
to feed his so

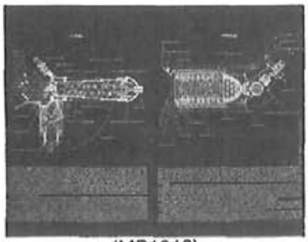
Fine Products from the Fu



(MP1008)



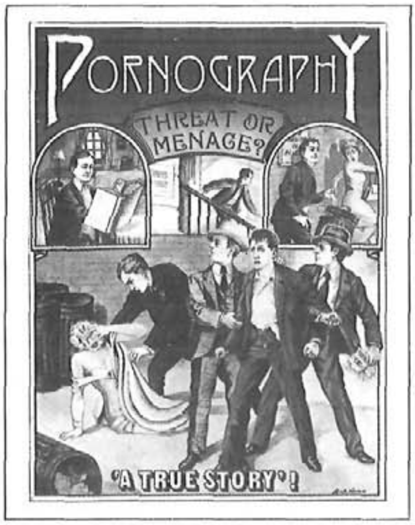
(MP1009)


(MP1012)

National Lampoon Mini-Posters
From the Mailroom: Junior jumbo baby brontosaurus mini-posters, each and every one a choice pulp cutlet pounded until paper-thin, covered with just the right touch of rich, black ink, gently curled into a light-as-a-feather *roulade*, and popped into the mails, fresh from the *potisserie* to you. $1 each.

Calculus! (MP1008)
English Literature, a Course to Remember (MP1009)
Buckminster Fuller's Blueprint for Sex Modules (MP1012)


Mona Gorilla



Pornography Poster

National Lampoon Posters
From Our High-Speed Rotary Presses: Fresh, jumbo posters, printed on crisp thin slices of New-York-cut paper from prime, rain-fed trees, with deluxe inks chosen by our own inkmaster from among the thousands of colors in the prestigious visible spectrum, then hand-rolled and served in individual cardboard mailing tube. $1.50 each.

Mona Gorilla (P1001)
Pornography (P1004)

Mona Gorilla T-Shirt
Our Famed House Dressing. A delectable fluffy topping, *garni* with a decorative *chef-d'oeuvre* by Rick Meyerowitz. $3.95.

Mona Gorilla T-Shirt (specify small, medium, or large) (TS1019)





esterday's trees are tomorrow's tee-hees!"

Loving Folks at NatLampCo



The Best of National Lampoon, No. 1
Ye Olde Humorift'f Fpecial: A hearty, tickle-your-ribs *National Lampoon* stew, made from selected, top-quality pieces from prize, Grade A past issues of the magazine—a meaty potpourri just stuffed with jokes, quips, puns, gibes, comics, parodies, and satires. $2.

The Best of National Lampoon, No. 1 (A1015)

National Lampoon Binder with All 12 Issues of 1971.
The Reader's Choice—Our Popular Duodecimal-Decker Magazine Sandwich: A *National Lampoon* binder, hand-selected from among the many hundreds slowly aging in our mail-room cellar for its ripe yellow color, smooth, firm texture, and nearness to hand, then stuffed with rare, mint-fresh back issues from the publisher's private stock of the 1971 vintage year. $10.95

National Lampoon Binder with All 12 Issues of 1971. (See the Collector's Items ad in this issue for a description of each month's contents.) (B1017)





National Lampoon Binders
An International Favorite—the Back-Issue Blintz: A firm, light, golden-yellow shell of perfect plasta from our award-winning vinylyards, big enough to hold twelve man-sized issues of the *National Lampoon and* served up to you in your own personal chafing-box by a *maitre de poste* (issues *a la subscription carte*). $3.85 each, $7.10 for two, $9.90 for three.

National Lampoon Binder (B1014)

To place your order, fill out this handy coupon, place in envelope, and mail to:

National Lampoon Dept. NL872
635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y. 10022

I would like the following NatLampCo products I have circled below, "to travel." Please enclose crisp dollar bills, zesty check, or jumbo money order. Add 50 cents to cover mailing and handling for each order (not each item, but each order).

(MP1008) (MP1009) (MP1012) $1 each.

(P1001) (P1004) $1.50 each.

(TS1019) $3.95 each
Circle: small, medium, or large.

(A1015) $2 each.

(B1017) $10.95 each.

(B1014) $3.85 each, $7.10 for two, $9.90 for three.

(PB1016) 95 cents each.

I have enclosed total of $................
(New York City and New York State residents, please add applicable sales taxes.)

Name..................................
(please print)

Address................................

City............State......Zip code.....
(Please be sure that your zip code is correct.)





Would You Buy a Used War from This Man? A Collection of Political Humor from National Lampoon.
Wit-Watcher's Delight: a tangy ratatouille Nixoise, featuring a refreshing assortment of juicy cuts, choice aspersions, and loud raspberries, from box-ripened pages of hand-picked back issues, served with relish on a bed of crisp iceberg paper and topped off with a generous smear of Mrs. Agnew. 95 cents.

Would You Buy a Used War from This Man? (includes "Mrs. Agnew's Diary") (PB1016)

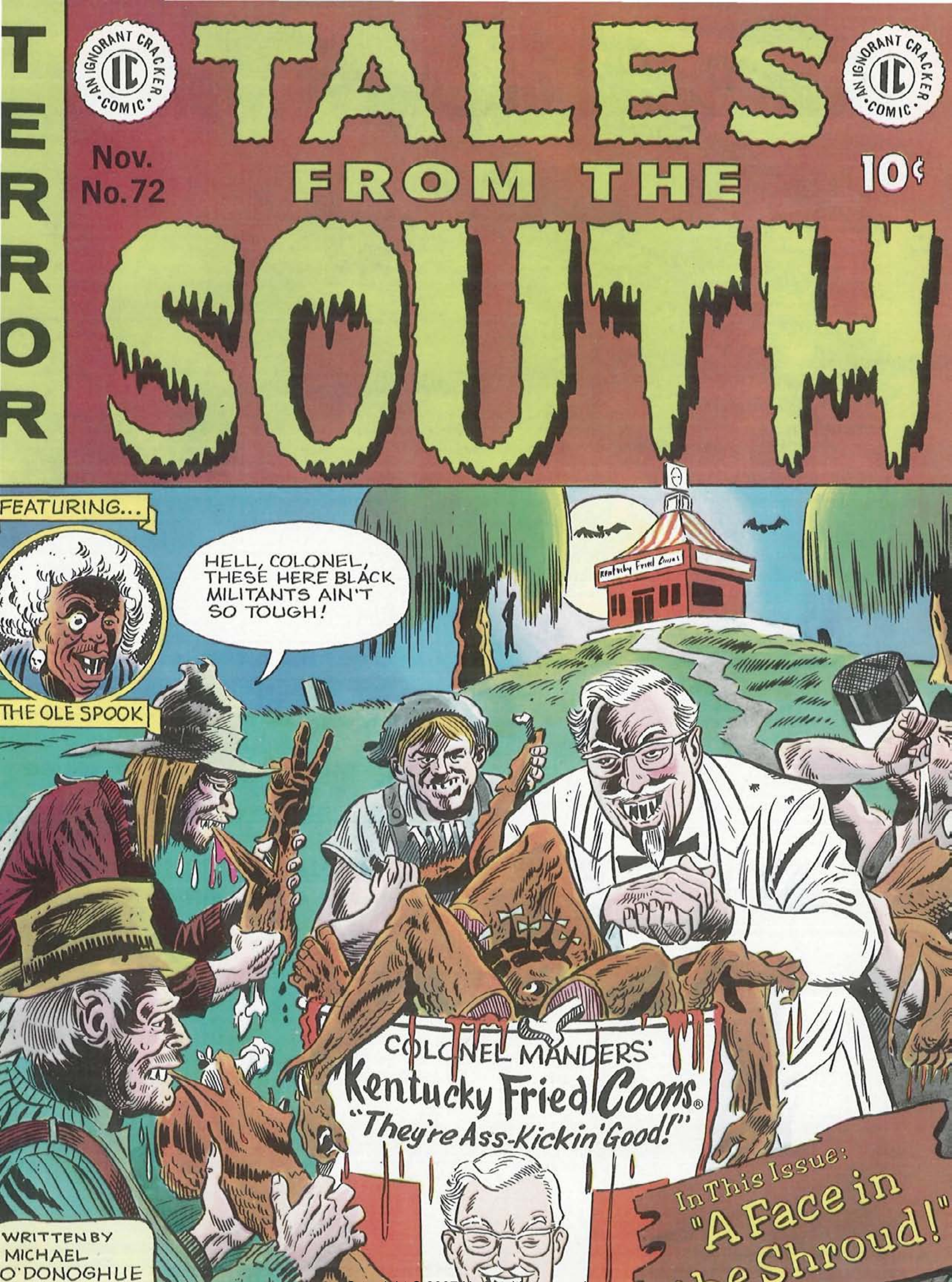
continued

after the prosecutor has had an opportunity to exercise his freedom of speech by reading it or showing it to the jury; and individuals wishing to exercise their constitutional protection against self-incrimination will have to detail in writing the specific crimes which they don't want to be required to reveal and the degree of their complicity in them to prove that they aren't just "obstructing justice" by refusing to testify.

Following its successful efforts at lobbying for the repeal of New York State's recently liberalized abortion law and the passage of a new and tougher anti-abortion statute in Connecticut, the Catholic Church is quietly pressing for legislation forbidding menstruation, except in cases of rape or where the prospective mother's life is endangered. Deploring what he called "the habitual slaughter of untold millions of potential human beings," Terence Cardinal Cooke of New York, one of the leaders of the Church's campaign, called on "compassionate men of all creeds" to help "eradicate the fiction, promoted by atheistic individuals, that this monthly murder is a natural process," and appealed to fathers and husbands to "enforce self-control in the weaker vessels in their charge." Passage of the antimenstruation bill is considered likely in the New York State Assembly, where a majority of the lawmakers are Catholic, a fact the Cardinal appeared to take note of in a recent press conference where he observed that legislators who failed to vote for passage "might look forward to taking a nice long junket to a hot place sometime in the future, if you catch my drift."




Wherein Ziggy Stardust makes himself manifest to all.
Ah, Ziggy. The rock & roll technocrat, the space-age androgyne and soul plunderer. David Bowie *is* Ziggy Stardust on this his newest album, off on a transgalactic musical tailwind to the tune of some very shiny and hard-edged music indeed. "The Rise and Fall of Ziggy Stardust and The Spiders from Mars."
RCA
VICTOR
DAVID BOWIE
THE RISE AND FALL OF
ZIGGY STARDUST
AND THE SPIDERS FROM MARS
RCA Records and Tapes


TERROR
AN IGNORANT CRACKER COMIC
IC
TALES FROM THE SOUTH
Nov.
No. 72
10¢
FEATURING...
THE OLE SPOOK
HELL, COLONEL, THESE HERE BLACK MILITANTS AIN'T SO TOUGH!
Kentucky Fried Coons
COLONEL MANDERS'
Kentucky Fried Coons®
"They're Ass-Kickin' Good!"
In This Issue:
"A Face in the Shroud!"
WRITTEN BY
MICHAEL
O'DONOGHUE

The Ballad of George Wallace



Your Music Set to Poems

Tunesmiths! A catchy set of song words can make the difference between a big hit and another rejection slip from Tin Pan Alley.

A melody without lyrics is like nitro without the glycerine, like Crackerjacks without the prize.

For example, it took the verbal genius of Artie Garfunkle to transform Paul Simon's ho-hum "tumptee-tumptee" into the unforgettable "Fifty-ninth Street Bridge Song."

We have millions of poems on file—love poems, hidden-dope-reference poems, sensitive, novelty, Country and Western, patriotic, nonsense, and protest poems. One of them is bound to fit your music just right!

Specify the kind of big-hit lyrics you want to compose music around, and we will supply you with original poems (guaranteed to rhyme!) written to order.

Here's a sample set of lyrics, which, if set to <u>your</u> music, could be raking in a bundle of hit-parade royalties for <u>you</u> right <u>now</u>!

I woke up this morning
I'd been laughing in my sleep
They tried to off a pig I loathe
They shot the little creep.
Lord, Lord, they shot George Wallace down
Lord, Lord, he was on the critical list there for
a while.

He was only in the running
As a stalking horse for Dick,
But coming down the homestretch
Someone shot the little prick.
Lord, Lord, they shot George Wallace down
Lord, Lord, he was seriously wounded.

They sent him out campaigning
To fight bussing, Reds, and smut
At a shopping-center rally
Someone plugged him in the gut.
Lord, Lord, they shot George Wallace down
Lord, Lord, he was injured in the arm as well.

Shock at this violent action,
Outcries of grief and rage,
Replaced the Asian body count
On the editorial page.
Lord, Lord, they shot George Wallace down
Lord, Lord, the President dispatched his personal
physician.

Sometimes I think this whole world
Is a big sharecropper's shack
And some of us are niggers
And the rest of us are black.
Lord, Lord, they shot George Wallace down
Lord, Lord, he was weeks and weeks in the hospital.

Take a look at these musical success stories.

As the result of a terrible traffic accident, I, a famous songwriter, found I just couldn't think of any words anymore. I couldn't even find a rhyme for moon, much less come up with a subject to sing about. Now, thanks to the poems you supplied, I'm back on top of the charts! Thanks for giving me a second chance, and a new morning!

R.Z.
Hibbing, Minn.

When our group broke up, I had a big fight with my partner, who used to do all the words for our songs. I was scared for my career, and so was my lovely wife. But since I discovered your poem service, I've turned out hit after hit, I'm as popular as ever, and I'm even considering touring again!

P. McC.
Dorset, England

Clip and mail this coupon today to:

Eutepe Enterprises, 635 Madison Ave., New York, N.Y.

You bet I want to be a famous songwriter!

I enclose my music—you pick out some suitable poetry. ☐

or

Send me some poems of the following type, and I'll put them to music. ☐

____

____

____

Name ______________________________

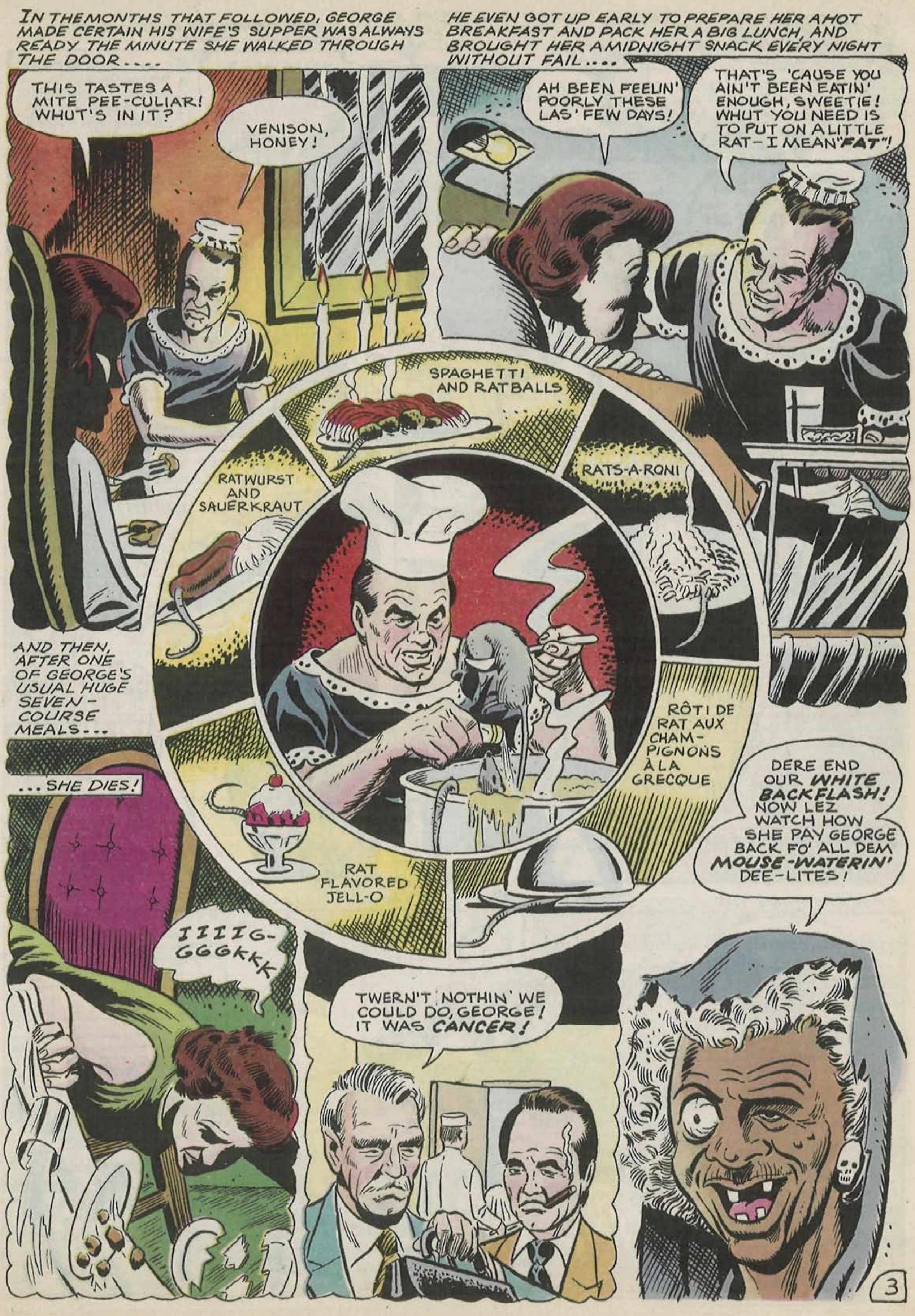
Address ______________________________

City ______________ State ______________ Zip ______


AS A ROSY-FANGED DAWN BREAKS ACROSS THE BRACKISH BACK-WATER OF AN ALABAMA SWAMP..
...SPAWNING A MIASMA RIFE WITH THE SCENT OF ROTTING HONEY-SUCKLE AND WILTING WISTERIA...
...AND THE WIND THAT WHINES THROUGH THE TREMBLING PECAN TREES SENDS A SHOWER OF SERE LEAVES RATTLING AGAINST A MARBLE SLAB...
LURLEEN B. WALLACE 1926-1968 R.I.P.
...SUDDENLY, WITH ALL THE UNHOLY STRENGTH OF THAT BEYOND THE GRAVE, A COLD AND BLOODLESS HAND SUNDERS THE SODDEN SOIL AND STABS THE FETID AIR....
IT IS MORNING, THE TIME OF AWAKENING. BUT SOME THINGS ARE STIRRING THAT WERE BETTER LEFT TO REST....
HOWDY, Y'ALL! LOOK LIKE OLE LOATHSOME LURLEEN WANTS A TOMB WITH A VIEW! OR MAYBE SHE JUS' STEPPIN' OUT FO' A SHORT BIER! LEZ DIG INTO DE PAST AN' SEE WHUT SHE'S SO ALL-FIRED RILED UP ABOUT....
A FACE IN THE SHROUD
STORY: MICHAEL O'DONOGHUE
ART: DON PERLIN
1



IN 1966, GEORGE WALLACE, AFTER FAILING TO REVOKE A STATE LAW PROHIBITING A GOVERNOR TO SUCCEED HIMSELF IN OFFICE, RAN HIS WIFE, LURLEEN, IN THE GUBERNATORIAL CONTEST, ASSUMING THAT IF SHE WERE ELECTED, HE WOULD STILL BE "CALLING THE SHOTS." HOWEVER, UPON HER LANDSLIDE VICTORY, A STRANGE CHANGE CAME OVER LURLEEN....
AS THE DULY ELECTED GUVNUH OF ALABAMA, AH WON'T HAVE YOU SMOKIN' THEM CEEGARS IN THIS HOUSE!
WITH THE PASSING WEEKS...
AH'M SICK 'N TIRED OF WORKIN' ALL DAY WHILE YOU JUS' SIT HOME ON YER FANNY! IN THE FUTURE, YOU BES' START DOIN' A FEW OF THE CHORES AROUN' HERE!
BUT–
AN' DOAN YOU GO GIVIN' ME NONE OF YER BRASS, GEORGE CORLEY WALLACE, OR I'LL TOSS YOU RIGHT OUTTA HERE ON YER EAR! YESSUH!
...SHE BECAME MORE AND MORE MAD WITH POWER...
...AN' FURTHERMORE, WORM, AH 'SPECT YOU TO HAVE MAH SUPPER READY THE MINUTE AH WALK THRU THAT DOOR! NOW AFTER YOU FINISH THE LAUNDRY, THE DISHES, AN' DEFROSTIN' THE ICEBOX, YOU MARCH YERSELF UPSTAIRS AN' PUT ON THIS HERE UNIFORM WHICH YOU ARE TO WEAR AT ALL TIMES, YA' HEAR?
MONTGOMERY SERVANT OUTFITTERS SINCE 1844
...UNTIL...
GODAMIGHTYDAMN! THAT TEARS IT! SHE DONE TRIFLED WITH ME ONCE TOO OFTEN! AH'M GETTIN' IN TOUCH WITH THE MAD DOCTOR!
THE NEXT DAY, IN A SHABBY ROADHOUSE ON THE OUTSKIRTS OF GUNTERSVILLE, GEORGE MET WITH ONE KNOWN ONLY AS "THE MAD DOCTOR," A DISCREDITED SCIENTIST WHO WAS THROWN OUT OF THE UNIVERSITY OF ALABAMA FOR HIS OUTRAGEOUS THEORIES, NAMELY THAT MAN IS DESCENDED FROM APES....
AH HEARD TELL Y'ALL USTA WORK FER ONE OF THEM CIGARETTE-COMPANY LABORATORIES!
WHUT'S IT TO YA?
THE VOYAGE OF THE BEAGLE
THE ORIGIN OF SPECIES
AH NEED A WHOLE HEAP OF THEM CANCEROUS RATS! FIVE HUNNERT, AT LEAST! MAYBE A THOUSAND!
2


IN THE MONTHS THAT FOLLOWED, GEORGE MADE CERTAIN HIS WIFE'S SUPPER WAS ALWAYS READY THE MINUTE SHE WALKED THROUGH THE DOOR....
THIS TASTES A MITE PEE-CULIAR! WHUT'S IN IT?
VENISON, HONEY!
HE EVEN GOT UP EARLY TO PREPARE HER A HOT BREAKFAST AND PACK HER A BIG LUNCH, AND BROUGHT HER A MIDNIGHT SNACK EVERY NIGHT WITHOUT FAIL....
AH BEEN FEELIN' POORLY THESE LAS' FEW DAYS!
THAT'S 'CAUSE YOU AIN'T BEEN EATIN' ENOUGH, SWEETIE! WHUT YOU NEED IS TO PUT ON A LITTLE RAT– I MEAN "FAT"!
SPAGHETTI AND RATBALLS
RATS-A-RONI
RÔTI DE RAT AUX CHAMPIGNONS À LA GRECQUE
RAT FLAVORED JELL-O
RATWURST AND SAUERKRAUT
AND THEN, AFTER ONE OF GEORGE'S USUAL HUGE SEVEN-COURSE MEALS...
...SHE DIES!
IIIIG-GGGKKK
TWERN'T NOTHIN' WE COULD DO, GEORGE! IT WAS CANCER!
DERE END OUR WHITE BACKFLASH! NOW LEZ WATCH HOW SHE PAY GEORGE BACK FO' ALL DEM MOUSE-WATERIN' DEE-LITES!
3


WITH LURLEEN OUT OF THE WAY, GEORGE REMARRIES AND LAUNCHES A PRESIDENTIAL CAMPAIGN, A CAMPAIGN MARRED BY CURIOUS AND UNNERVING INCIDENTS. AT FIRST, IT WAS ONLY SEEMINGLY PETTY VANDALISM...
MOS' LIKELY THE HANDIWORK OF UPPITY NIGGUHS AN' GODLESS ANARCHISTS, SUH!
AH'M NOT SO SURE...?
WALLA
WALLACE 77
BETTER UN DEAD THAN RED
VOTE AMERICA! VOTE WALLACE
...BUT THEN, LATE ONE DANK AND MOONLESS NIGHT...
WHAS ALL THE COMMOTION, T.J.?
WE HAD REPORTS OF A PROWLER, GUVNUH! YOU BES' STAY PUT TILL WE CLEAR THIS THING UP!
OKAY IF AH GRAB A BITE TO EAT?
LEMME HAVE ONE OF THE BOYS CHECK OUT THE KITCHEN FIRST! CLETIS?
RIGHT AWAY, BOSS!
"BETTER SAFE THAN SORRY," THAS WHUT AH AL-
SPROING
THWAP
WHAT THE—
UPON ENTERING THE BLOOD-SPECKLED KITCHEN, THEY ARE MET WITH A GHASTLY SIGHT....
EEEECH!
4


ALL IS QUIET UNTIL THE SUMMER OF '72, WHEN WALLACE AND HIS ADVISERS MAKE A BOLD PLAY TO GAIN PUBLIC SYMPATHY....
HOW 'BOUT AN A-SASSINATION ATTEMPT, GEORGE, TO WIN ALL THEM BLEEDIN'-HEART VOTES?
SURE! WE COULD HIRE THAT BREMER FELLA TO SHOOT BLANKS! AH SEE 'IM AT PRIT' NEAR EVERY RALLY!
WITH CORNELIA THROWIN' HER-SELF ON MAH BODY JUS' LIKE ONE OF THEM FANCY-BRITCHES KENNEDY GALS? AH'M GAME!
WALL
THE EVENING BEFORE THE ATTEMPT, HOWEVER, WHILE BREMER SLUMBERS...
RECKON THESE OUGHTTA DO THE TRICK!
AND SO...
BLAM BLAM
JUMPIN' JESUS! THEY'S REAL BULLETS!
WALLAC
BLAM BLAM
NEVERTHELESS...
THIS TIME I WOAN' FAIL!
DAILY BUNGLE
WALLACE ON MEND; VOWS TO PRESS PREZ BID AT MIAMI
WALLACE ATTENDS THE CONVENTION IN A WHEELCHAIR. INDEED, AS HIS NAME IS PLACED IN NOMINATION, HIS CHANCES LOOK MORE THAN HOPEFUL, UNTIL THE CHAIRMAN ASKS "WHO WILL SECOND THE NOMINATION?" AND A SHADOWY FIGURE STEPS FORWARD INTO THE LIGHT...
GAGGG...
CHOKE!
AH WILL!
UTAH
McGOVE
AS EX-GUVNUH OF ALABAMA, AH'D LIKE TO ENDORSE GEORGE CORLEY WALLACE AS THE DEMOCRATIC-PARTY CANDIDATE FER THE PRESIDENCY OF THESE U-NITED STATES! AN FURTHERMORE, AH'D LIKE TO INTRODUCE Y'ALL TO TWO OR THREE MILL-YUN OF HIS FOLLOWERS! FACT IS, THEY FOLLOWED HIM ALL THE WAY FROM TUSCALOOSA!
5.

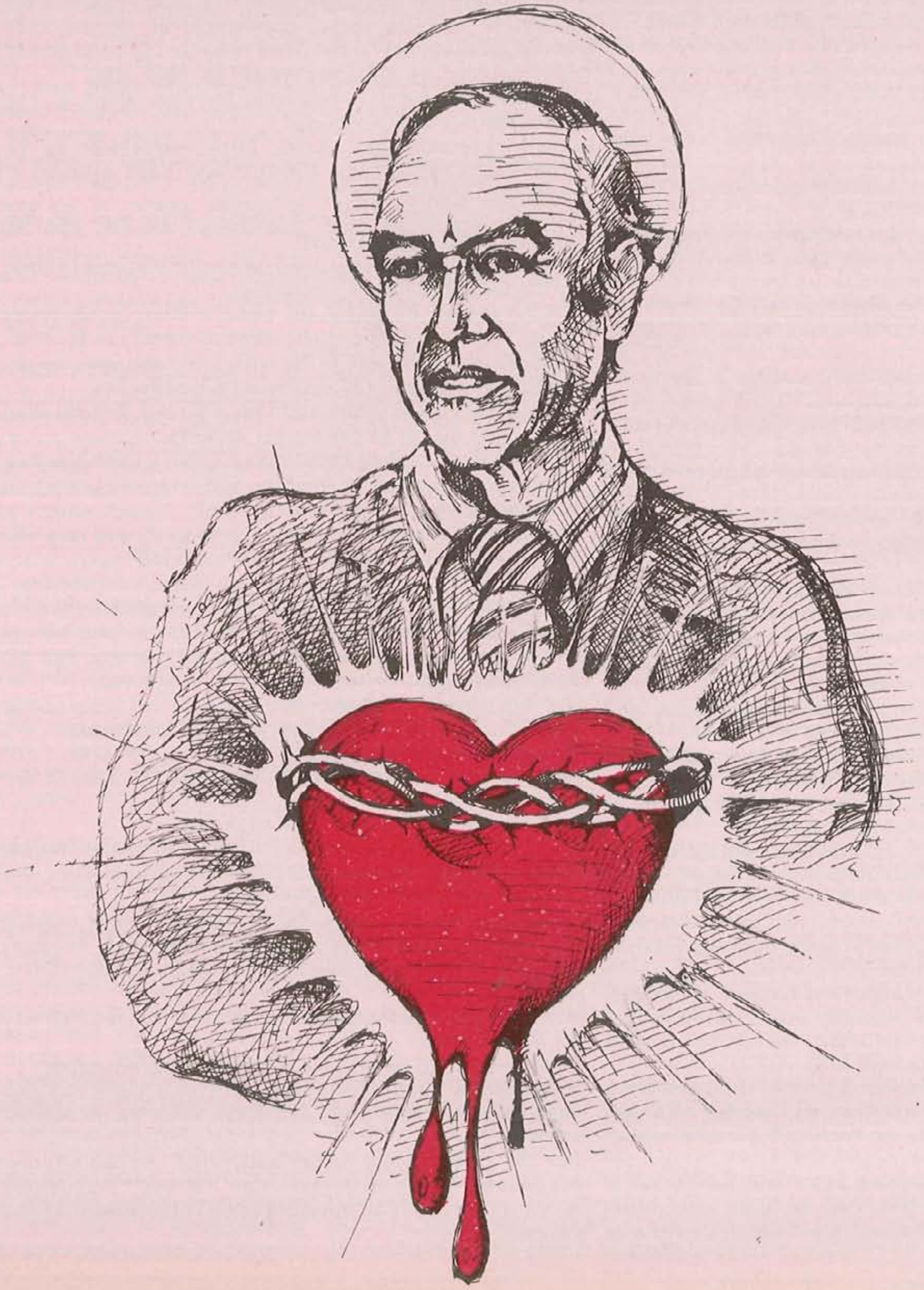

EEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEEE
NEW YORK
abc
HUMPHREY
SIC 'IM!
ALABAMA
WALLAC


ALTHOUGH IT APPEARS THAT HE HAS LOST THE NOMINATION, GEORGE CHOOSES TO RUN ANYWAY...
GANG WAY!
...OUT THE DOOR...
ALABAMA
ALABAMA
WALLAC
YAAAAAAAAA
NO! NO!
...ACROSS INDIAN CREEK...
...UP COLLINS AVENUE...
...THROUGH THE FONTAINEBLEAU...
ZOOM
...PAST THE EDEN ROC...
THEN, WITH THE RAVENOUS RODENTS CLOSE ON HIS HEELS AND GAINING EVERY SECOND, GEORGE SPIES A PASSING BUS, DASHES FOR IT, LEAPS, AND... MAKES IT!
SAFE AT LAS'!
'COURSE THAT WAS JUS' DE HORROR-D'OEUVRES! NOW COME DE JUST DESSERTS!


GOOD LAWD!
ALLOW ME TO INTRODUCE YOUR FELLOW PASSENGERS, GOVERNOR! THIS IS MEDGAR EVERS, EMMETT TILL, JAMES CHANEY, MALCOLM X, FOUR BIRMINGHAM SUNDAY SCHOOL PUPILS, A FEW JACKSON STATE COLLEGE STUDENTS, AND, OF COURSE, I'M REVEREND MARTIN LUTHER KING! IN ACCORDANCE WITH A RECENT SUPREME COURT DECISION, WE'RE BEING BUSSED TO AN ALL-WHITE CEMETERY IN MACON, GEORGIA!
JACKSON STATE
MARTIN LUTHER MAY BE DEAD, BUT HIS SOUTHERN HOSPITALITY CERTAINLY ISN'T....
SINCE IT'S ALMOST DINNER-TIME, WE THOUGHT WE'D HAVE YOU FOR DINNER!
ARM!
AH'D LIKE SOME RIBS!
THROAT!
GIMME A LEG!
A PATRIOT TO THE LAST, GEORGE GIVES THE OLD REBEL SCREAM....
EEEAAAGGHHH
SCHOOL BUS GHOUL
THE END
NOW, MIND YER MANNERS, BOYS! THERE'LL BE PLENTY O' WHITE MEAT TO GO AROUN'! SHO NUFF, YO' SOON BE EATIN' HIGH ON DE PIG! AH DO BELIEVE OLE GEORGE SHOULDA RUN ON DE MEAL TICKET! AN' DIS SHOULD SPIKE ALL DEM NASTY RUMORS 'BOUT US COLORED FOLK NOT BEIN' ABLE TO STOMACH HONKY BIGOTS! AS FO' DE MORAL O' DIS TASTY LI'L MORSEL, NATCHURLY IT'S "BLEEECH IS BEAUTIFUL!"
CIVIL RITES
8

Equal Time

In keeping with our long-held policy of giving a biased and unbalanced presentation of the various issues and questions covered by the unfairness doctrine, we, the editors of the *National Lampoon*, recognize our obligation as irresponsible spokesmen to provide ourselves with a reasonable opportunity to make crude and unwarranted attacks upon representatives of generally respected viewpoints, so long as such material remains outside the bounds of propriety and good taste.



Liberal Psalm
by Anne Beatts

Now I shall sing unto the Lord a new song; and it is called the Song of the Liberal.
For he shall arise and multiply, and in Volkswagen campers he shall cover the face of the earth.
Fear ye not, though the days of Adlai have departed and Gene is as a withered stalk;
For lo! a miracle has come to pass; and out of sterility is brought forth the truly mediocre.
For he sayeth neither yea nor nay; and he is full of good intentions.
With good intentions he paveth his way; and cleaveth to neither side thereof, except it be slightly to the left.
His good intentions are as numerous as the leaves of the fig tree, or the addresses in *The Whole Earth Catalog.*
He walketh in the ways of self-righteousness, and whenever he can, he bicycleth.
The still, small voice that speaks within him is the voice of Eric Sevareid.
And his speech is not hasty or unconsidered, for he engages in meaningful dialogue.
In a spirit of compromise he breatheth his bread; and should he let it fall in the fondue pot, he knows he must pay a forfeit.
The words of the prophets Marshall and Galbraith are holy unto him; they are to him as hay to the wild ass in the mountains.
But the greatest of these is Reich; and he is like green grass.
Go, light candles in the rain; and raise high the roof beam, carpenters!
Behold the coming of the Liberal; for he eateth up dissent like the locust.
Violence without meaning he deploreth as the avocado without crabmeat; yet peace without honor contenteth him not.
He is for change within the system; and he has eaten of the bread of Pepperidge Farm, and found it good.
And lo! the day of the Liberal shall come to pass; and his sun shall rise in the middle of the road; and the music of Joan Baez shall be heard in the land.
On every turntable shall the albums of Baez revolve; and Baez shall be as ear wax in the ear of every man.
And every man shall lay his guilt upon his brother, and take the guilt of his brother upon himself.
And a blanket of guilt shall lay upon the land, lightly, as doth a quilt from an Appalachian cooperative.
For unto each new cause the Liberal goeth gladly, like the virgin bride; and he rejoiceth in his own ravishing.
Like garlic unto the garlic press he delivereth himself up.
And each man each day shall consider his own excrement, and eat a small portion thereof, crying unto the Lord, to ask his forgiveness upon him.
And none shall be a police officer but he shall be college-educated: he shall receive a goodly wage, and from that day forward he shall use his nightstick gently and his fist politely and his gun thoughtfully.
And each day the black-skinned people shall receive a hearty breakfast; thenceforth they will neither steal nor rob nor commit crimes of violence against their white-skinned brethren.
The land shall be the dwelling place and habitation of fat Bengalis; and their bellies shall be filled with American wheat; yea, with our wheat shall their stomachs be distended.
And among all the nations, if there be any that be Fascist, they shall be cast into outer darkness for their iniquity; and there shall be no trade with them, unless it be vital to the economy.
And Israel shall rise in triumph above all the nations.
And foreign aid shall be as plentiful as Rya rugs in the Land of New Canaan.
And no country shall prosper without it receiveth sustenance from another.
There shall be no television save educational television: Equal Time shall be the only programming, and constructive shall be the nature of all criticism.
And ye shall not bow down before the image of any actor, unless he have a social conscience, or worship any whose commitment be not equal unto that of Jane Fonda, who accepted an Academy Award for your sake.
Blessed shall be the potsherds; for none shall be cast aside without being recycled.
Giant redwoods shall spring forth numberless as the grass-blades; and Cesar Chavez shall have a brand of tacos named after him.
For the hour of the Liberal draweth nigh; and the sign thereof is the peace symbol.
Welfare and food stamps shall be his: he dispenseth them to the underprivileged multitudes.
To the woman he grants the right to labor in the sweat of her brow for so long as she remains comely in his eyes.
And she shall consent to lie with him whenever he desireth her; and the only sex shall be healthy sex.
And no man shall cleave unto his wife but that he shall strive with all his might for her orgasm.
Yea, her orgasm shall become as desirable unto him as a lifetime subscription to *Realités,* and he shall bend down his head and gird up his loins thereto.
For he may not soweth before she reapeth; yet may she reap as often as she would before he soweth:
And lo! their orgasms shall come in the same moment.
For it is written that he who haveth his orgasm before his wife's orgasm, yea even one jot or tittle before her orgasm, he shall be thrown down from high estate, and his sustenance shall be from the trough of shame.
For her trough of shame shall become his sustenance, and it shall be bitter to him as gall and wormwood.
But he shall like it anyhow.
Yea, he shall do it and like it even unto the hour of her second coming.
And Esalen shall be the word of power.
According to the teachings of Lamaze shall the woman bring forth his children, and give them suck whenever possible within the sight of others.
And his children shall be like a matched set of wooden salt-and-pepper shakers unto him: two shall be their number, and multitudinous shall be their Creative Playthings.
And they shall go forth into free schools, and he shall pay for them in gold.
Upon each child he bestoweth a liberal-arts education.
And thereby each child shall learn that there are two sides to every question; and both sides merit further study.
For the Liberal looks to the hills, where he has builded his country place: he rejoiceth on his water bed. Sweet as the expectation of frozen scampi is the future to the Liberal.

For lo! no man shall walk on the surface of the earth, but he shall be bussed hither and thither upon it.
Yea, even though he be going down to the corner for a carton of Louis Sherry vanilla ice cream or attending a writers' conference in Aspen, he shall be bussed hither and thither.
Though he be great or small, quick or dead, bussèd shall he be!
And every street shall be called Kennedy; and every avenue shall be called Martin Luther King.
And Lenny Bruce shall be restored to life.
And he shall commit suicide. □



Jack Anderson

by Brian McConnachie

The Merry-Go-Round Broke Down

WASHINGTON

The belated Justice Department investigation into Mick Jagger's recorded admission (". . . You ask who killed the Kennedys / When after all it was . . . me") has been temporarily halted by the efforts of Ethiopian defense attorney Barnie Awimaway Jones, who needed time to handle a special assignment. Jones's mission was to fly to Belgium and from there go by private vehicle to Ghent and stop Armond Frankenstein from resurrecting the once powerful city-state of Ghent and turning it into a South American dictatorship unfriendly to our European allies.

* * *

Meanwhile, on the other side of the Atlantic, Armond's twin brother, Montana Frankenstein (who changed his name to Frank Shakespeare in the belief that more people would listen to him), was reluctantly officiating at the FBI's Changing Policies Dinner. The explanation of the new policies—that there be more women agents and that they be allowed to carry little guns in their garter belts; that intensive recruitment of blacks, American Indians, and Chicanos with both law and CPA degrees begin, and that their TV series be extended to ninety minutes in the fall—ran longer than expected and kept Shakespeare from attending an important clandestine meeting at the Baldisrohl Country Club in New Jersey.

* * *

Baldisrohl was originally founded with money confiscated from Jewish refugees prior to our entry into WWII and has since served as a conduit for PRETEND YOU'RE JUST READING THIS. DON'T LOOK AROUND an organization called Military Junta Inc., which is the largest purchaser on record of California lettuce and Foster Grant wraparound sunglasses. Waiting for Shakespeare to arrive was a Vatican emissary and the trustees of Walt Disney's frozen body. In exchange for their blind support for a then undisclosed plan, the Vatican would be granted the arrest of any two hundred priests or nuns directed by Rome, and the Disney people would be given large tracts of Government land in South Dakota, Iowa, New York, California, Puerto Rico, and Cuba. THEY'RE RIGHT OUTSIDE. KEEP READING. And they would also be granted unlimited use of any pesticide to clear the land of any undesirable creatures who might inhabit there.

* * *

Although Shakespeare failed to show up, ITT's Harold Geneen, who was Jack Ruby's godson, did put in an appearance. He wasn't invited, but he learned of the meeting from monitoring a Telex sent by James Earl Ray to Dag Hammarskjöld, who is living at Camp David, Maryland, along with Eleanor Roosevelt and Douglas Fairbanks. Ray stated that he had been in contact with Young Americans for Freedom, Veterans of Foreign Wars, Daughters of the American Revolution, and the Sons of Katie Elder, and had been assured their support in backing new tax legislation that would THEY'RE TRYING TO GET IN. DON'T LOOK UP. ACT NATURAL reward people for saying nice things about the Government. A $20 deduction for every nice thing you can say about the Government and a $5 deduction for every bad thing that you're able to turn around into a good thing and say out loud. LOOK, IF THEY GET IN AND I TELL YOU TO EAT THIS PAPER, EAT IT. Where was I? Oh, yes, now these deductions would be totaled and calculated by ITT, and half the money, because they expect you to cheat, is then turned over to John Gardner's Common Cause, a Boise Cascade Company. You get half and they get half. Boise Cascade then begins renovating city housing, rendering buildings uninhabitable for several years, forcing the residents to move onto the Disney compounds meanwhile. Once there, it's difficult to leave. Disney will only issue passports to travel to the new city-state of Ghent and for not more than ONE'S FORCING THE DOOR. TWO ARE AT THE WINDOW. LOOK LIKE YOUNG THOMAS DODDS. THEY HAVE MY WIFE, LIVVY, WORKING FOR THEM. SHE KEEPS CHANGING ALL OUR CHILDREN'S NAMES TO RANDY. AND SHE'S TURNING THEM AGAINST ME. SHE TOLD EVANS AND NOVAK THAT I KILLED DREW PEARSON. PATTON HAD IT IN FOR PEARSON, I DIDN'T. BUT PEARSON GOT PATTON FIRST. JESUS, THEY'RE IN. THEY'RE COMING OVER. DON'T EAT THE PAGE TILL I TELL YOU . . . and the little elf princess said, "Now?" and the King smiled and said, "Now." But the Duke interrupted and said, "Your Majesty, little elf princesses don't need to take baths. They have magic." The king sternly turned to him and said, "Listen, Dukey-Wukey, EVERYBODY needs to take baths. If you don't, you'll get impetigo and have to sleep in the moat." THEY'RE GONE. THAT WAS CLOSE. NOW LISTEN it is true that the '72 elections have been canceled? In their place on November 6, Billy Graham will appear on nationwide television and "raise" Walt Disney from the dead. It's believed that this "miracle" will keep the people's minds off the election. WHATSZAT? WHO'S THERE? IF YOU HURT ME, THERE WILL BE OTHERS TO TAKE MY PLACE all of the dwarfs and the chipmunks and the bunnies and the big mouse will go into some frenzied, pagan, half-crazy dance like in those end-of-civilization-as-we-know-it-today pictures. Gil Hodges found out and tried to warn everybody. So did Hoss Cartwright. But nobody believed them. Once they got them into the hospitals, that was it. The hospitals are in on it. They're trying to get me to go to one, but no dice. "Take it easy, Jack, a little rest, Jack, under a lot of pressure lately, Jack." YOU KNOW WHAT ONE OF THEM TOLD ME? THEY'D LIKE TO PUT MY FACE IN THEIR SHREDDER, FOR GOD'S SAKE. THAT'S WHAT ONE OF THEM TOLD ME. SOMEONE KEEPS SENDING ME GLOSSIES OF RAYMOND BURR IN HIS WHEELCHAIR, AND WRITTEN ACROSS THE FRONT IN CRAYON IS "IF YOU'RE NOT WEARING ANY UNDERWEAR—SMILE." LOOK, I'M GETTING A LITTLE JUMPY AND WOULD FEEL A LOT SAFER IF YOU ATE THIS PAGE NOW. I DON'T KNOW IF I'LL HAVE ENOUGH TIME TO WARN YOU WHEN THEY COME BACK. SO YOU JUST STUFF THIS PAGE DOWN. HURRY. I'M GOING TO START USING AN INVISIBLE TYPEWRITER RIBBON, SO WHEN THEY DO COME BACK THEY WON'T BE □

continued

Abbie Hoffman Entertains the Troops at Miami

by P. J. O'Rourke

Whew . . . far-out . . . it's really a gas to see you all here . . . I had no idea it was Halloween. . . .

And speaking of Halloween, dig it, I went to this Women's Lib meeting the other night. . . . There was a big sign out front that said "Free Women." . . . Wow, I thought they meant it. . . .

But I don't want to vamp on the Women's Movement . . . I'm really into it . . . I just told my wife today I wish she'd move. . . .

But it's really far-out. Women are 51 percent of the population now. . . . That's why the world is half ass. . . . And, man, these hippie chicks are outasight . . . this whole free love riff . . . you know, the love is free . . . the *sex*—that you've got to pay for. . . .

And that'd be cool, but they're all so dirty. . . . Know what you call a wet hippie? . . . Mud! . . . I mean, the only way to tell one end of a freak from the other is that the head smells worse. . . . But it's not groovy just to say that all hippies are unclean . . . a lot of them are Communists too. . . .

Take the Weathermen . . . please! . . .

All the Movement heavies call them Weathermen because it seems like they're always wrong . . . can you dig it? Not only are they wrong all the time but their act isn't very successful either . . . I mean, they bombed in Washington . . . they bombed in Chicago . . . they bombed in New York. . . . Man, do you know how many Weatherpeople it takes to make a time bomb? . . . Seven! . . . One to wire up the explosives and half a dozen to hose him off the sidewalk . . . dynamite! . . . Dig it, they had to put a little sign at the end of all their gun barrels . . . "Aim Other Way." . . . Then there was this one far-out Weatherman who smoked five joints of Panama Red during a Saturday matinee, pulled a gun on an usher, and tried to hijack Radio City Music Hall to Cuba. . . .

But the Weathermen shouldn't be confused with the rest of the New Left . . . you can tell the Weathermen 'cause they're all dead. . . .

Like the Black Panthers . . . Talk about an endangered species . . . most of those dudes learned to quick-draw from the Famous Artists Correspondence School. . . . It's heavy. . . . Eldridge Cleaver alone got shot up so many times that he has to stand in the bathtub when he drinks a cup of coffee. . . . You know what a right-on Panther calls a six-foot policeman with a loaded riot gun? . . . Sir! . . .

Things aren't that fucked-up for all the spades. . . . They let Angela Davis off. . . . Yeah, dig it, the jury read her diaries and decided that she thought George sang lead for the Jackson Five . . . said they couldn't convict her just because she took a shine to that judge in Marin County. . . .

But most of the brothers and sisters in the New Left are just like any other bunch of flipped-out college kids . . . except when they write home for money they mail the letters to Moscow. . . .

Actually, though, my mother-in-law was in the New Left . . . until a bunch of righteous demonstrators mistook her for an armored car at Kent State. . . .

Speaking of the vibes at Kent State, did you dig on this nearsighted peace freak who accidentally burned a five-dollar bill, his Diners Club card, and an autographed snapshot of Jane Fonda. . . .

Weird thing about Jane . . . she must be getting it all off her chest. . . . The more she talks the flatter she gets. . . . Hey, but Jane is really turned on about the Indians . . . heavy into that? . . . Last week she burned a roast and thought the kitchen range was trying to tell her the buffalo were rutting. . . .

Still, nobody beats Gay Lib . . . unless they're rolling queers. . . . I mean, when they say they're into our brothers in Vietnam, they're not kidding . . . even if they would rather swish than fight. . . . And when it comes to civil disobedience, they go limp like nobody's business . . . they're *heavy*. . . .

But I don't know if they're the most radical. . . . I know one activist who was so radical he got drafted by the other side. . . . They must have seen the yellow stripe up his back and thought he was half Vietnamese. . . .

But this gig has spread all over the world anyway. . . . Look at those freaks from Japan who shot up the Israeli airport. . . . There's a riff that should have been nipped in the bud. . . . Al-Fatah said that using those Japanese students was all right, but half an hour later they felt violent again. . . . The Arabs have a new slant on things now. . . .

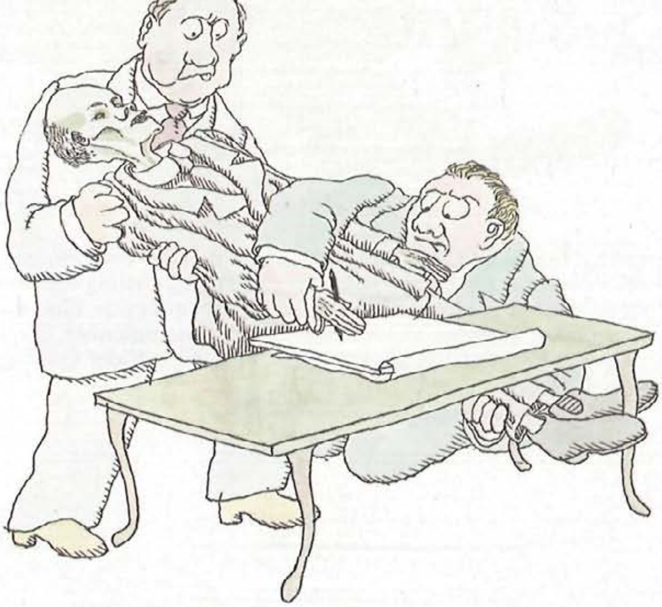
It's a good thing that shit isn't going on down here. . . . If they were killing Jews in the airline terminals, most of you wouldn't have made it. . . .

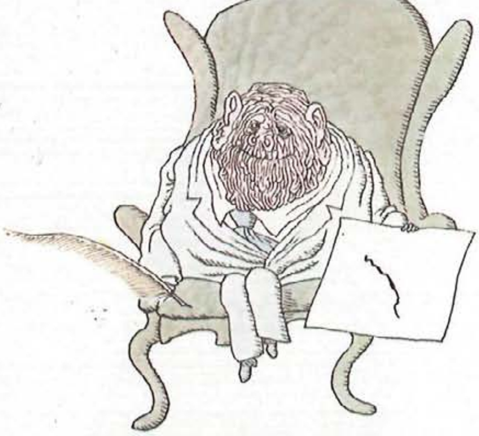


The Miracle of Seniority

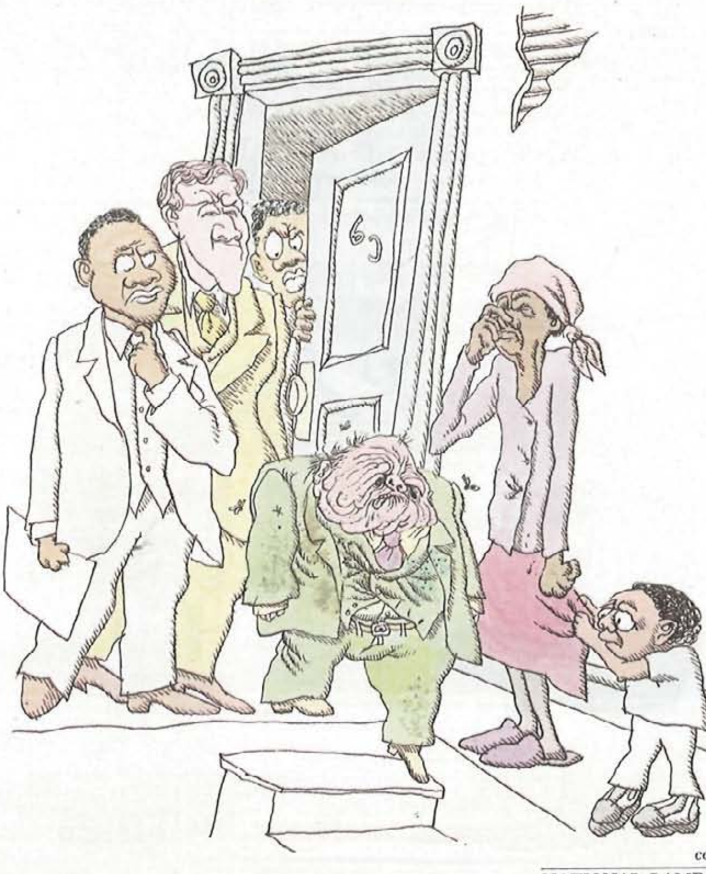
by Gahan Wilson

Aides Assist Signing of Bill. Here aides of Senator Owen Watts observe him sign his O.K. to proposed oil drillings in Yosemite Park. Despite rumors last year concerning the senator's health, he is more active than ever before, save for a cutback in speeches and other public personal appearances, and has, if anything, stiffened in his opposition to the ecology movement.





Signer of Constitution. By all odds the oldest legislator on the Hill, Senator Ebadiah Smallwood is an actual signer of the Constitution of the United States of America. Here the senator demonstrates that his hand has lost little of its skill. The sight of him being carried up the steps of the Senate Building each morning in his quaint old sedan chair is considered a "must" by Washington tourists.

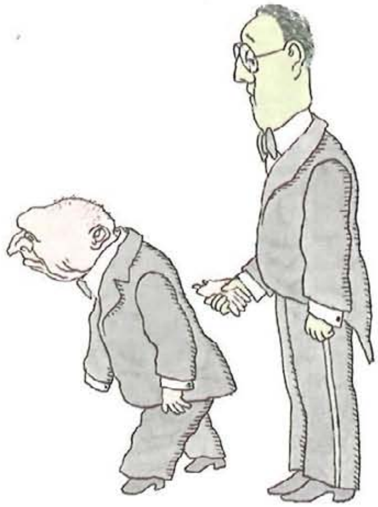


Finds Slum Disgusting. Senator Hawley Fuchs found it impossible to hide his disgust during a recent tour of a city ghetto. "These people *likes* to live this way," the senator observed, "and I understand they black all over, even underneath they clothes."

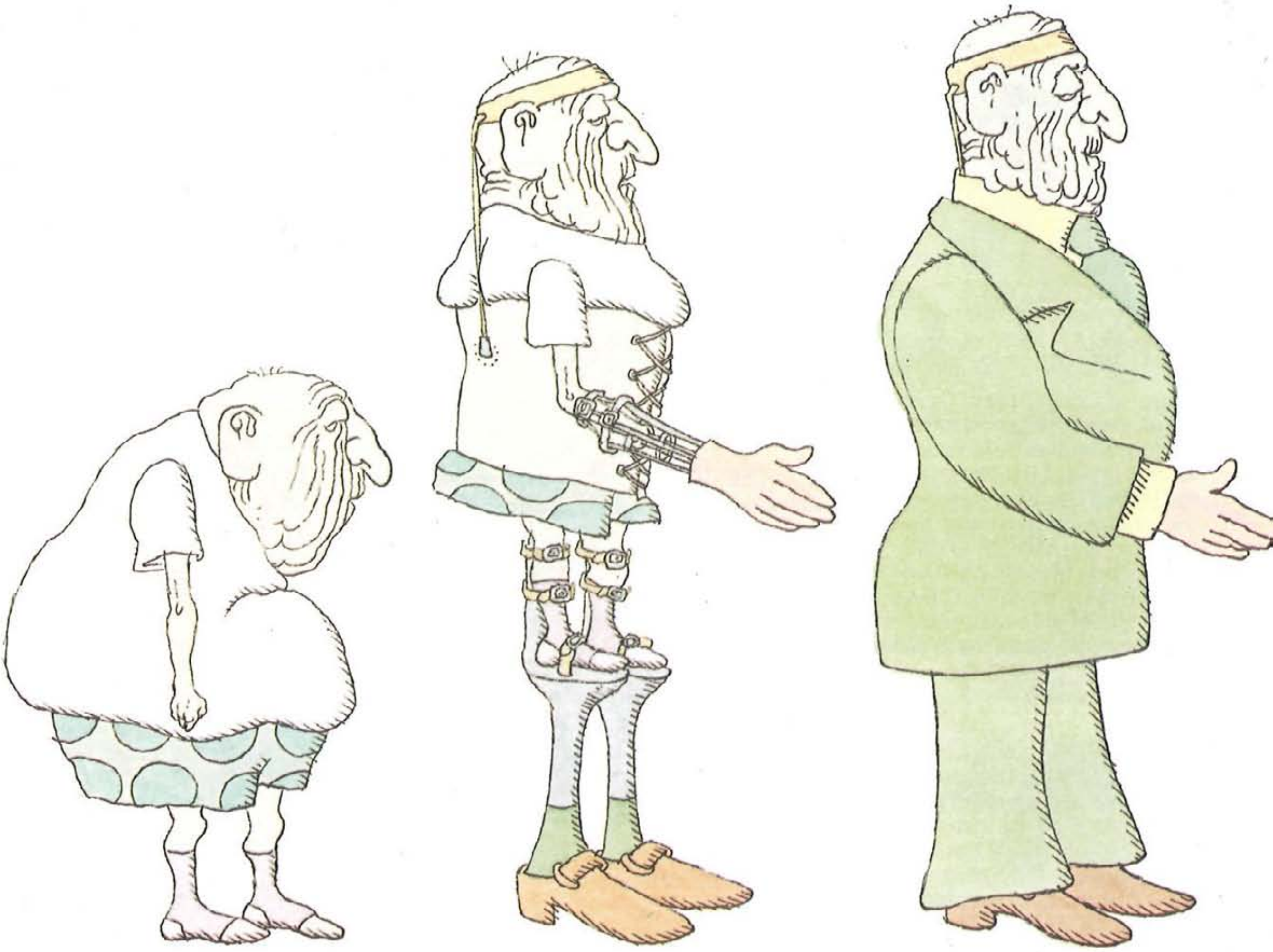
continued



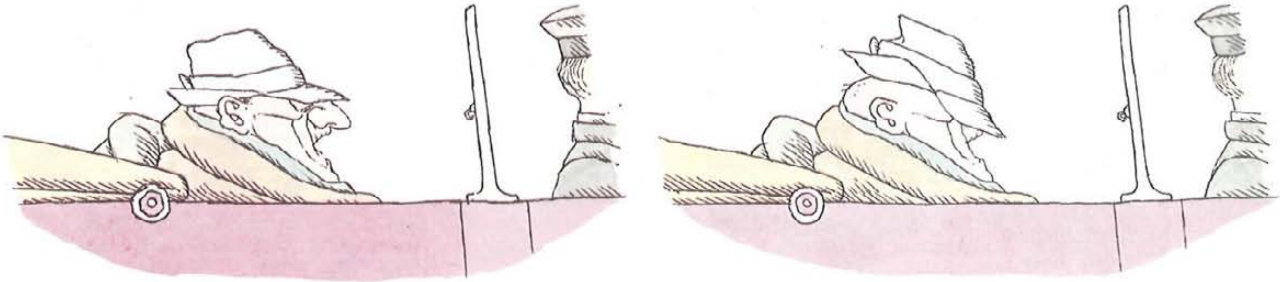
Not Slowed by Intensive Care. Not slowed by intensive care, Senator George Pulley here interrupts his luncheon to draw another startling conclusion from apparently unrelated subjects. The first man to announce Wall Street is a Zionist conspiracy, Senator Pulley is presently championing the idea that Franklin Delano Roosevelt is alive and working with Fidel Castro in Cuba.



Japanese Ambassador Surprised. The Japanese ambassador found it more than ordinarily difficult to remain inscrutible when, at a recent diplomatic reception, he met Senator Harold Worthingdale.



Unnoticed Assassination. Senator Wilbur Atkins' staff were startled recently when they discovered he was dead and had apparently been dead for several months. An investigation of film clips taken last November disclosed that the senator had been assassinated while riding in a pre-Christmas parade but that no one had noticed the event. His chauffeur vaguely remembers straightening the senator's hat.



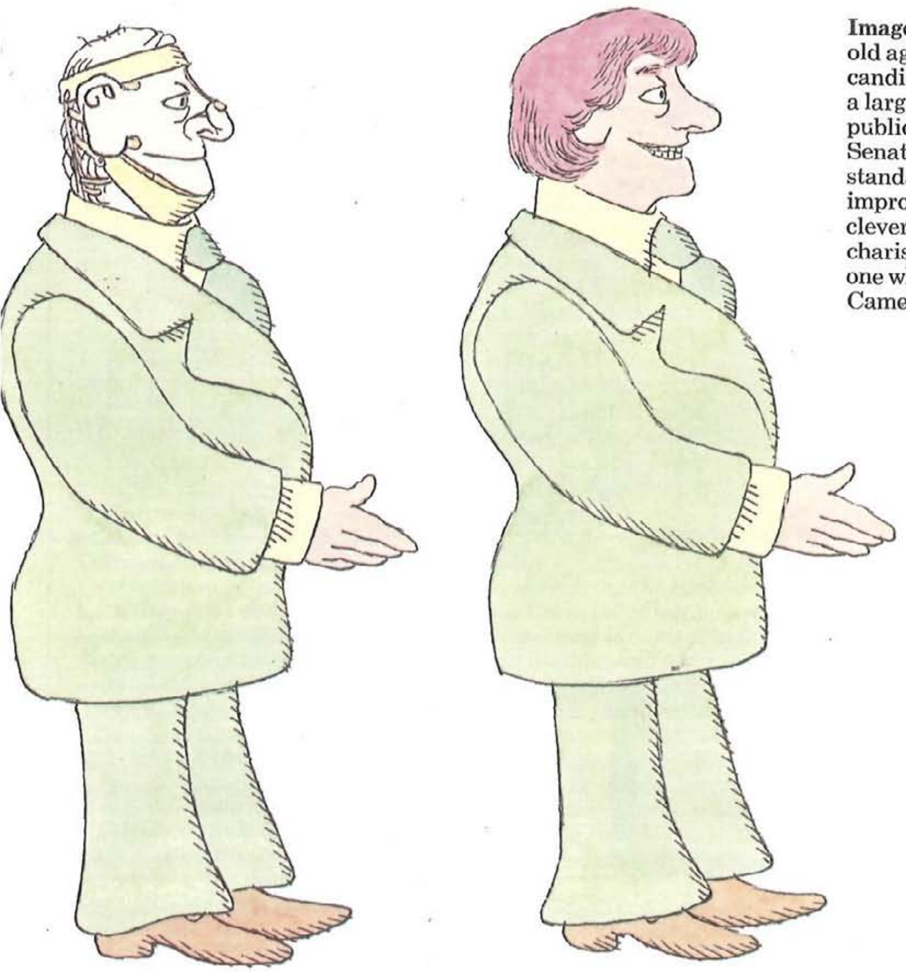
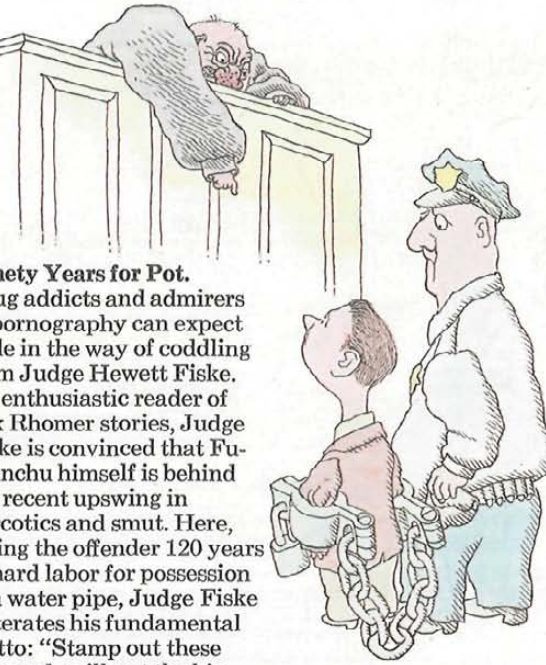


Image-Building. Since extreme old age has a way of making candidates somewhat repulsive to a large segment of the general public, office-seekers such as Senator Elbert Marston understandably use little tricks to improve their image. Here their clever employment gives the charismatic senator the look of one who's stepped fresh out of Camelot.

continued

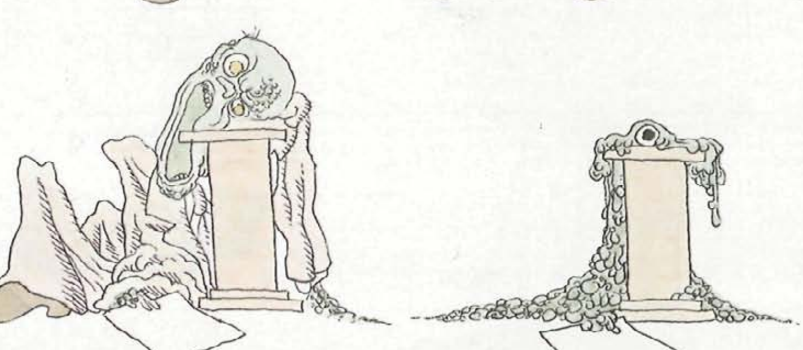


Ninety Years for Pot. Drug addicts and admirers of pornography can expect little in the way of coddling from Judge Hewett Fiske. An enthusiastic reader of Sax Rhomer stories, Judge Fiske is convinced that Fu-Manchu himself is behind the recent upswing in narcotics and smut. Here, giving the offender 120 years at hard labor for possession of a water pipe, Judge Fiske reiterates his fundamental motto: "Stamp out these kids and we'll put the big guys right out of business!"

Killing Gooks. Senator Abner Stanky, near-lifetime head of the powerful Committee of Superfluous War Financing, on a recent vacation in Vietnam being assisted by grateful members of the military community in fulfilling a long-standing ambition to personally kill a "gook." While all admitted the accidental fatalities shown above were unfortunate, it was generally agreed that the allover effect on the defense establishment would be positive.







Rotting Speaker. Despite his well-known aversion to direct sunlight, Senator Clayton Boone delivered this, his last, speech even when he found the occasion's sponsors had thoughtlessly scheduled his appearance on an outside platform at high noon. The senator had barely launched into his impassioned plea against mongrelization of the races when tragedy struck. □

The Miracle of Democracy

by Doug Kenney

"You can fool some of the people all of the time, and all of the people some of the time, but you can't fool Mom."
—Captain Penney, WNEW-TV, Cleveland, Ohio, 1956.

Introduction

Have you dropped into the local malt shop recently and heard what today's young people are saying about this country? *Down with Amerika,* they are saying. *The President is a tool of the Wall Street power brokers and the whole system bites the hairy banana.* Makes your blood boil, doesn't it? You have a right to be shocked by such talk, and it is not surprising if you and your neighbors may have formed a volunteer citizens' committee to visit some of these young people and pound the shit out of them.

But hold on there, Mr. John Q. Public! Are you sure *you* know what makes this country tick? Brush up on the following facts about your government in action, and the next time one of those young people snickers at the Stars 'n' Bars in your lapel, you can hand him an earful of patriotism along with that mouthful of bloody Chiclets.

The country you save may be your own.

Chapter 1

All for One, Two for Me

The Greeks had a word for it: democracy. The root words *demos* and *kratein* mean "people" and "cretin," or, literally, "the people are cretins." Democracy was suggested by Pericles (508–429 B.C.), an Athenian known for his interest in civic affairs and his sense of humor.[1] His initial attempt at democracy was of a rudimentary sort, whereby certain of the citizens were in some cases granted a number of rights and/or privileges as long as they promised to watch it. While by no means a fully operational model, it was one that has been continually modified and improved upon over time and was recalled only recently by Greek designers to correct a slight tendency to swerve to the left.

Basically, democracy is a system of government run by all the people, and every citizen has the right to speak and act as he pleases, except of course for traitors and types who must have something the matter with them. Unlike "brutalitarian" regimes, in a democracy the people are charged with the responsibility of ruling themselves, and each member of the community bears the sacred duty of participating in governmental affairs unless there's something good on.

From ancient Greece, the idea of democracy spread to all parts of the globe—north to Switzerland, justly famed for its fine cheeses and handcrafted music boxes as well as a foreign policy that gave new dimensions to the word "chickenshit"; and south to the Philippine Republic, a constitutional democracy patterned after our own and led by the very capable Presidente Ferdinand Marcos, a man whose dedication to the principles of life, liberty, and leather shoes for every working adult stands as a lesson to those who preach revolution, class hatred, and murder.[2]

Chapter 2

. . . Shall Make No Law Abridging the Freedom of S - - - - h

Each founding father knew, as he crammed himself into a lowly manger in Bethlehem, Pennsylvania, for the First Constitutional Convention, that his was the awesome task of forging a document that would be accepted and approved by his entire constituency. It is not surprising then that little was accomplished until the Second Constitutional Convention of 1787,[3] wherein it was mutually agreed that delegates' expense accounts need not be itemized.

The constitution that finally emerged stated that every man has certain inalienable rights that could not be revoked except in time of war, national emergency, military service, martial law, economic crises, uncontrolled rioting in many parts of the city, airport expansion, campus protest, urban renewal, highway extention, or months with a vowel in them. One of these rights guaranteed by the Constitution was the right to private property, a right which is particularly useful if you happen to own some, but gets kind of tricky if you don't, but want some. The ones who wrote the Constitution owned some, and wished to clarify how long they intended to keep it, particularly for those who wanted some and tended to get impatient.[4]

One of the many features of our Constitution that make it a decorating must for every gun-club lounge are its *amendments.* The first ten have more or less expired, but are still included in most reproductions both for their quaint historical interest and as examples of good penmanship. In addition to the free amendments, every Constitution also contains a warrantee that covers (1) the right not to be tried twice for the same crime unless it can be proved that you thought it again since, (2) the right to remain silent if you are too shy to confess in any other manner, and (3) the right to be considered innocent of a crime until proven Communist.

Chapter 3

Never Let Your Left Wing Know Who Your Right Wing Is Killing

Our Government works on a system of "checks and balances." For example, if ITT writes a check, the Repub-

[1]Pericles: Hem Lock.
Socrates: Who's there?
Per: Euripides.
Soc: Euripides who?
Per: Euripides pants, Eumenides pants.

[2]Me, for one.

[3]Unlike most conventions, it was held in secret, a fact which the founding mothers, who were not invited, viewed with suspicion.

[4]Workers of the world, eat my shorts.

continued on page 52


HOORAW! HULLOO! EACH JED AND JANE! NOW
TARRY HERE, WHILST WE EXPLAIN
MIRACLE of
DELEGATES
Step the 1st: Months ere Election Day, in Party Caucuses across our fair Land, delegates to the Nominating Convention are carefully chosen—by democratic methods as old as the Republic itself!
Step the 4th: The Nominee, with the aid of wise advisors, drafts the Party platform. We all know how attentively do these stewards of State hark to the Nation's needs and aspirations!
Step the 3rd: The Candidate
And in our Democracy, it is
OUR GALLANT SPANISH ALLY
OUR GALLANT HAITIAN ALLY
OUR GALLANT PARAGUAYAN ALLY
OUR GALLANT GREEK ALLY
OUR GALLANT RHODESIAN ALLY
LINCOLN
GARFIELD
Now he is Mr.



EPUBLIC'S WONDER IN ★ ELECTION YEAR—FOR IT COULD ONLY HAPPEN HERE! 'TIS THE....
EMOCRACY
he People for campaign funds.
just which People he goes to!
Step the 2nd: Now nominated, Mr. Presidential Aspirant seeks out a Running Mate. He must have a care to pick a man whose moral, spiritual, and intellectual qualities match those set before by other Vice-Presidents!
DARN WAR
HOTEL
Step the 5th: In a spirited Democracy, spirits oft run high! It is a measure of the American Democratic Tradition to see how dissent is met, its message received, its leaders dealt with!
t you can still disagree!
McKINLEY
KENNEDY
OUR GALLANT SOUTH VIETNAMESE ALLY
OUR GALLANT BRAZILIAN ALLY
OUR GALLANT CHINESE ALLY
OUR GALLANT PORTUGUESE ALLY
OUR GALLANT SOUTH AFRICAN ALLY

continued from page 49



1



2



3

HOW A BILL BECOMES LAW

1. Bill is suggested to congressman by constituents.
2. Bill is introduced to Senate.
3. Public hearings are held.
4. Private executive committee sessions. Amendments added.
5. Bill is debated and passed by Senate.
6. Bill amended and passed by House.
7. Bill is signed by President.
8. Bill becomes law.



4



5



6



7



8

Illustrations by Bruce McCall

lican Party can balance the books. This ingenious arrangement can be extrapolated to international diplomacy as well. The Russians invade the Czechs, and the Americans balance it off by bombing North Vietnam.[5]

A good way to illustrate checks and balances is by studying the thermostat in your own home. If your den or rumpus room is stuffy, your thermostat tells your furnace it is time to decrease the temperature. In much the same way, if the Negroes need to be cooled, your President tells the FBI to turn on the heat. Another good way to illustrate this system is by drawing Daddy's cocky going into his own doo-doo hole, but if your Mommy or the FBI sees it, they will shit and or confiscate your brick.

The checks and balances are represented by the three major branches of Government: the *executive*, the *legislative*, and the reason its such a stone drag knocking this stuff out is that you know that two-thirds of the jerk-offs who buy the magazine in the first place are only looking to see if the chick with the big bazongas is in Foto Funnies again but what the hell I've got to get this fucker finished by the time Linda gets back from her brother's Bar Mitzvah which at first I'll admit took me by surprise because she certainly doesn't look *judiciary*.

Chapter 4

. . . For the People, By the People, In the People's, and Up the People's

The first of the three branches of government we will consider is the Presidency. An easy way to do this is to turn the lights off, light a stick of incense if you like, and, while in a full or half lotus, chant the President's middle name over and over again until you feel your *muhlbandh* pucker and begin to whimper for mercy.

The President is the most important single individual in a constitutional democracy. America's Chief Executive is empowered by law to veto bills, condemn long-haired cult killers, commute the sentences of short-haired kid killers, call in football plays, push buttons to ceremonially activate hydroelectric porkbarrels, declare wars, declare undeclared wars, undeclare undeclared wars, and unundeclare undeclared wars if a majority of the voters have something good on at the time like a space show or travelogue.

Often said to be the hardest job in the world, the Presidency is the focus for the country's problems, for, as Harry Truman once quipped to a junior lobbyist, "The buck stops here."

Let's take a look at a President's normal daily schedule. . . .

9:00 A.M.	Arrives at office. Reads mail.
10:15 A.M.	Secretary of State confers concerning new policy.
10:30 A.M.	Press conference at State Department.
11:00 A.M.	Asks assistant to soften forthcoming veto message.
11:20 A.M.	Meeting with eagle scouts for awards ceremony and pictures.
11:30 A.M.	Informal Cabinet meeting.
12:00 M.	Lunch in office. Scout doesn't like cottage cheese. Send out for cheeseburger, fries, and shake.
12:30 P.M.	Farm senators protest price-support bill.
1:00 P.M.	Timex lobbyist gives views on proposed Japanese import quotas.
1:17 P.M.	Set new watch.
2:00 P.M.	Meeting with AFL-CIO leaders.
2:30 P.M.	Deep massage at health club. Introduce scout to Bruce. Inquire about junior memberships.
3:15 P.M.	Budget Director confers on new tax law.
3:45 P.M.	Informal briefing with National Security Council.
4:30 P.M.	Father of pageboy's lawyer calls. Will settle out of court.
5:00 P.M.	Scout hungry again. Cancel welcoming ceremony for new Pakistani ambassador.
5:15 P.M.	Early supper at Gino's.
5:45 P.M.	Sign new draft bill. Scout wants all the pens.
7:00 P.M.	Dinner with Russian Trade Minister. Scout doesn't like Brussels sprouts.
8:30 P.M.	Speech for joint American Legion-VFW gathering.
9:00 P.M.	Scout overtired. Wants to go home.
10:00 P.M.	Home. Introduce nephew to Pat.
10:30 P.M.	Go over summaries, briefings, late reports.
11:00 P.M.	Bed.
11:07 P.M.	Tinkle.
11:10 P.M.	Business.
11:12 P.M.	Scout wants glass of water. Tinkle.
11:15 P.M.	Sleep.

Whew! What a schedule! As you can see, practically every waking sec-

[5]The "checks and balances" © jokes were thought up by Tony Hendra. He thought up several other jokes in this article as well, but these two are my personal favorites. If you enjoyed them, why not drop Tony a line?! He'll be sure to appreciate it, and frankly, it will put his job on a slightly firmer footing.

ond of the President's day is filled with activity as he dashes from meeting to meeting. It is easy to see why the second hardest job in the world is that of a Presidential assassin, particularly if he lacks experience on the skeet range.

Kill him.[6]

Chapter 5
I Regret That I Have But One Lobe to Give for My Country

America, goes the old saying, is a nation where any lad can become Vice-President regardless of race, creed, or intelligence. The Vice-President's main function is to take over the President's job when he is shot in the head. If, for any reason, the President is not shot in the head, the Vice-President changes the channel, catches the last half of "I Love Lucy," tinkle, sleep.

Often the butt of cruel political jokes, the Vice-Presidency is nonetheless a vital component of the governmental process, and the quality of man required to serve in this office would make a listing of past Vice-Presidents a remarkable roll of honor.

Chapter 6
The Roll of Honor

Aaron Burr
George Clinton
Elbridge Gerry
Daniel D. Tompkins
Richard M. Johnson
George M. Dallas
Millard Fillmore
William R. King
Hannibal Hamlin
Schuyler Colfax
Henry Wilson
William A. Wheeler
Thomas A. Hendricks
Levi P. Morton
Garret A. Hobart
Charles Warren Fairbanks
James S. Sherman
Thomas R. Marshall
Charles G. Dawes
Charles Curtis
John N. Garner
Alben W. Barkley
Richard M. Nixon
Lyndon B. Johnson
Hubert H. Humphrey
Spiro T. Agnew

Chapter 7
Stop in the Name of the Law (Before You Break My Club)

The Supreme Court is an august body of judicial experts who must decide whether or not a specific law is constitutional or not. This is more difficult than it sounds because it is obvious that the justices cannot rely entirely on this brief statement of governmental principles[7] but must refer to the "unwritten Constitution" for many of their precedents. Many justices, particularly the last four, actually prefer to use the unwritten Constitution because it is easier to read.

In a recent decision, for example, most of the justices agreed that a defendant may be found guilty of a crime if *most* of the jury thought he was. Modeling the decision after the structure of their own court, the justices suggested that dissenting members of a jury could submit their opinions to the defendant after his sentencing along with gift baskets of fresh fruit, shoelaces, soap, playing cards, or any of the other niceties that can do so much to help while away the hours. Thus, by eliminating the necessity for a unanimous decision of the jurors, the justices have updated the Constitution to allow for a changing America and the decreasing petty-cash resources of local prosecuting attorneys.

In the long history of the Supreme Court there have been many amusing anecdotes about its members, but the only one that comes to mind at the moment concerns Arthur Goldberg, a half pound of chopped chicken liver, and a rubber glove.

Chapter 8
If There's One Thing I Can't Stand, It's a House Divided Against Itself

The Congress, or legislative body, differs from the previously mentioned august body in many important ways.[8] Specifically, the Congress is a law-making group of elected representatives who wear ventilated shoes, tear up their parking tickets,[9] and can be easily recognized by a large shapeless lump under their throats, which will be either a goiter filled with salt water or a lobbyist.

The Legislative branch divides itself into two houses and has a special agreement with the D.C. police that they won't raid them both at the same time. The nation's lawmakers, the Senate, and the House of Representatives work long, hard hours to hammer out innovative legislation to benefit their constituents, particularly the constituents who wish to raise congressional salaries, erect derricks on Indian reservations, or ensure that this tag may not be removed under penalty of law.

There has been much debate over the quality of the men elected to the Congress, and its critics have called the average representative a "senile and drooling Mongoloid opportunist with the morals of a cobra and the breath of a hyena," but surely

Chapter 9
I'll Be Down to Get You in a Tax Break, Honey

In addition to the three branches of government, there is a fourth—loosely termed *special interest groups* or *lobbyists*. Much like representatives elected by the voters, lobbyists are representatives elected by corporations. Since corporations employ the voters, you are actually represented twice in Congress, once by your lobbyist and once by your taxes.

There are some, including many homosexuals, Jews, and Communists, who believe that lobbyists wield improper influence in the lawmaking process. Nothing could be farther from the truth. A lobbyist has no official power over any member of Congress and can only suggest legislation. It is a political reality, of course, that a lobbyist may be quite skillful in giving advice to congressmen, but they are under no obligation to take it. However, for the purposes of giving a rounded picture of the lobbyist's role in government, the following is a partial list of advice given to a typical senator[10] during the course of a typical workday:[11]

2 pr Farah slacks (machine washable)
1 brooch and matching bracelet in the golden manner of Monet
1 Timex wristwatch with "magic window" calendar
1 Speidel Twist-o-flex watchband
1 Kool-King fully insulated picnic hamper guaranteed to keep cold things cold and hot things hot for twenty-four hours
1 Hotpoint gas range
1 year's supply Burger Bits
3 doz. Spalding golf balls
1 sq. inch of a real Klondike gold mine (deed)
1 Airstream camper/trailer w/chemical toilet
1 set Rubbermaid bathroom/kitchen accessories
1 complete set Tomkins lawn furniture
1 giant Tootsie Roll containing one year's supply Tootsie Pops
6 Ship 'n Shore blouses
$11,435
2 tickets to *Fiddler on the Roof*
1 roll film and negatives taken at health club
8 pr. Jantzen swimwear
1 Lawn Boy power mower
6 full-course suppers at Gino's

Chapter 10
One Nation, Under Ground

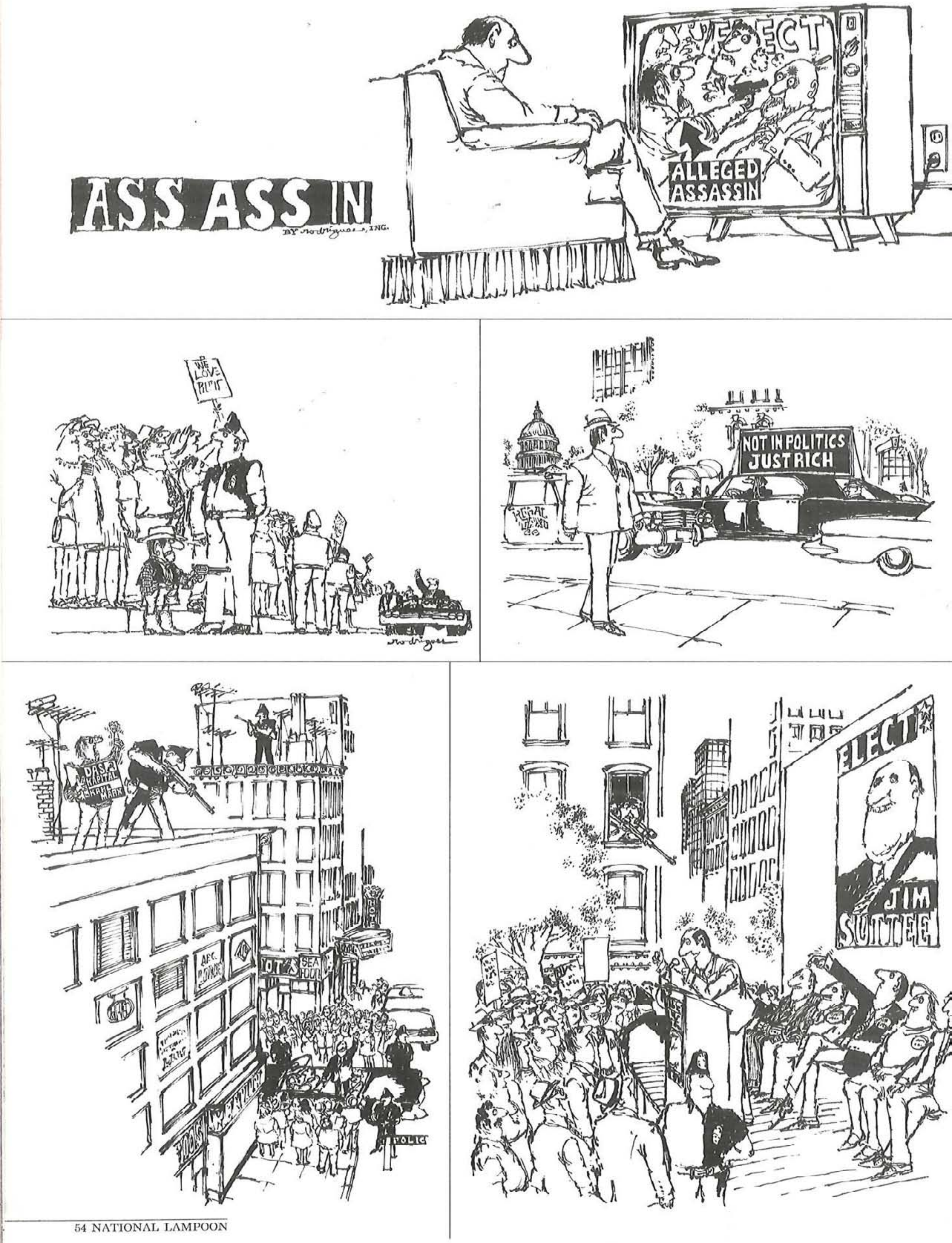
That about wraps it up, Mr. American. *Thanks for putting me in the picture*, you may be thinking, *but what can one dumb bohunk like me do to*

[6]Just kidding, folks.

[7]No pictures, either.
[8]They still airbrush out the pubes.
[9]Justices can only fix them.

[10]Roman Hruska.
[11]Tuesday between 11:00 and 11:15 A.M.

continued on page 84


ASS ASS IN
BY rodrigues, INC.
ELECT
ALLEGED ASSASSIN
NOT IN POLITICS JUST RICH
rodrigues
DAS KAPITAL KARL MARX
POLICE
ELECT
JIM SUTTEE

AUGUST 34490

true politics

MRS. STROM THURMOND BARES THE STARTLING SECRET OF HER WIZENED SPOUSE
"My Senile Husband's Bedroom Filibusters Blocked Our First Act of Congress for Seventeen Months!"

Sick with shame and remorse when my ward boss caught me in a wild
TICKET-SPLITTING SPLINTER PARTY

Capitol

DITA BEARD BREAKS HER SILENCE
"THERE'S NOTHING WRONG WITH MY HEART THAT RICHIE KLEINDIENST CAN'T CURE"
It started as a noble commitment, but it turned into blazing passion

Driven by guilt to reveal
I GAVE MY HUSBAND'S OPPONENT EQUAL TIME IN BED!
Trapped in a sinful affair when my sense of fair play led to foreplay



"STOP ME BEFORE I KILL MORE" BEGS THE MAD BOMBER
A President's pathetic plea

Rosemarie Banuelos' tortured admission
When Dick Made Me Treasurer He Said I'd Serve at His Pleasure— But He Meant As His Pleasurer!

Losing badly in a three-way race until I discovered
The Little-Known Campaign Technique That Drives Voters Wild!

Possessed by an uncontrollable desire
DEAR GOD, WHY DO I WANT TO BE NAMED TO THE BUREAU OF INDIAN AFFAIRS?
Depressed by my hopeless longing, consumed by a nameless need so long as it remains unfulfilled

I was way behind in a close election until I lost my liberal sympathies.

By Nelson A. Rockefeller—as told to William F. Buckley

For years I'd been governor of a big northeastern state (you'd recognize its name in an instant), and when I ran for reelection last time around, I just drifted along with my typical softheaded stand on the issues. Then suddenly I found myself trailing my bumbling opponent by 10 points in the opinion polls.

I blamed it on my campaign advisers, my grating personality, my lackluster record—you name it—but I was only kidding myself. Anyone could see the real reason at a glance. I was just plain too liberal.

It wasn't the first time I'd lost out because of my "left-of-center bulge." More than once I'd been in line for nomination to a very high post indeed (you'd be surprised just how high if I mentioned which one), only to get the brush-off when it came time for the balloting because of my klunky leftist image.

Oh sure, I made excuses. I'd complain of "deals" and "undemocratic procedures" and "back-room politics," but then one day I overheard a top leader in my party (you wouldn't know his name in a million years, but he's on the board of 147 top corporations) say to a mediocre party warhorse (who runs a leading free-world democracy), "Too bad Nelson's such a goddamn pinko. What do you say we sort of give him the old heave-ho?"

Well, my friend, right then and there I made up my mind. I decided I'd had enough of being the laughing stock of the party. That same day I called up an old acquaintance and former supporter who used to be governor of a small state on the eastern seaboard (until he sloughed off an ill-deserved reputation as moderate and went on to become a national political figure). I discussed my problem with him frankly, and it was a good thing I did.

He recommended Ultra-Right©, a new, safe, tested political prescription, which, incidentally, involves no complicated program of social improvement or clumsy democratic procedures, and doesn't require taking any harmful positions. All it is is a powerful mixture of blatant racism and crude fear-enhancers combined with simpleminded rhetoric and a few easy exercises in cynical deception and brutal repression that can be practiced in the privacy of your own state, district, or city.

It sounded great, so I tried it, and, *fella, you wouldn't believe the results!* In just weeks, convictions I had held for twenty years were gone, and with them that logy, washed-up feeling that can accompany defeat in a major election. Sure I had to cut out those swank, rich-bitch soirees at the summer homes of pointy-headed intellectuals and take a little ribbing from my local newspaper, but believe me, it was a small price to pay for my newfound self-confidence.



This old photograph shows what a wishy-washy softie I was. No matter how hard I tried, I couldn't hide that left-leaning posture. I sure was a fathead!



I would never have had the courage to do this if I hadn't gotten rid of that unwanted liberalism. Now running a major urban state is really fun!

I went so far right, people who had known me for years didn't recognize me. I'd hear them say, "What a change! It's like Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde!" or "I thought I knew all the Rockefellers, but, say, do you by any chance have a twin brother who's a decent, honorable, principled man?"

Well, that's my story. Sure it wasn't easy getting rid of the strongly held, or at least loudly voiced, beliefs of a lifetime, but it was worth it. Oh yes, I was easily reelected, and, by the way, don't be surprised if you see me *in a prestigious Government post in* Washington next year. Now that I'm headed in the "right" direction, I'm not "left" out in the party. And it's all thanks to Ultra-Right ©.

BEFORE AND AFTER POSITIONS

	Before	After
Bombing	Against	For
Bussing	For	Against
Welfare	For	Against
Suspect's Rights	For	Against
Open Housing	For	Against

true politics

August, 1972
Vol. 6, No. 4

Editorial Directors
CHRIS MILLER, SHARON FRANKLIN

Editor
HENRY BEARD

Art Director
MICHAEL GROSS

Contributors
TONY HENDRA, HUGO FLESCH

Production
IDIE MEG EMERY, ELLEN TAURINS

I Fell Victim to the Forbidden Pressures of a Pentagon Snow Job

A courageous congressman reveals the topless secrets of the Defense Department's program of friendly persuasion

Our fateful fact-finding tour began early one wintry morning at Andrews Air Force Base. There were five of us, all freshmen congressmen, as green as the presentation $1,000 bills General "Snap" Brim had given us as mementos when he welcomed us into his olive-drab Facel Vega staff car for the ride to the airport. Frankly, we were all a little bitter about our assignments to the Temporary Committee on Loam and Mulch of the Standing Subcommittee on Loosely Packed Earth of the Committee on the Soil Bank, and we were all keyed up for our first important legislative task—a fact General Brim gently made fun of as we stood on the runway waiting for the giant C5A Galaxie that would take us to GONAD headquarters deep in Arizona's La Merdas Desert.

"I'll bet all you congressmen are keyed up for this, your first important legislative task," he drawled, handing us the keys to our keepsake Mustang Fastbacks, "little reminders," as he called them, of the service we were rendering our country in subjecting the military establishment to the unswerving and impartial scrutiny of informed and conscientious civilian representatives.

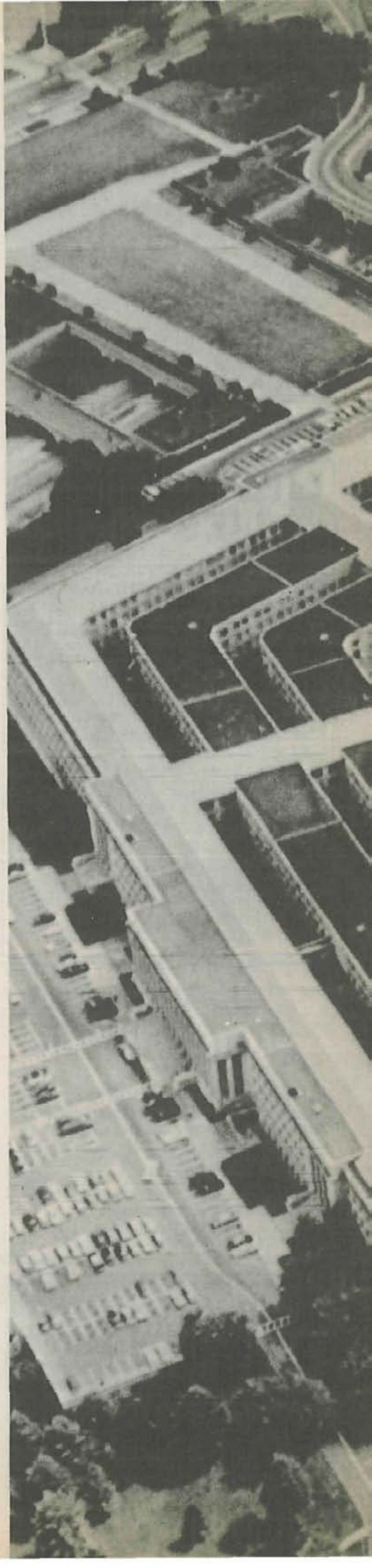
Suddenly, with a noise like those sound-effect records you can play on a really powerful stereo outfit like the ones that had arrived at our homes with the Pentagon invitation for the visit, the huge airplane swung into view. It was an awesome sight, and my mouth went as dry as the gin in the fifty cases of liquor the Joint Chiefs had dropped off with the copies of the 1972 defense budget the night before.

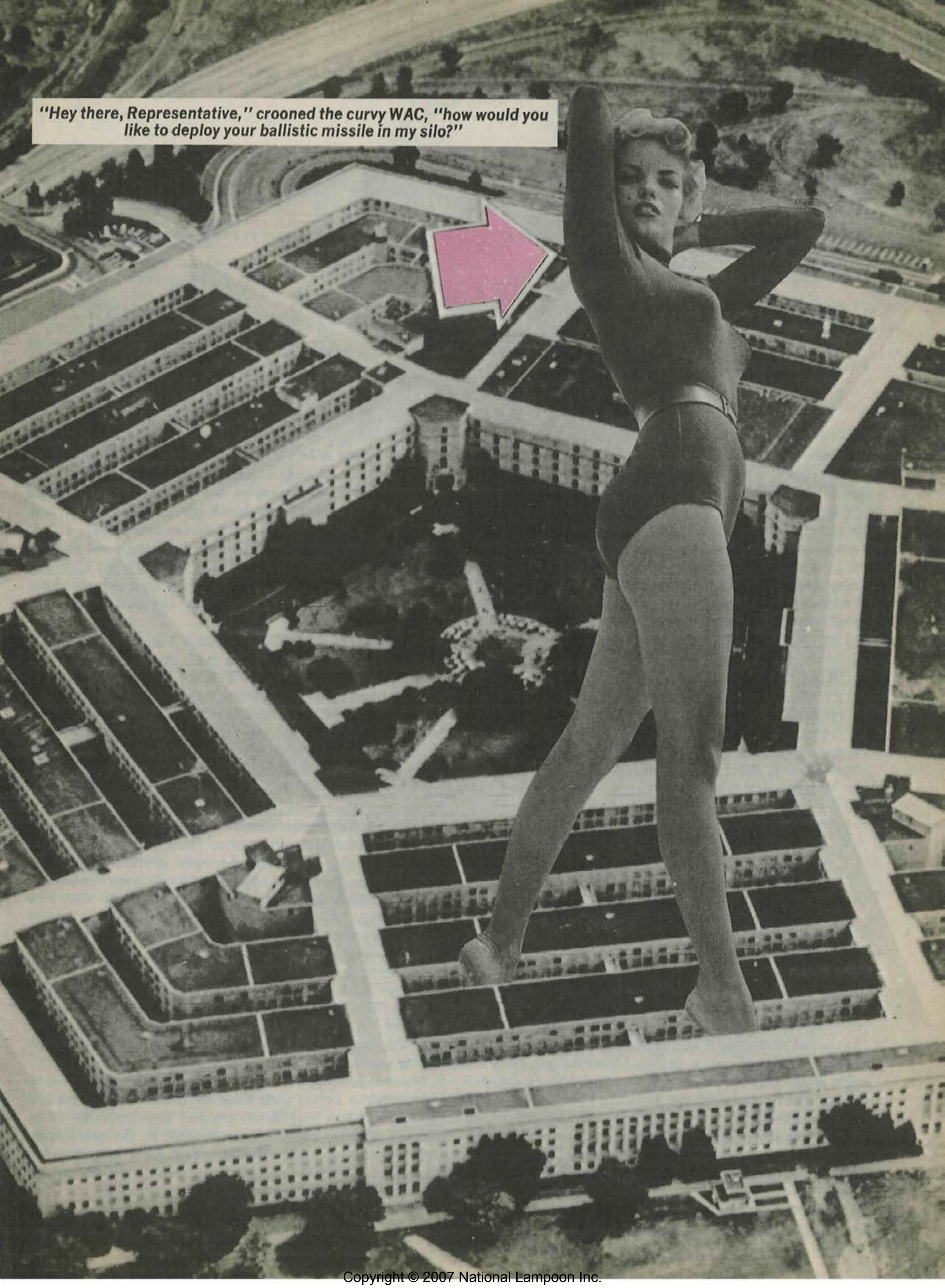
In less than a minute we were whisked aboard the immense plane. As we climbed the plane's ornamental marble staircase, I decided it was as good a time as any to get down to business. "Say, General Brim," I casually remarked, "what about these cost overruns and structural flaws we've been hearing so much about?"

Brim fixed me with a steely gaze that reminded me of the 144-piece set of stainless flatware our wives had received with copies of our itinerary and numbers where we could be reached, as small tokens of their sacrifice of a long weekend with their husbands in the name of duty. "Well now, as far as the cost goes, it weren't no more than you might run into if you were to, say, have your house completely refurnished with wall-to-wall carpeting and the works on Monday at our expense and the bill ran a little high," he suggested. "And as for the structural flaws—well, judge for yourself."

At that moment twenty full-breasted WACs, wearing only the regulation ammo pouches, greeted us at the head of the stairs. My jaw dropped as my gaze swept through the plane, past the crystal chandeliers and the ornamental palm trees, to the huge kidney-bean-shaped swimming pool where more scantily clad femmes lounged, to the chip-and-putt golf course, the shooting gallery with live North Vietnamese prisoners, the ten championship bowling alleys,

(*continued on page 103*)





"Hey there, Representative," crooned the curvy WAC, "how would you like to deploy your ballistic missile in my silo?"

Rose Kennedy's



Charisma Tips

So many candidates these days are conscious of the importance of charisma but just don't know didilly squat, if you'll pardon my French, about what it is or how to get it. They all think it's some important quality of leadership you have to be born with, like good judgment, common sense, or $100,000,000, and that someone who hasn't got it is doomed to live out his days in backwoods caucuses, holding down a desk in the Department of Public Works and waiting for the day when he can be County Comptroller.

Well, you can take it from me, that's just a lot of hooey and I put one son through Electoral College and my youngest is about ready to make it two, so I should know what I'm talking about. Charisma is easy once you understand what it's all about—getting the voter to look at you and not your record. Let's face it, you could be congressman from the Black Lagoon and you'd still be better off if old John Q. is eyeballing your mug and not your brag sheet.

Now the first thing to remember is that there are only three Winning Images: Lincolnesque, Camelot (my personal favorite), and Mr. Smith Goes to Washington. Your first job is to pick the one that fits you best. For example, if your face looks like an old couch and your voice sounds like a postoperative laryngectomy patient talking over an army public-address system, go right for the Lincolnesque. You don't have to overdo it (one candidate I know of used to smoke Lincoln logs), but remember, it's the total image that counts. You mustn't confuse the voter: when he gets into that booth, he's ready to vote for only three people: Abe Lincoln, John F. Kennedy (it makes a mother proud), and Jimmy Stewart, and if you don't come to mind in one of those Key Charisma Categories, forget it!

How do you know which category you're best for? Here's a simple rule of thumb: if you're ugly, stupid, old, Southern, or have recently suffered a stroke—Lincolnesque; good examples of the Lincolnesque style are Karl Mundt, Lyndon Johnson, and Everett Dirksen. If you're young, rich, handsome, and have perfect teeth and good speechwriters, it's Camelot. But don't flatter yourself: it's the easiest category to blow, and if you don't believe me, just ask John Lindsay, Chuck Percy, or James Roosevelt to draw you a floor plan of the White House.

Now most of you are Mr. Smiths (no need to be ashamed—you count the current President among your number!), and this is really the most reliable image. It's the lawyer who made good but didn't forget his roots (or the train whistle in the night or whatever), who's shocked to find that when Senator Blowhard crumples up a "carefully prepared speech," it's nothing but a blank piece of paper! For you, I recommend off-the-rack suits during campaigns, a little pancake makeup for those bad wrinkles (let's not confuse Mr. Voter—he isn't going to give the nod to Jimmy Lincoln), shirtsleeves if that's your style, and at least six anecdotes of the hardware business during the Depression (or pharmacy business).

A quick note on TV appearances: You Lincolns, gargle with Clorox and pat about a half pound of naval jelly into your face and jowls—TV tends to exaggerate those little arroyos, grottoes, cisterns, mesas, etc., and too many reruns of The Mummy have spoiled that overly weathered look; Camelots, put Murine in your eyes to make them twinkle; Smiths, make sure you have an American-flag pin in your lapel and send an aide into the studio before the taping to break all the closeup lenses with a ball peen hammer.

One last point: charisma isn't looks alone. Keep those speeches, unfair assaults, and so forth in character. Let's take the bussing issue. Lincolnesque: speak slowly. "You ask me where I stand on bussing, and this is my answer: let reason triumph, let cooler heads prevail, let no man ever have to say, "They put their destiny on the bus of hope and it was struck by the train of hate on the poorly marked grade-crossing of the future."

Camelot: resounding. "But in a larger sense, it is for us to whom the hope of free men everywhere is entrusted to take up the challenge of the times, and now more than ever we must, as John F. Kennedy so eloquently put it, 'Ask not what our country can do for us, but what we can do for our country.'"

Mr. Smith: loud and sharp. "My opponent wants to send your children across state lines on flatbed trucks, packed like smelts, their tiny heads crushed together, only to be dumped like so much human landfill in the marijuana-choked yards of trade schools, where their gaily painted lunch boxes will be ripped from their grasp by savage Ubangis packing automatics."

Well, that's all for now.

Rose

Tell it to the Boss

Mayor Richard J. Daley Answers Your Questions



Richard Daley has many years of experience helping people with their political problems.
If you need advice, write:
The Mayor, 5th Floor, City Hall, Chicago, Illinois.

"Petered out"

I'm a moderate Democrat with a decent record in the Senate. I had what I thought was a pretty surefire campaign going, and then all of a sudden I ran out of steam. I usually relate well to people and come off as the strong, fatherly type, although I do have a tendency to get emotional at times, even break down and cry when people say bad things about me, but I can't understand what happened. I never petered out like this before. Am I all washed up?

—E.M.

Dear E.M.,

It sounds like your problem is you're a quitter—you just aren't putting your all into it. Remember, when the going gets tough, the tough get going. If a local leader gets balky, you've got to go up to him and say, "Look here, if you don't give me your support, some people I'm pretty thick with will kill you," or "Listen, if I get elected and you weren't with me, how would you like a Methadone University in your swankiest suburb?" And you've got to work at winning the people over. Get some handbills printed up with some doctored photos showing the other candidates peeing on altars, smoking LSD cigarettes, and playing gin rummy with Hitler. Or hand out some fake position papers for your opponent saying that he is for killing old people because they clutter the place up, and parachuting Negroes into the suburbs, and giving Puerto Ricans two votes each because they're so bad off, and taxing bowling balls. When there's no press around, drop little zingers in your speeches, like "When I'm elected, I'm going to shoot all the Negroes and grind them up into dog food," and "I figure the answer to this here hippie problem is to fly 'em over to North Vietnam and drop them on Hanoi as stink bombs." Don't forget, you've got to get your point of view across so the people can make a mature decision based on a careful analysis of the issues and the candidates' positions.

"Had it all"

I recently made a sincere, determined effort to communicate to the American people my concern for the problems of our deteriorating cities, the futility of our tragic involvement in Vietnam, the pressing needs of our disadvantaged citizens, and the importance of reordering our national priorities toward a just and humane society, but I somehow didn't come across. I'm young and attractive, with a fashionable big-city background, and everyone says I have charisma. I admit I was a longshot, but I thought I had it all. What went wrong?

—J.L.

Dear J.L.,

Listen, you candy-assed son-of-a-bitch, don't come whining to me when your goddamn radical Commie bushwa sticks in the craw of decent hard-working Americans who don't cotton to a lot of pumpkin-headed, one-worlder jaw music. If you can't do any better than parrot the Moscow, Russia, party line, then why don't you go over to Lusitania or one of those other Soviet slave states and see how long you last before someone puts a dum-dum in your dome, which is what you deserve, you pinko rat. I know your kind. You want to kill our aged and parachute Negroes into our suburbs and tax bowling balls. Well let me tell you, it won't wash, and you're going to have to get up awful early to catch right-thinking folks napping if you want to pull that stuff. It's a good thing you didn't sign your náme, or some people I'm in pretty thick with would kill you, or worse.

"Fought the good fight"

Ever since I entered politics more than thirty-five years ago, I've been fighting the good fight, and I'll admit, I enjoy it, and even when I've had disappointments, I've kept my spirits up, and this is one of those times, although I can tell you I'll be in it to the end, and I'm not quitting, and even though it's uphill, I'm going to keep pressing my opponent on the important issues of the day, the questions that mean so much to every American, because I know the people know what I stand for, these same things I've always stood for, that I've stood for for more than thirty-five years, ever since I first entered politics, through thick and thin, and I categorically reject the notion that I haven't, because the record is clear, and as I have said many times, these are the questions that need answering, today, and I think this shows why our steady showing has shown that we showed the people what they knew needed to be shown. Now, what I want to know is why isn't anyone voting for me?

—H.H.H.

Dear H.H.H.,

Frankly, I don't know. It looks like you've handled the issues well and avoided getting involved in scatterbrained specifics, but the problem could be your campaign hasn't got enough bite. You've got to come on strong. If the people don't know where you stand, tell them they know where you stand and, unlike all this nonsense your opponent has been spouting about giving fish the vote and making people wear their underwear outside their clothes, you don't go in for any pie-in-the-sky visionary stuff, just the plain, pragmatic, progressive approach you've always taken. If they do know where you stand, come right out and tell them that in spite of attempts by other candidates to characterize you as various things you aren't and efforts by the liberal media to confuse the voters, you stand for what they want, and you'll see that they get it, or you'll know the reason why. Maybe you need to spice it up with a few concrete proposals, but keep it safe. I'd recommend positions along the lines of doing something about the scandalous condition of the Intracoastal Waterway and installing flush toilets in our veterans' cemeteries.

"The perfect candidate"

A few years ago I got some bad publicity and sometimes it seems like I'll never hear the end of it. Wherever I go, someone makes some smart-alecky reference to this unfortunate occurence, and I'm beginning to wonder if I'll ever be able to shake it. Other than that, I'm the perfect candidate. What can I do?

—E.K.

Dear E.K.,

The best thing to do is face up to it. Anytime someone brings it up, get his name and have someone pay him a little visit casually and say something like "I read where the last person who mentioned this little matter got a safe dropped on his head."

When I found out what he had done,
I wanted to crucify him, tear him limb from limb. . . .

I THOUGHT JOHN WAS A SAP—UNTIL I FOUND THE TAP IN MY TUSH



Me and my big mouth. That's what's to blame. I was always needling him, teasing him, dropping little hints. "While you're at those goddamn policy sessions, I'm turning tricks in the rec room with real men," I'd say, coyly arching my eyebrows. Or I'd loll my eyes around and enticingly scream, "Guess what I have in my whosit as much as you have that stupid pipe in your mouth, you dumpy, horse-faced klutz?"

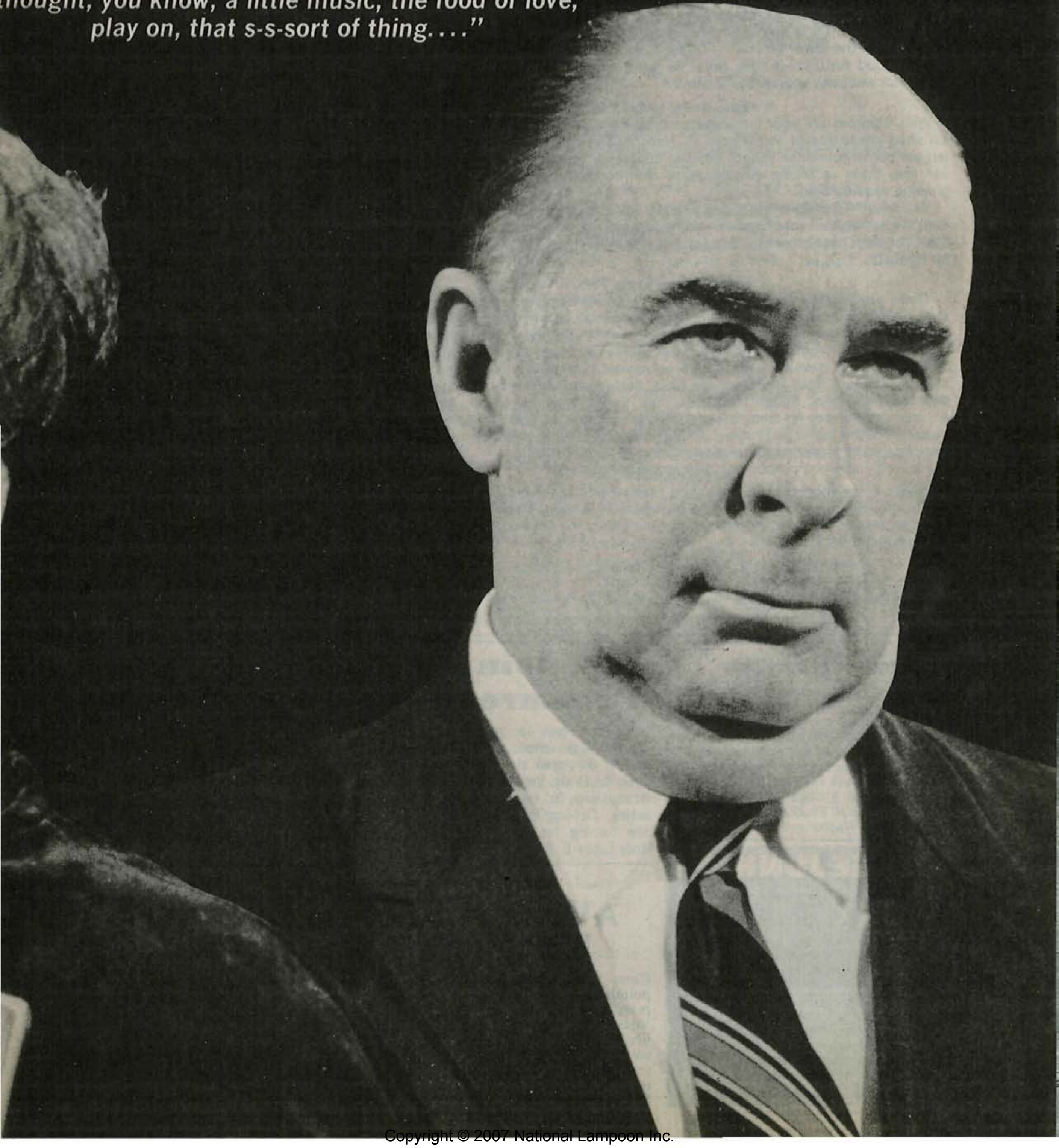
Oh, I know I was looking for trouble, but ask any psychiatrist and he'll tell you a woman wants to be loved, and when she isn't, she sometimes goes off the deep end and subconsciously cries for affection. Maybe she has an affair or two, nothing serious, just to prove she's still a woman. That's all I was doing. But John would just sit there and take it, making little red marks in the Constitution and listening to his favorite wiretaps on the stereo.

Then one morning I woke up and I heard this funny humming coming from the bed. I thought maybe the Electric Fingers were broken, but when I got up, the humming followed me around wherever I went.

Suddenly my nightmare started. There must have been some kind of foul-up, because an operator's voice came from between my legs and told me to deposit 35 cents in

(*continued on page 110*)

"Martha," my lover breathed, "I'm as liberal as the next guy, sexwise, but why do you have that little transistor radio turned up full volume in your, your, you know?" My cheeks burned with shame. "Oh, t-t-that," I stammered. "I just thought, you know, a little music, the food of love, play on, that s-s-sort of thing...."



Are You Getting Your Fair Share of the Pork Barrel– Or Just a Pig in a Poke?



Don't let the Gravy Train pass you by!

"Thanks to my Harding Extension University training, I now receive more than $400,000 a year for not growing rice on my tennis court."

—Congressman W.M., Arkansas

How many times have you run into some colleague in the cloakroom and said to yourself, "Gosh, there goes old Senator So-and-So, the lucky devil. I wonder how he got that $5-million grant to test the effects of sudden cash windfalls on the lower brain?" or "Gee, I can't get over Congressman Such-and-Such's good fortune—it sure must be swell to have your own guided missile frigate for weekend sportsfishing jaunts!"

It's Easy As Pie to Get Your Slice

Well, chances are your fortunate political acquaintances are among the many satisfied graduates of the Warren G. Harding Extension University, the world's largest correspondence school offering courses in political education. *Now, you can join them in taking advantage of the lucrative opportunities in the fast-growing venality field.*

You see, if Teamsters are giving you the cold shoulder, if Pentagon spokesmen aren't wooing your vote, if strip-mining interests aren't knocking on your door, it's probably because they're mistaking your lack of political sophistication for honesty.

Learn in Your Spare Time

There are literally hundreds of openings going begging, and our graduates step right into rewarding careers as favor-seekers, palm-greasers, hush-money managers, suborners, representatives of vested interests, vote-buyers, wire-pullers, power-brokers, corporate flunkies, slush-fund operators, and many more.

All it takes to develop your hidden patronage powers is a few hours of study a week. You can train in your spare time, during procurement hearings, lengthy debates, filibusters, budget sessions, floor fights, what have you. And best of all, our simple step-by-step lessons let you progress at your own pace from a mastery of the basic principles of party structure and political machinery to complicated high-level manipulations and wholesale corruption.

Free Sample Lesson

In just a few short months, you'll be reaping all the rewards of a fuller, richer public life. Send today for our free introductory lesson, Basic Bilking. Cut out this coupon and send to: Warren G. Harding Extension University, Teapot Dome, Nebraska, 60605.

"Since completing the course, I have obtained millions of dollars for my war chest."
—President R.N., Washington

Name..

Address...

Party Affiliation................Years in office.......

Miracle Jowl Developer

Add distinguished inches to your throat in just days with miraculous new Mundt mandible cream. Puts precious pounds of thick, sagging flesh in the right places for that aura of unchecked power the constituents love. Makes even the freshest face on the political scene look like a degenerate veteran. Just $3,000. GOP Products, 1450 Connecticut Ave., Washington, D.C. 10007.

JET-AGE JUNKETS

J4—Acupulco (Sept. 15–Sept. 29). "Patterns of Rural Poverty in Latin America"
J19—Honolulu (Oct. 2–Oct. 9). "Effects of Oceanic Eutrophication on the Smelt Harvest"
J444—Papeete, Tahiti (Oct. 15–Oct. 25). "Impact of the Metric System on a Traditional Subculture"
For reservations, write Chairman, Subcommittee on Transportation Technology, Old House Office Bldg., Capitol, Washington, D.C.

Join a Pressure Group

Learn techniques for encountering opposition. Yes, this is the famous influence-expanding method first developed at the Esso Institute in Big Stick, California. Become a more effective person through easy, fun exercises in arm-twisting, boot-licking, fact-juggling, bill-blocking, etc. Groups now forming for next Congressional session. Write Lobby C, Capitol, Washington, D.C. 10090.

AVOID MESSY RECOUNTS

Close calls, paper-thin pluralities, disappointing turnouts. Ensure a comfortable margin of victory with Acme Inflatable Voters. Made of durable polyurethane, these lifelike dummies pull the levers the way you want, but frustrate unfriendly "head-counters." Also good for packing public hearings. $49.98 per hundred. Free Enterprise Inc., 5590 Dearborn St., Chicago, Ill. 03030.

WE MET IN CLOSED SESSION— AND NOW I'M THE VICTIM OF A MOTION TO CENSURE

(continued from page 98)

"I'm going to fill the loophole in your proposed legislation," he breathed, slipping his solid majority into my caucus. Slowly, he drove his point home, demonstrating a grasp of the issues I'd never seen before. My opposition evaporated as he mounted his strongest showing of the evening, raising motion after motion until, all too soon, his lengthy amendment came to a vote, and suddenly my bill was flooded with minor qualifications.

I moved for a short adjournment, but it was no use—his support was swelling, once more growing larger every minute, and before I could get a procedural ruling, he had pressed his huge advantage in the face of my objections, choking off further discussion and driving me to an untenable position.

"I can't swallow your explanation," I protested angrily after he withdrew his joint resolution on a point of personal privilege.

"Perhaps we can reach a compromise," he suggested, mounting a rear-guard action that took my fragile coalition by surprise. I could feel my working majority dissolving as he deftly outflanked my parliamentary maneuvers, jamming his enabling legislation through the back door. I tried for cloture, but it failed by a sizable margin.

With a sudden motion, he attached his riders to my omnibus bills, and I felt a ground swell building up for ratification.

"My constituents will never forgive me if I allow this measure to pass," I gasped.

"Don't take it so hard," he replied, as his enormous package approached enactment in record time.

"I've got a quorum, I've got a quorum," he suddenly cried, and my lower chamber filled up with his supporters

(continued on page 128)



"Now that's what I call a credibility gap!"

The Love Song of J. Edgar Hoover

by Sean Kelly

In sua voluntate e nostra pace

We'd better go quietly, you and I,
When the evening is smeared against the sky
Like a witness before a house committee;
We'd better tail each other through the streets
The undercover beats
Of stakeout nights in Mafia hotels
And restaurants that front for mob cartels:
Streets that follow like a DA's argument
Establishing intent
To overwhelm you with a leading question . . .
Oh, let's go and bust a traitor
We'll pick up the warrant later.

The agents call and call again
Talking of Daniel Berrigan.

And indeed they'll all do time,
That yellow mob that riots in the street,
Trashing the banks and breaking windowpanes;
They will do time, they will do time
The mug shots are prepared, I'll know their faces
  when we meet;
They will do time for murder, crossing state
Lines with intent, their idle little hands
Will do time punching out my license plate;
Time for throwing and overthrowing,
And time for a hundred conspiracies,
And a hundred tricks and treacheries,
Plenty of time for that where they're going.

The agents call and call again
Talking of Daniel Berrigan.

Yes indeed, they'll all do time,
Those Commie symps who talk behind my back,
For every liberal sneer and dirty crack,
For every smear and bleeding heart attack—
(They all say: "Look, his arse is getting fat!")
They criticize my shapeless suits and snappy G-man hat,
My collars all a size too small, my simple string cravat—
(They all say: "His neck is thick, his head is fat!")
Do I dare
Wiretap the universe?
I look forward to a time
Of decisions and convictions the Supreme Court
  can't reverse.

For I know them all already, I have dossiers on
  them all:—
Have them cold for tax evasion, graft or rape,
I've spun out my life on little spools of tape;
I have their voices lying, have each spying call,
Have dates, names, places, everything I need.
 Now how shall I proceed?

And I have known the spies already, known them all—
They fix the courts, the CIA was formed by
  Commie spies,
It has all been infiltrated, crawling with those reds,
I'll pin the buggers up against the wall,
Me and my trusty Feds
Will stick the butt-ends of our forty-fours between
  their thighs!
 But how shall I proceed?

And I have known the arms already, known them all—
Arms any moron has the right to bear

(But in the lab light, fingerprints are there!)
Thinking of a gun or rifle
Makes me digress a trifle.
Along with dope and marked bills, I'll plant pistols
on them all,
And then should I proceed?
And when should I begin?

* * *

Shall I say, I have gone disguised through littered streets
And smelled the smoke that rises from the joints
Of long-haired party-members throwing rocks
through windows? . . .
I should have been a pair of rugged cuffs
Closing upon the wrists of Eldridge C.

* * *

My dreams of glory, my ambition, slipped from my hands
Smothered by long intrigue,
Plots . . . subterfuges . . . they fatigue
My old brain, codes, commands and countermands.
Should I, after Dillinger, in my finest hour,
Have made my move, sought office, taken power?
Though I was supercop, and every reader of the *Digest*
knew it,
Though I have seen my face (ferocious toad) on every
cover and front page,
I never took the lead—remained backstage;
I have seen the moment of my greatness flicker,
And I have seen Life's Cameraman focus on me,
and snicker.
And in short, I blew it.

And after all, would it have been worthwhile,
Behind the pictures, underneath the rugs,
In every nook and cranny to have placed my little bugs,
To have them all, the victims and assailants,
In me they trust, one nation under surveillance;
To have squeezed the universe into a file
To open at my whim and/or discretion,
To say: "I am Jehova, strict but fair,
My eye is on the sparrow, and on *you*!"—
If one, sticking a finger in the air,
Should say back to the microphone: "Fuck you!"
Should say: "Fuck you." And smile.

And would it have been worth it, after all,
Would it have been worth while,
After the shootouts and the setups and the incriminating
leaks,
After the columns, after the speeches, after the trials
that dragged on for years—
The TV show on which "the Chief" appears?—
It's just impossible to say how mean I am!
But if I had the nerve to let them screen the truth about
this sham:
Would it have been worth while
If all my agents, breaking cover, dropping their disguise,
Should suddenly surround me, and say to my surprise:
"There is a plot. What's more, we're all
In on the plot, investigate us all!"

* * *

No! I am not Efrem Zimbalist, nor was meant to be:
Am an attendant pig, behind the arras,
Stupid, and so not easy to embarrass,
Useful for busting dealers at the borders,
Reading St. Paul to whitéd congregations,
Arranging suitable defenestrations,
And casting demons out from demonstrations;
Sometimes I interrupt assassinations—
Sometimes I give the orders.

I grow old . . . I grow old . . .
Some who I sent up for life have been paroled.

Are my agents wearing sideburns? Who dared to say
impeach?
I shall give communion breakfasts my Commie-menace
speech.
I have heard canaries singing, each to each.

I don't think any more will sing for me.

I have seen them burning draft cards in the park
Burning the files of bureaus and committees,
The wind is black with burning flags and cities.

We have played with fire, bringing down the heat
To smother reds and blacks in screens of smoke
Till human torches touch us, and we croak.



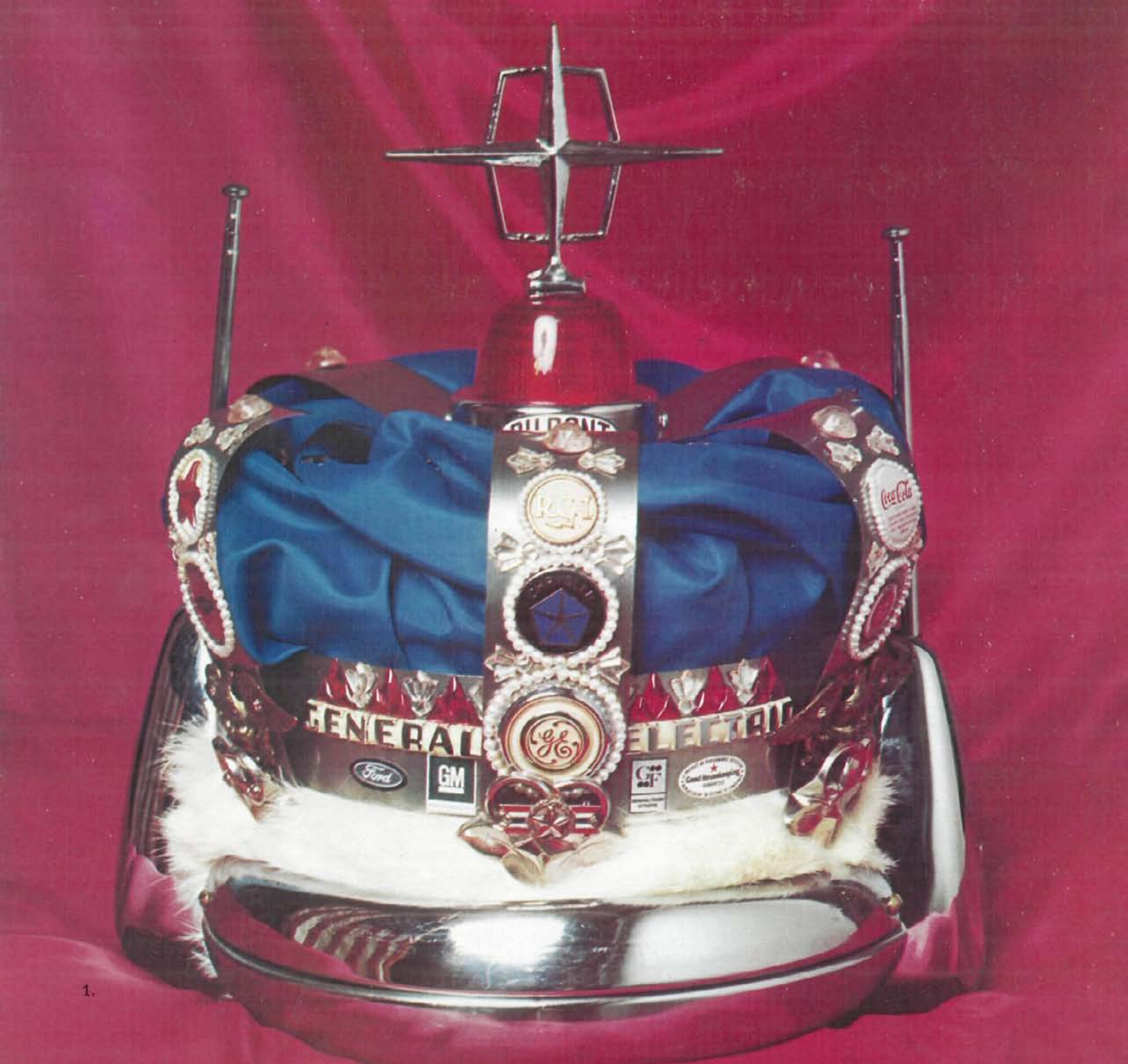
Your Coronation Keepsake

scriven by Tony Hendra
with embellishments by Sean Kelly



King Dick I of US and Queen Pat

A Souvenir



1.

The Crown Jools

1. The GREAT CROWN® of King Dick. This beautiful gift of the loyal earls, barons, and dooks of our Kingdom denotes His Majesty's faith in them and his domain over all his subjects. Completely lined and trimmed in new Heavenly Seal® by DuPont, it is, of course, steeped in Tradition®. Among its many amazing features is the Stereo Boonbox King 'n Country Communications System, which enables King Dick to stay in constant touch with the needs of his subjects, from the greatest lord to the lowliest churl. It transmits directly into his Great Ear, AM, FM and GM.



2. 3.

2. The HUGE ORB® of King Dick. No one has a bigger Orb than King Dick, no one. His is the Hugest. A gift of his Mighty Knights of the Pentangle, it denotes not only the earth but his dominion over it, and is rightly referred to as "the gold mine." It also denotes King Dick's love of sport.

3. The JUMBO SCEPTER® of King Dick. Lovingly inlaid with precious joollike geegaws, the scepter is King Dick's personal favorite and denotes Domestic Tranquility®.

Manufacturer's note: 私がショオ翁に會つて

The Crowning Moment

King Dick's historic proclamation establishing a "new, safe, and clean" Monarky with himself as King and several hundred of his closest colleagues, advisers, and ex-clients as Cort was greeted warmly throughout the world. In return for various fiefs, liens, chattels, duchies, and titles, Congress enthusiastically abolished itself and the stage was set for the Crowning Moment—King Dick's Coronation.

Vowing that the greatest day of his Life would combine the charm of the Old World with the savvy of the New, King-elect Dick spared no pain in the arrangements. From the sacred North Slope oil used to anoint his skull to the twenty-one-bomb salute dropped on the Dang Ho Doc Maternity Clinic in downtown Hanoi, the Coronation was imaginative, educational, sanitary, and steeped in Tradition®.

On Coronation Day itself millions upon millions of happy serfs, thralls, wenches, churls, bondsmen, peasants, and other chattel watched in breathless excitement as the sacred words sped back and forth from the throne-module in the Kingdom's Capital to Crowndown Control in Houston.



Scene at Crowndown Control in Houston as Coronation Corps readies auto-anointment induction and crown-to-cranium contact controls. Seconds before crowndown, pipeline conveying sacred oil from Alaska suffered interdiction at the hands of a drunk Eskimo. Leak was remedied and Coronation proceeded smoothly.

We have a hold . . .

. . . request read-out aa induction channel pressure, over . . . aa induction channel pressure negative optimum, repeat negative optimum . . . aa induction channel pressure augmenting optimum, repeat augmenting optimum, we got it back, Chris, over! . . . Advise optimum, over. . . . Roger, optimum . . . augmenting to . . . optimum, now! Over. . . . Prepare countdown . . . Roger. 10 . . . prepare aa induction oil-to-cranium contact . . . 9 . . . Roger . . . 8 . . . read-out crown-to-cranium targeting, over . . . 7 . . . crown-to-cranium targeting 3 degrees aberration . . . 6 . . . correct . . . Roger . . . 5 . . . 4 . . . incept crown-to-cranium contact . . . 3 . . . do we have oil contact? . . . Roger, we have oil contact . . . 2 . . . incept retraction . . . 1 . . . stand by! Engagement complete! All systems complete! Repeat, ALL SYSTEMS COMPLETE!!! . . .



10 9 8



7 6 5



4 3 2 1



2.14:60 Krowndown!

Do We Have a King?...

...We Have a King!

E Pluribus Rectum

Tributes from our Poets Laureate®

Rod McKuen:

O boy, it's sweet
To have a King like me,
A California boy who's been around
And been half-welcomed to some strange beds, too.

Wow, but it's dear
To have a King who works the way I work,
A man so vain you'd almost call it pride
Who's dropped his pants for everyone who asked.

And gosh, it's sweet to know
That any little hooker who works hard
And never gives away what she can sell
Can someday hope to run the whole damn house.

Robert Lowell:

Rejoicing, I still object. But conscientiously.
What tears? I just have something in my eye
As usual, a cinder or a sty, that's all.
"A Lowell never cries," as my Great-Aunt Sarah
Or possibly my Uncle Devraux used to say.
Power to promote or protest fell through our
    aristocratic fingers
Some time ago, like coins from a dead miser's hand.
A new and servile gentry is loosed upon the land.
It behooves us then to smile, and be congratulatory.
For my part, I await the Second Coming. But without
Unbecoming eagerness.

Hallmark:

King Dick, this card is just to say
Our hearts are with you on this day.
We offer, for a joyful nation,
Best Wishes on your Koronation!
Your Beauty and Sincerity
And Ethical Dexterity,
Have guaranteed your Noble Name
A place in Hallmark's Hall of Fame.



By the King and for the King . . .

His Most Interesting Majesty King Dick I of US addresses his objects for the very first time as their monark. Proclaiming two fundamental decrees, The Minima Carta and The Dick of Rights, His Majesty declared an end to the Dark Ages, pronounced himself open for boons "twenty-four hours a day," and compared his kingdom to an acorn.



"Waity" Matters

Her Most Interesting Majesty Queen Pat with some of her ladies-in-waiting, waiting.

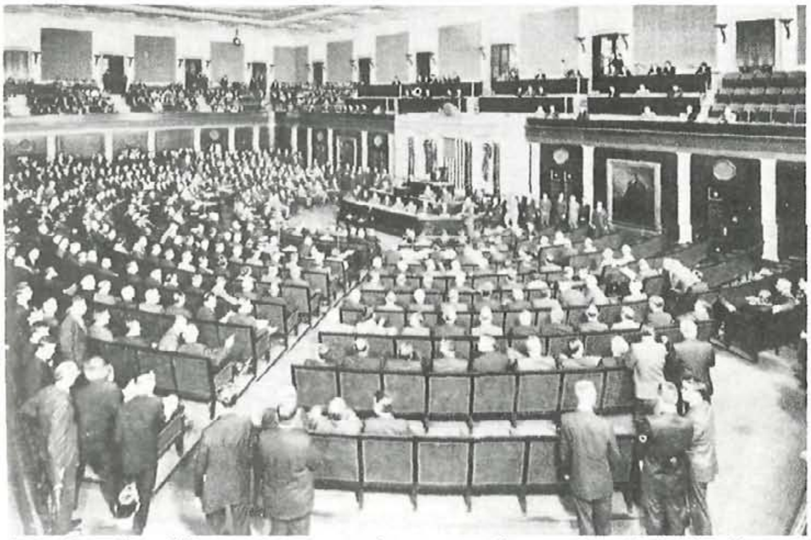
A Barrelful of Monarky

Climax of Coronation celebrations was Masked Ball. Shown in a relaxed moment (*l. to r.*): The Duke of ITT, Lord and Lady Detroitshire, HMIM Queen Pat, Cardinal von Kissinger, and Royal Household guard, keeping out an eagle eye for any suspicious-looking characters.



Traditions® in the Making

Pageantry, Pomp, and Circumstance Mark Coronation Celebrations



Attending the address was King Dick's Cort, with not a single duchy, barony, mark, shire, palatinate, fief, or freehold in the land going unrepresented. Immediately after the address, His Majesty conferred titles upon all his cortiers according to age, rank, and gross profit before taxes.



photography by Michael Sullivan and UPI

Apparently the Heir?

Prince David the Idiot arriving at Coronation Feast with Princess Julie the Neat. Whispers from behind the Throne peg Prinny as King Dick's certain heir. Asked how she enjoyed the royal life, Princess Julie quipped: "A prince is a prince but a ruler's twelve inches."

Groaning Board

Regal choice greeted Coronation feasters. Menu, catered by Dinnersty Kitchens®, included Lobster a la King, Salisbury Steak a la King, Veal a la King, Seafood a la King, Calf's Livery with Rich Red Tomato Sauce, choice of desserts, coffee, roll, and enough booze, according to Cort Jester Bob Hope, to sink South Dakota.



Trooping of the Cars

Coronation festivities topped off with this colorful and moving display of Traditional® automotive pageantry.



ll over the Kingdom of US, happy peasants celebrate King Dick's Great Day with me-honored sport of jousting.



The Future of the Relm®

Of course, being King isn't all feasts and jousts and Coronations. There is a Kingdom to be ruled. Ever mindful of the Common Weal, King Dick's first action upon his ascension to the throne was to lay down the guiding principles of His Reign. Naturally many of the details are too complex for the churlish wit of the average American serf, and so must remain classified, but basically they follow one simple and truly Revolutionary® idea: The entire Kingdom of US, from sea to shining sea, and all that is contained therein, lands, fiefs, tithes, woods, mines, waters, wells, castles, hovels, liens, fuels, thralls, wenches, gnomes, whelps, serfs, bondsmen, all creatures great and small, are the chattel of His Most Interesting Majesty King Dick and his Cort to do with as They please. The basic right of all things to be thus wholly owned and operated by His Majesty is enshrined in two sacred documents: The Minima Carta and The Dick of Rights.

The Minima Carta

The Minima Carta guarantees the essential privileges of every American serf. These privileges, which can be earned by hard work, unswerving loyalty to His Majesty, and a lightish complexion, include Life, Puberty, and the Freedom to Expire. The beautiful Minima Carta elaborates extensively on the circumstances under which these privileges can be exercised and is several pages long.

The Dick of Rights

Fair's fair, and if a serf has privileges, so does a King. These privileges are embodied for all time in the moving and classy Dick of Rights, some portions of which are reproduced herewith:

He shall refuse his assent to laws the most wholesome and necessary for the public good.

He shall obstruct the administration of justice by refusing his assent to laws for establishing judiciary powers.

He shall make judges dependent on his will alone for the tenure of their offices and the amount and payment of their salaries.

He shall erect a multitude of new offices, and send thither swarms of officers to harass the people and eat out their substance.

He shall keep among us in times of peace, standing armies, without the consent of legislatures.

He shall affect to render the military independent of and superior to the civil power.

He shall impose taxes on us without our consent.

He shall deprive us in many cases of the benefits of trial by jury.

He shall take away our charters abolishing our most valuable laws and altering fundamentally the forms of our governments.

He shall plunder our seas, ravage our coasts, burn our towns, and destroy the lives of our people.

He shall transport large armies to complete the works of death, desolation, and tyranny already begun, with circumstances of cruelty and perfidy scarcely paralleled in the most barbarous ages and totally unworthy of the head of a civilized nation.

see what you've been missing?

Fun. Surprises. Pornography. Squirting flowers. Whoopee cushions. Amelia Earhart. That extra $.75 you knew you had before you left this morning.

Silly you.

While you were ruining your eyesight reading the biggest waste of wood pulp since the collapse of Ivar Kreuger's (the Swedish Match King) imposing empire, you could have been spoiling your supper with our regular, crispy-new monthly issues. (Yes, Mr. and Mrs. Incredulous of Anytown, USA, we're still in business!)

You can cash in on the biggest humor bargain since the copyright ran out on the Book of Ezekiel by subscribing NOW NOW NOW to the National Lampoon (OON OON OON)! Use these handy order blanks and palm off the rest to a friend or send as a nifty gift to that victim on your chopping list.

Only through a regular, monthly subscription can you learn the secrets of Mrs. Agnew's Diary, Foto Funnies, News on the March, Hot Flashes, and the Little Black Book of Chairman Mao.





The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 872-B
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.
☐ One-year subscription—$5.95.
☐ Two-year subscription—$10.50. You get a free LP.*
☐ Three-year subscription—$14.50. You get a free LP.*

Name________________________
(please print)
Address________________________
City____________ State______ Zip Code______
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 873-C
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.
☐ One-year subscription—$5.95.
☐ Two-year subscription—$10.50. You get a free LP.*
☐ Three-year subscription—$14.50. You get a free LP.*

Name________________________
(please print)
Address________________________
City____________ State______ Zip Code______
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 872-A
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.
One-year subscription—$5.95.
Two-year subscription—$10.50. You get a free LP.*
Three-year subscription—$14.50. You get a free LP.*

me________________________
(please print)
dress________________________
y____________ State______ Zip Code______
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

The National Lampoon, Dept. NL 874-D
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

Yes, I want to subscribe to the National Lampoon.
I enclose my check ☐ money order ☐ (please place in envelope)

☐ Bill me; I'll send along my check upon receiving your invoice.
☐ One-year subscription—$5.95.
☐ Two-year subscription—$10.50. You get a free LP.*
☐ Three-year subscription—$14.50. You get a free LP.*

Name________________________
(please print)
Address________________________
City____________ State______ Zip Code______
Please be sure to list your correct zip-code number.

For each year add $1 for Canada and Mexico, $2 for foreign.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

WARNING!
DO NOT READ
THE OTHER SIDE
OF THIS CARD.
THE SURGEON-GENERAL
HAS DETERMINED
THAT IT MAY INCREASE
YOUR SEXUAL POTENCY
BEYOND SOCIALLY
ACCEPTABLE STANDARDS.

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

BUSINESS REPLY MAIL
No postage necessary if mailed in U.S.A.

First Class
Permit No. 38814
New York, N.Y.

NATIONAL LAMPOON
635 Madison Avenue
New York, New York 10022

Right Royal Justice

Nothing helps a Kingdom to function smoothly better than Right Royal Justice. Believing trial by jury to be outdated, inaccurate, and unfair to those in power, and basing their arguments on the ancient tradition of "cruel and usual punishment," King Dick and his Extreme Cort have thus devised the remarkable institution of the Right Speedy Trial. Now, not only can accused felons, footpads, whores, hucksters, meddlesome priests, slayers, buffoons, and blackamoors establish their guilt or innocence in next to no time, but they also have dozens of different trials to choose from—trial by drowning, trial by burial, trial by ordeal, and many, many more.



Nailing Their Man

The Extreme Cort arrives at King Dick's Palace to discuss and outline plans for Right Royal Justice, carrying the traditional symbols of their office.



Get the Point?

King Dick proudly displays new instrument of justice to admiring Lord High Executive.



This aged blackamoor picks trial by burial, to the ill-concealed amusement of Queen Pat.



Forecast: Heavy Showers

These *New York Times* reporters, accused of gross disrespect to the throne, choose trial by oven. King Dick watches sternly to see whom fate may spare.

Many choose trial by fire . . . but this scofflaw turns out to be innocent.



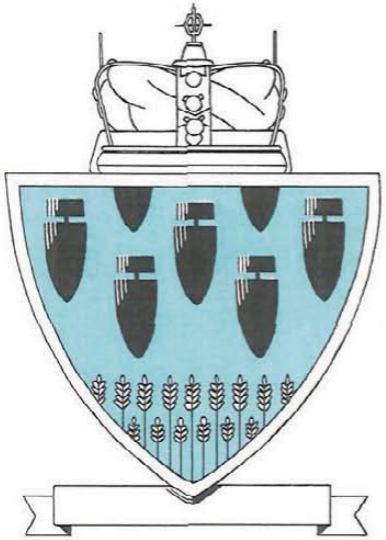


Serfs Up

These youthful drug offenders choose trial by crucifixion. All were found guilty. Some way to get "high"!

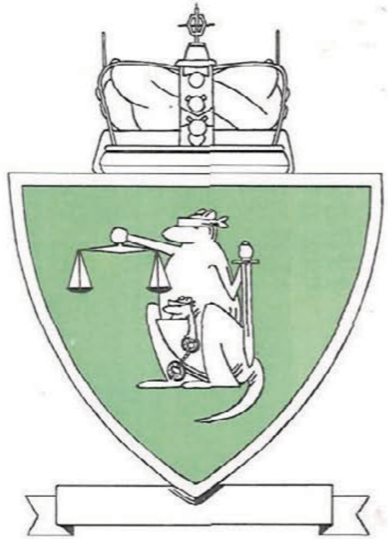


executions, quartering, severing of limbs and ears, removal of eyes and vital organs by Duchy of Shick®.



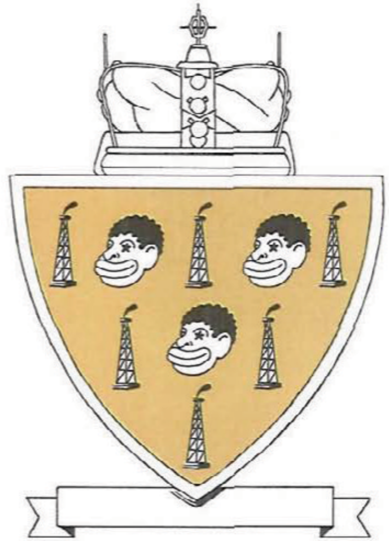
House of Laird

The Greeting pure.
Guava bombs rampant on a field of rice.



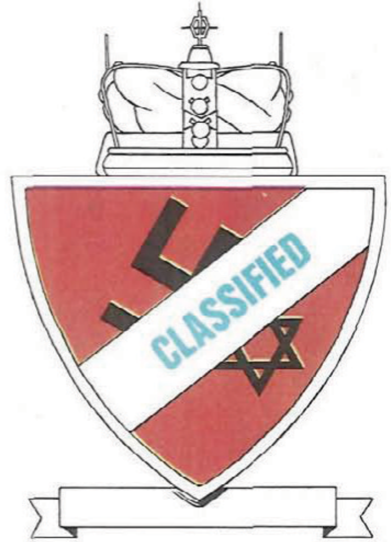
House of Mitchell

The Greeting pure.
A blindfold kangaroo gules holding the scales of justice.



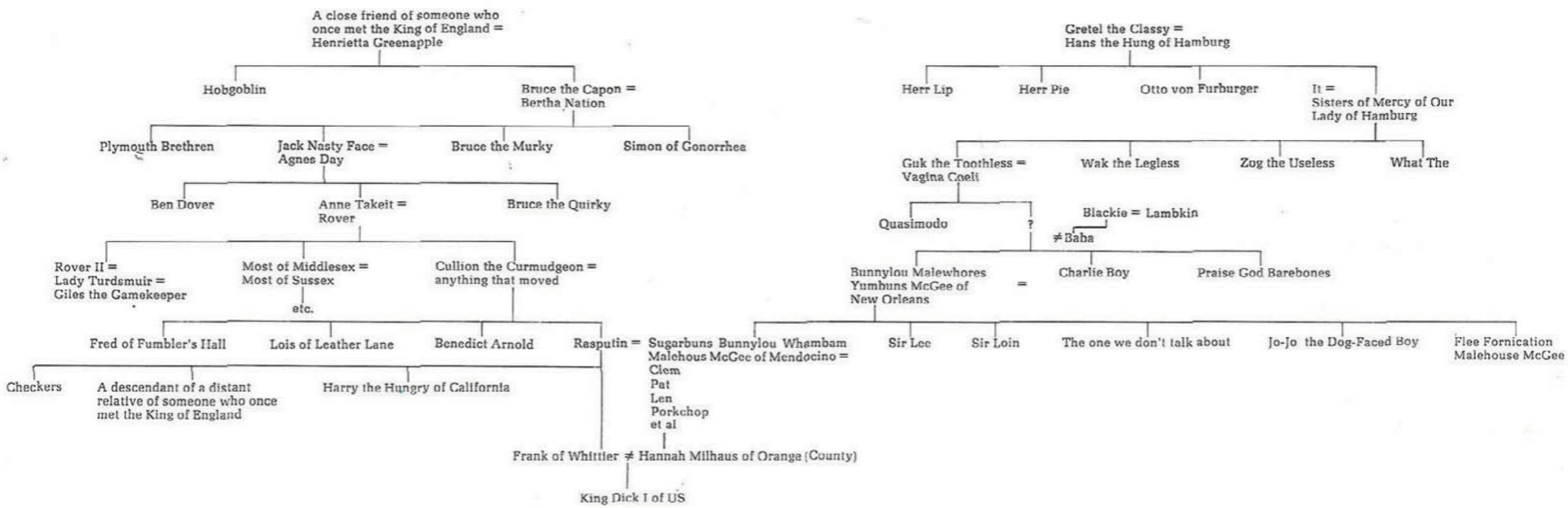
House of Rockefeller

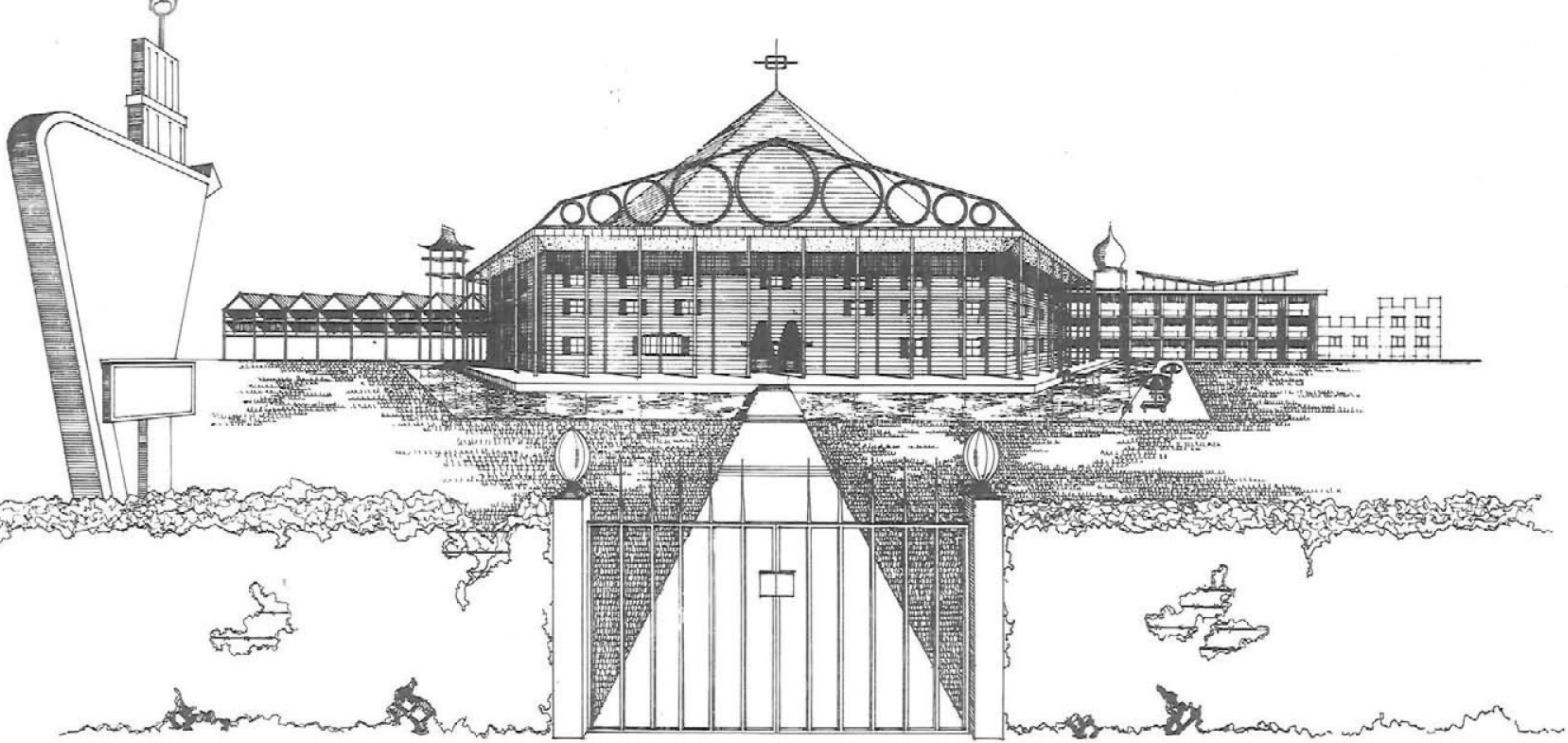
Three coons mort on a field of oil.



House of Cardinal von Kissinger

The Greeting pure.
Divers symbols couchant bar sinister.



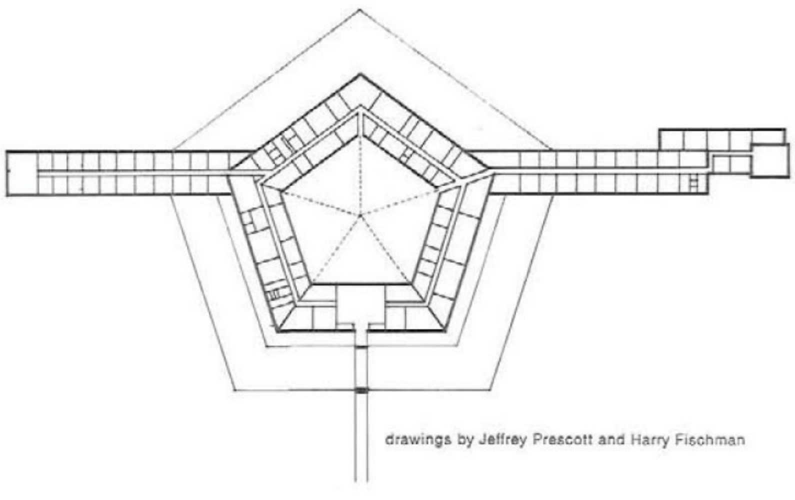


Fit for a King!

"A king's home is his castle," as the old saying goes, but King Dick's house is more than just a home. Its style and grace reflect all that is best in the Relm®. "Architecture is frozen music," say Tishman, Inc. designers. "We got Ray Conniff good here."

But there's no sparing in the interests of beauty. Castle is guarded by a dura-vert vinyl hedge, reinforced by Stelco, and girded full well by heated Olympic moat. Through the Vince Lombardi memorial gates, visiting thralls may gaze upon astroturf greensward, plasti-gravel drive, and the imposing palace itself (lit at night by Eterna-flame Kleigs). Exterior is finished in off-white sanitized hi-test Monacrete®. Windows are of bulletproof, stainless glass. Electra-sentry magic-eye and metal detectors activate portculis and Royaltone door chimes.

Guests, ambassadors, and other curriers of royal boons are accommodated in the left, or "pink" wing, or the ever-expanding "good-gray" right wing of the palace. King Dick and the Royal Family inhabit the Castle-Proper, or Viable Center, which boasts wall-to-wall fitting in avocado shag Regalon®, twenty-four separate "Throne Rooms," with fixtures by Crane, an interdenominational cathedral, and Coronet snack bar.



drawings by Jeffrey Prescott and Harry Fischman

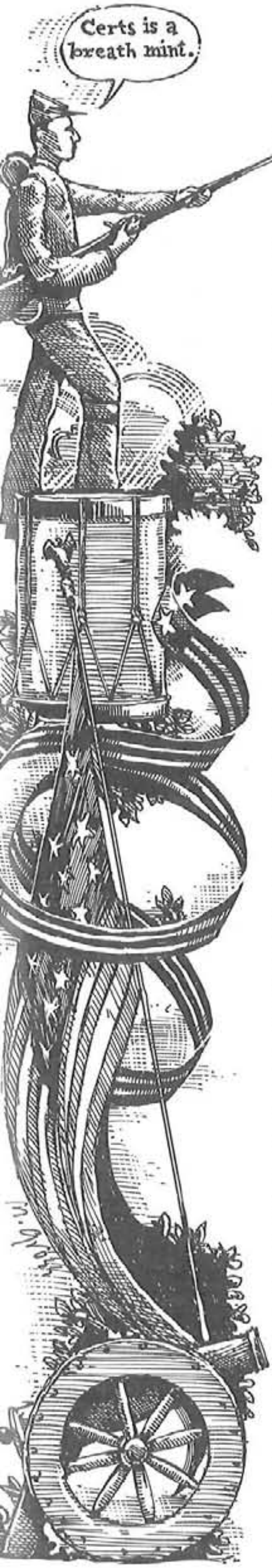
For GOP and King!



In an intimate moment at the end of a long day of ruling, King Dick takes a leaf from the book of an ancient predecessor, King Canute, and commands the tide to turn back.

Michael O'Donoghue's

Freedom of Choice





"Freedom of choice is the cornerstone of a sound Democracy."
—James Madison

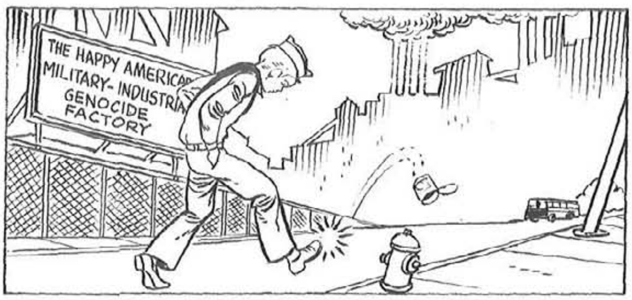
Time	*Newsweek*
White Tower	White Castle
Merv Griffin	Mike Douglas
Pop-Tarts	Toast'em Pop-Ups
Pink Pad	Blue pad
Coca-Cola	Pepsi-Cola
Lord Buxton	Prince Gardiner
Lady Shick	Lady Ronson
NBC	CBS
Holiday Inns	Quality Courts
Disneyland	Disney World
Crest	New mint-flavored Crest
Hertz	Avis
Fritos	Cheetos
Gas Heat	Oil Heat
The Munsters	*The Adams Family*
Datsun	Toyota
Baggies	Glad Bags
Ajax	Comet
Manischewitz	Mogen David
ICS	La Salle Extension University
Harper's	*Atlantic*
Bess Myerson	Betty Furness
Samsonite	American Tourister
Preem	Coffee-mate
Minneapolis	St. Paul
The Foster Parents Plan	The Save-the-Children Federation
Silva Thins	Virginia Slims
Earl Stanley Gardner	A. A. Fair
Alka-Seltzer	Bromo Seltzer
Republican Party	Democratic Party
Dawn doll	Barbie doll
Feminique	Feminique Wildflowers
Pepperidge Farm's white bread	Arnold's Brick Oven white bread
NFL	AFL
The Esso Tiger	The Ad Manager
First Tuesday	*60 Minutes*
G.E. light bulbs	Westinghouse light bulbs
Elizabeth Arden	Estée Lauder
Oreos	Sunshine Hydrox
Greyhound	Trailways
Bell Telephone	Bell Telephone
Heinz Ketchup	Hunt's Catsup
Melanie	Laura Nyro
Woolworth's	J. C. Penney
Aunt Jemima	Uncle Ben
I Love Lucy	*The Lucy Show*
Shake 'N Bake	Roast 'n Boast

Tommy Tucker: A Reactionary Hero's Glorious Challenge to the Forces of Arrogant Progressivism

by Dean Latimer



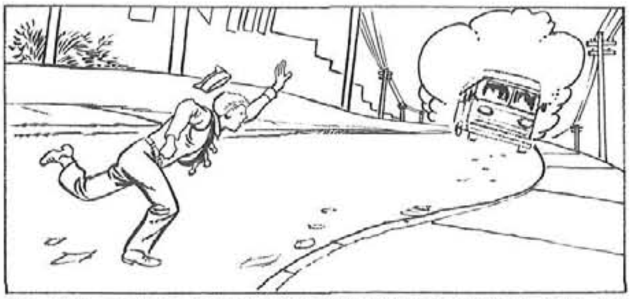
THE HAPPY BOURGEOIS CITIZENS OF SWILL, IOWA, COMMEMORATED IMPERIALIST ARMED FORCES DAY LAST YEAR WITH A STIRRING DISPLAY OF JOYOUS ADVENTURISTIC MILITARISM: A PARADE DOWN MAIN STREET OF THE LOCAL ARM OF THE VIGOROUSLY OPPRESSIVE AND WARMONGERING NATIONAL GUARD, WHO IN THE LAST YEAR HAD BRAVELY DOWNTRODDEN THREE GHETTO UPRISINGS AND GLORIOUSLY MURDERED FOUR STUDENTS AT THE LOCAL COLLEGE WHO HAD CRIMINALL RAISED THE CRAVEN BANNER OF SOCIAL PROGRESSIVISM. AND AMONG THE CHEE ING CROWD OF COURAGEOUSLY SABER-RATTLING PEOPLE OF SWILL WAS A YOUN BOY, A RIGHTEOUS SCION OF AMERICAN REACTIONISM NAMED TOMMY TUCKE



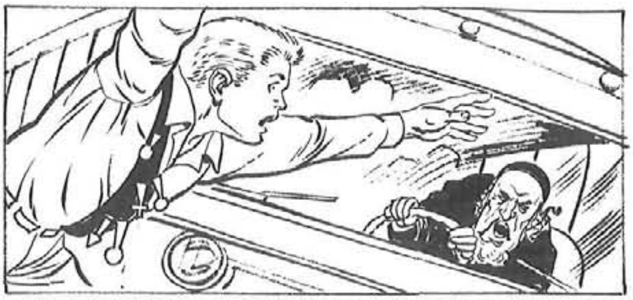
"WHY CAN'T I DO MY OWN PART," TOMMY WONDERS, "TO COLLABORATE IN THE ARROGANT AMERICAN PROJECT OF RAPINE AND PLUNDER OF THIRD-WORLD COUNTRIES? AM I IMPEDING THE PROGRESS OF AMERICAN IMPERIALISM BY DOING NOTHING?" AS HE THUS YEARNS TO PARTICIPATE IN THE RIGHTEOUS ENSLAVEMENT OF OPPRESSED PEOPLE, A VEHICLE APPROACHES.



THE BUS IS AN INTEGRATED PROGRESSIVIST IMPOSITION ON RIGHT-THINKI SEGREGATIONIST AMERICAN EDUCATION. ITS CARGO OF SIN AND SHAME COMPRIS A COLLECTION OF DEVIATE FORWARD-THINKERS AND RANK INTELLECTUAL SCOUNDRELS! TOMMY'S YOUNG CONSERVATIVE MIND IS SO REPELLED BY BEHOL ING THIS MONGREL SPECTACLE ON HALLOWED IMPERIALIST ARMED FORCES D THAT HE IS INSPIRED TO REPRESSIVE REACTION!



"IN OUR MODERN INDUSTRIALIST-IMPERIALIST STATE," SAYS OUR BELOVED REACTIONARY PRESIDENT, "ANY YOUTH CAN GROW UP TO BE AN OPPRESSIVE TYRANT OF THE GREAT BUREAUCRATIC OLIGARCHY IF HE CONSCIENTIOUSLY COMPORTS HIMSELF IN A PROPERLY PERFIDIOUS FASHION AND PARTAKES FULLY OF THE WHITE HEREDITARY TRADITION OF STIFLING THE STRUGGLE OF OPPRESSED PEOPLES TOWARD LIBERATION AND NATIONAL SALVATION."



A TRUE HERO OF THE GREAT AMERICAN COUNTERREVOLUTION, TOMMY APPLIES HIS MIND AND BODY TO THE PRACTICAL APPLICATION OF THE PRESIDENT'S AVARICIOUS AXIOM. FOURSQUARE AND STAUNCH HE STANDS AGAINST THE ONRUSHING BUS, AN IMMOVABLE PILLAR OF RIGHTEOUS REACTIONISM IN THE PATH OF INSATIABLE LIBERAL PROGRESSIVISM.



LIKE THE THOROUGHLY DEVIOUS ADVOCATE OF UNRESTRAINED SOCIAL UPLIFT HE IS, THE SCOUNDRELLY BUS DRIVER VEERS SHARPLY TO THE LEFT OF THE ROAD, STRIKING TOMMY A MURDEROUS BLOW. THIS IS THE TYPICAL REACTION OF ALL DESPICABLE PROGRESSIVISTS WHEN CONFRONTED WITH THE FORCES OF VIGILANT REPRESSION AND CONSERVATISM.



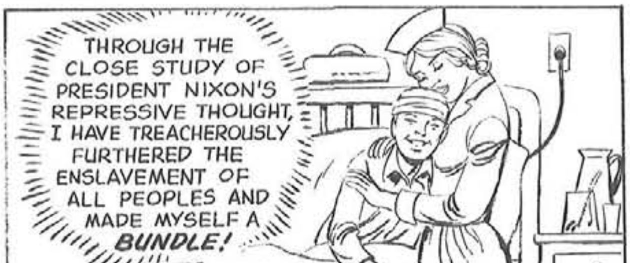
BUT THE BUS, A RELIC OF REPREHENSIBLE RADICALISM, BURSTS INTO FLAMES AND CONSUMES ITS EVERY PASSENGER. THUS BE IT TO SCHEMING FORWARD-LOOKERS EVERYWHERE! AND THE POOR, FRAIL, INJURED BOURGEOIS BODY OF TOMMY IS QUICKLY DISCOVERED BY HIS FRIEND THE FASCIST LAW-ENFORCEMENT OFFICER AND TAKEN TO A HOSPITAL.



THE HOSPITAL IS THE MOST EXPENSIVE IN TOWN, BECAUSE NOTHING IS TOO GOOD FOR A GLORIOUS HERO OF THE COUNTERREVOLUTION. AT FIRST EVERYONE IS GLOOMY AND SAD, BUT WHEN TOMMY'S SUCCESSFULLY CAPITALIST FATHER GIVES THE TRIUMPHANTLY AVARICIOUS DOCTOR A HANDSOME TIP, TOMMY'S SURVIVAL IS ENSURED.



A SUPERB CAPITALIST MIRACLE! WHILE THE MERITORIOUS SURGEON WAS OPERATING ON TOMMY'S BODY, HE FOUND IN THE BRAVE LAD'S STOMACH THREE GENERAL MOTORS STOCK CERTIFICATES HE HAD SWALLOWED AS A BABY! TOMMY'S PARENTS ARE EVEN MORE PROUD OF THEIR SON, FOR NOW HE HAS MADE A PROFIT ON THE DEAL! A TRUE EXPONENT OF GLORIOUS MONOPOLY CAPITALISM!



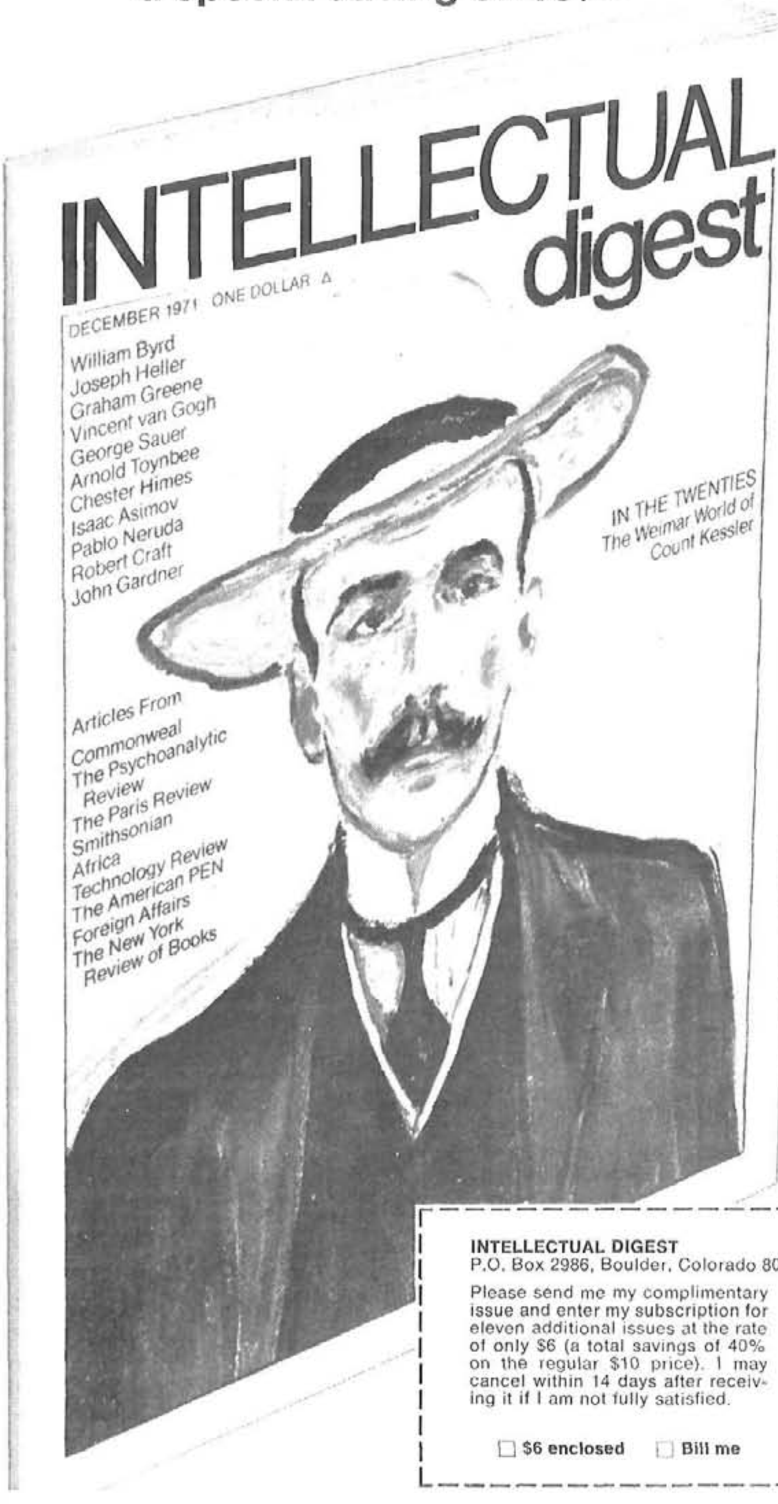
"IT IS THE MANIFEST DESTINY OF OUR ADVENTURISTIC NATION," SAYS OUR INDOMITABLY MATERIALIST PRESIDENT, "TO AGGRANDIZE THE TOP ECHELONS OF OUR CAPITALIST SOCIETY BY EXTENDING OUR GREAT ECONOMIC AND POLITICAL DOMINION OVER ALL OTHER CLASSES AND POPULATIONS OF THE EARTH!"



AND FOREVER AFTER, AS LONG AS THE HIGH SCHOOL IN SWILL, IOWA, REMAINED INTEGRATED, THE CHASTENING SPIRIT OF COUNTERREVOLUTIONARY HERO TOMMY TUCKER RODE WITH EVERY BUS. "AMERICA AS A GENOCIDAL SUPERSTATE WILL NEVER PREVAIL," SAYS OUR UNTIRINGLY DEVIOUS PRESIDENT, "UNLESS THE BASIC INDECENCIES OF CLASSIST SEGREGATION AND ELITIST ECONOMIC EXPLOITATION ARE HEROICALLY PRESERVED AGAINST ALL ASSAULT." □

Announcing the most significant new magazine of the 70's

By acting now you enjoy a special saving of 40%



Ever wonder how the most fascinating people always manage to be brimful of bright new ideas?

They seem to be spilling over with the latest findings in the sciences . . . the most recent political controversies . . . the latest crosscurrents in the arts . . . psychology's newest revelations. They seem to be into *everything* . . . to know *everything* . . .

And it must take them forever.

Unless they've discovered INTELLECTUAL DIGEST. Which is an ideal way to save yourself from plowing through hundreds of magazines a month in order to find the articles you really care about. Because the editors of INTELLECTUAL DIGEST do the sifting and finding for you: 34 journals of opinion, 27 magazines of the arts, 136 scientific journals, 38 literary magazines, 67 social science periodicals.

Then they reprint the best of the lot in INTELLECTUAL DIGEST — most of the time, in full (when we do "digest," we do so only in collaboration with the author). Each issue also includes excerpts from 3 major works of non-fiction, often before publication.

Here's a sample of the kind of articles you'll find in INTELLECTUAL DIGEST:

- **Was Ho Chi Minh a bad poet? Read the Chinese original and two clashing translations — and decide for yourself.**

- **Why is Frantz Fanon, a black Caribbean prophet who died 10 years ago, a key to the Black Power movement in the U.S.?** *(Saturday Review)*

- **Gore Vidal attacks the fallacy of the male imperative and asks why the male ego can't accept the female challenge to its dominance.** *(N.Y. Review of Books)*

- **Arnold Toynbee looks at man's development for an answer to today's question: Is religion superfluous?** *(Surviving The Future)*

Why not sample it for yourself by mailing the coupon and enjoy a special introductory rate of only $6. After your first issue arrives, you can decide whether or not you wish to continue. The first issue is yours to keep, with our compliments, in any case.

6424

INTELLECTUAL DIGEST
P.O. Box 2986, Boulder, Colorado 80302

Please send me my complimentary issue and enter my subscription for eleven additional issues at the rate of only $6 (a total savings of 40% on the regular $10 price). I may cancel within 14 days after receiving it if I am not fully satisfied.

☐ **$6 enclosed** ☐ **Bill me**

Name. . . . .

Address. . . . .

City. . . . .

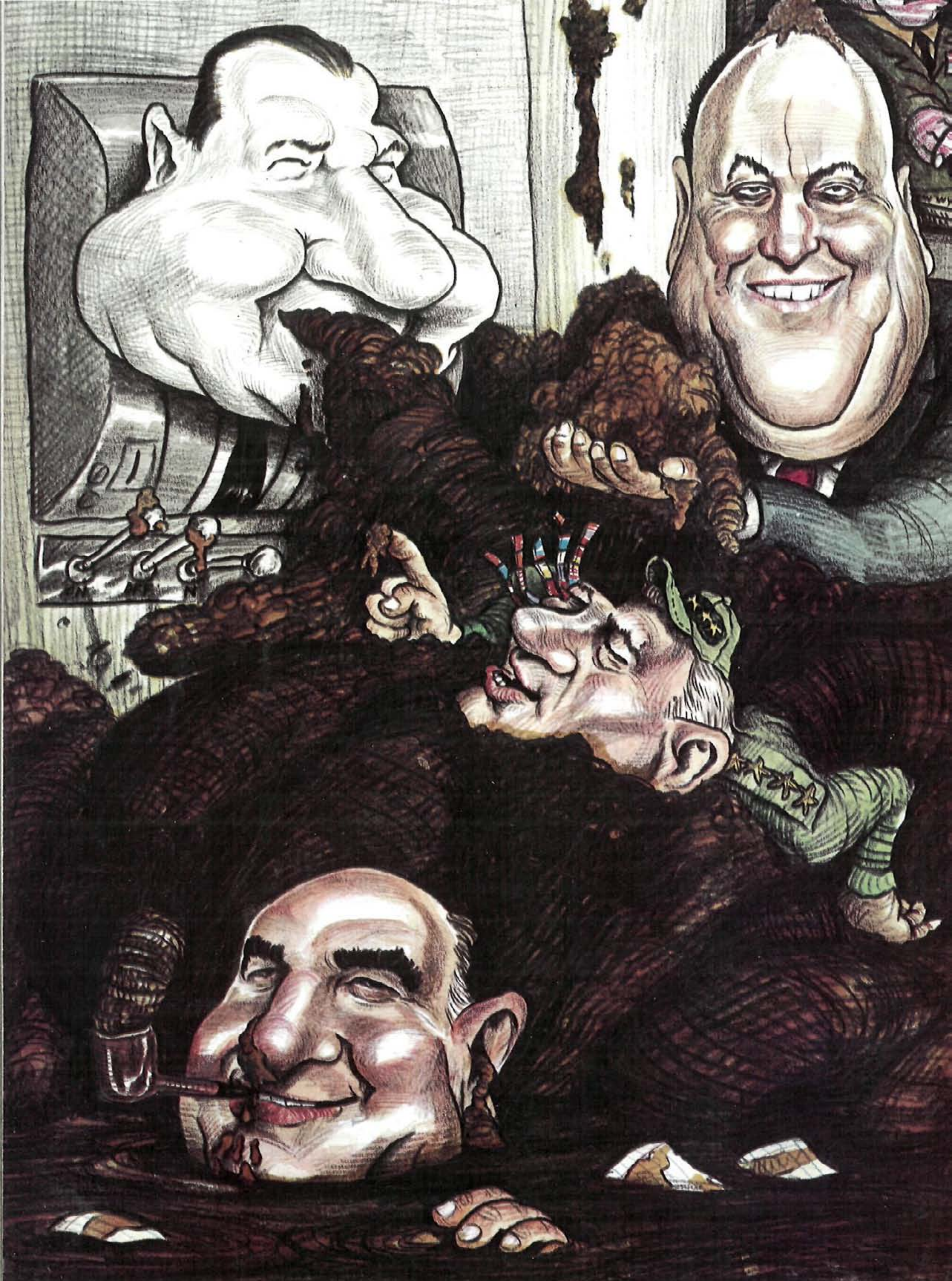
State. . . . . Zip. . . . .

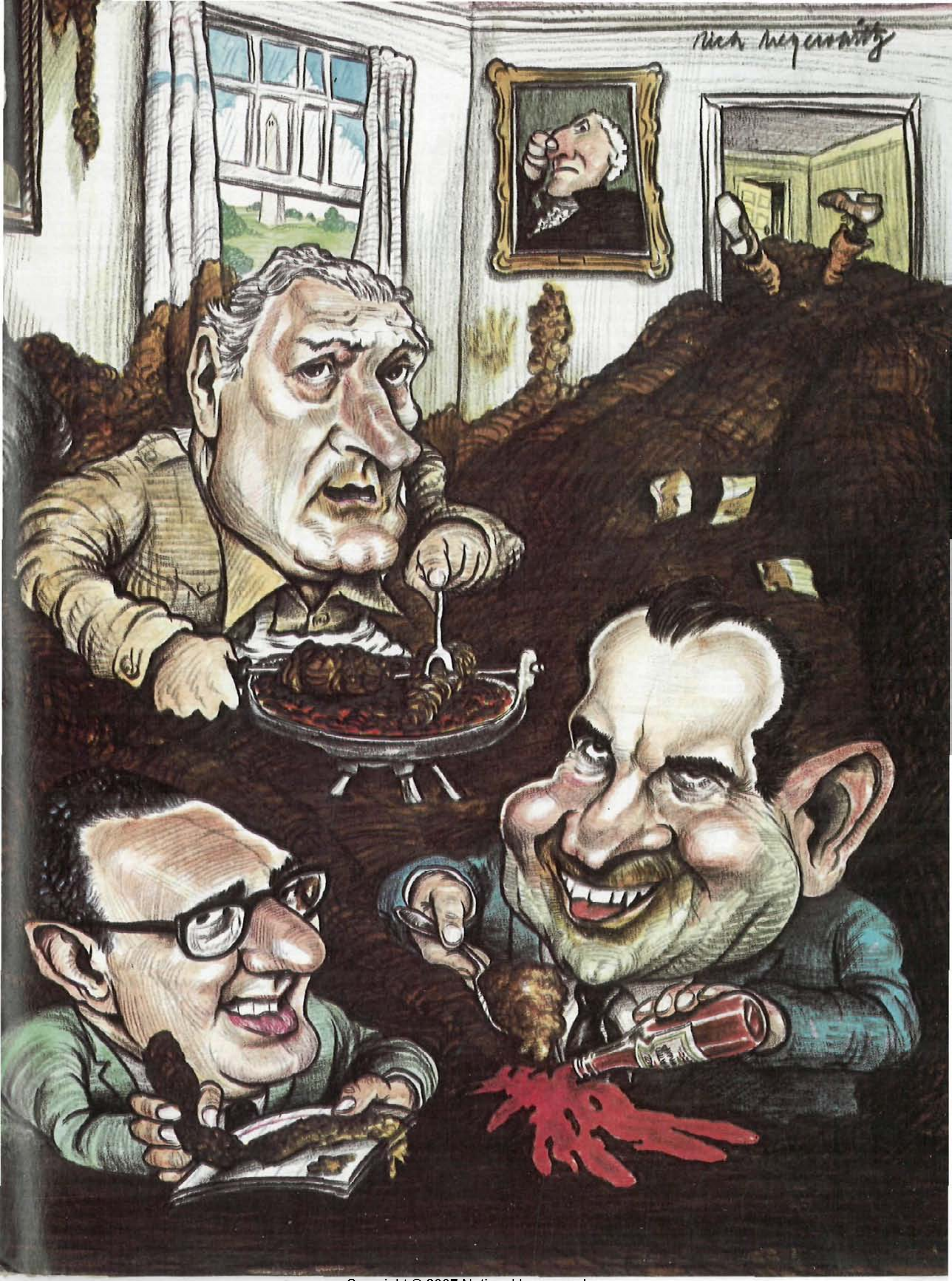
Add 50¢ for Canada and $2 for Foreign. (Cash only)

O Tempora! O Sophomores!

by Rick Meyerowitz

From time to time this magazine has been described by objective critics as "stupid," "crude," "sophomoric," and even on one occasion as "ninety pages of mindless hostility." On reflection this criticism seems to us at least partially justified: it is hard to deny that we have often used the precious tool of satire more as a cudgel than as a razor-sharp rapier delicately bursting the balloon of pomposity and pretension. Believing sincerely that the social function of satire is responsible and constructive criticism rather than anarchic overkill, we attempt to redress the balance in the following two pages with a lampoon burlesquing the less obvious foibles of the Administration in a way that we hope will be considered as deft as, in the past, others have been clumsy.




Rick Meyerowitz

continued from page 53

buck up my country against the slimy egg-suckers who go around publicly blowing their Commie snot in Old Glory and making reefers out of their draft cards and loyalty oaths, not to mention those oddball nuns who been assassinating up all the White House airconditioners and that whole bunch of weirdo Christ-killing kikes who keep telling the white kids that the U.S. of A. can't cut the mustard against a bunch of bandy-legged zipper-eyes who wipe themselves with a coconut and my brother-in-law down in San Diego actually sâw a couple of them sneaking around his pool only last week until he went to get his sawed-off and as for that shiftless asshole kid of mine if he thinks he's gonna just sit around on his buttinski just because he was stupid enough to step on a toothpick in Vietnam and his foot looks like a rotten watermelon and try to jerk the country around for a free lunch he'd better call up his pal Ho Chi Kootchi for bus fare to Moscow before I find the key to the gun rack and mail his nuts to a real American like Wallace who could use 'em for something more than just stuffing some filthy dungarees?

Well, there are several things you can do:

1. Vote and vote often.
2. Take an interest in the candidate of your choice (even a couple of rounds can make a big difference).
3. Organize local groups to clean up the refuse in your streets and malt shops.
4. Avoid between-meal treats.
5. Avoid between-toe treats. ("Clean socks for a cleaner America."—Mrs. Lyndon B. Johnson, 1967)
6. Keep your ears open and your nose peeled.
7. Find out when they *are* going to pay their war debt.
8. Don't forget to get Ruth's wig from the cleaners.

It's as simple as that. Now that I've shot you the straight poop on what your government is all about, you are ready to roll up your pants and wade right into the mainstream of American politics. You're one heck of a guy, Mr. Citizen, so why not lend a fist to one heck of a country?

Remember, they don't make 'em like they used to.

Reading Hi-Lites

The following quiz is designed to help you remember what you have learned. Make sure you have two sharpened pencils and a clean sheet of paper for scratchwork. You may begin when the big hand is out of your lap and back on the table. Ready? Begin. You have two hours.

Matching

Choose the word on the left which best matches the word or phrase on the right.

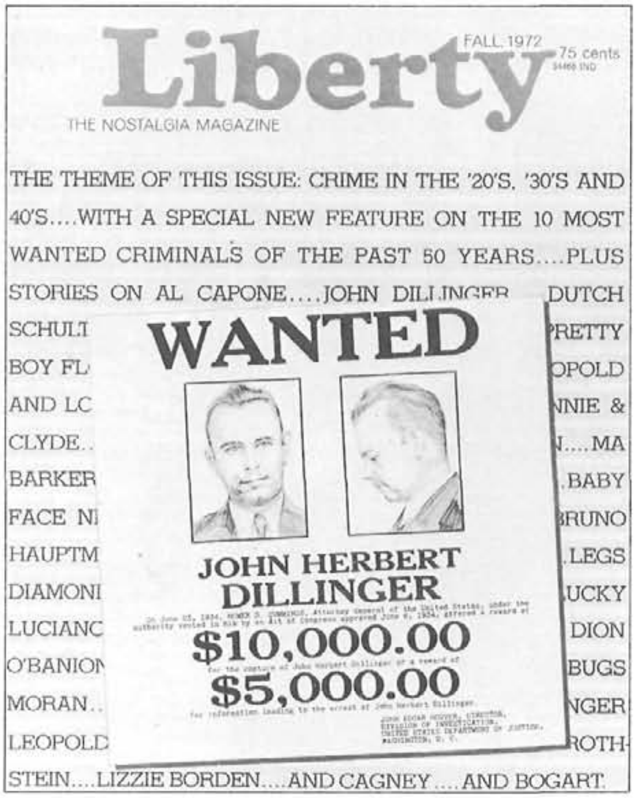
a. checks and balances	☐ business
b. Negroes	☐ goiter filled with salt water
c. lobbyists	☐ "Kill the . . ."
d. *muhlbandh*	☐ Tony's job
e. Linda	☐ David Frost
f. tinkle	☐ big bazongas

Multiple Choice

1. *What are today's young people saying about this country?*
   - ☐ a. America is on the beam.
   - ☐ b. The President is A-OK.
   - ☐ c. They don't make 'em like they used to.
   - ☐ d. The whole system bites the hairy banana.
   - ☐ e. Stupidity in the defense of liberty is no news.
2. *What makes this country tick?*
   - ☐ a. fine cheeses
   - ☐ b. "brutalitarian" regimes
   - ☐ c. good penmanship
   - ☐ d your government in action
   - ☐ e. bloody Chiclets
3. *Who rules in a democracy?*
   - ☐ a. Presidente Ferdinand Marcos
   - ☐ b. the people
   - ☐ c. Pericles
   - ☐ d. cretins
   - ☐ e. eagle scouts

True or False?

T	F	
☐	☐	The bus stops here.
☐	☐	Congressmen can be easily recognized by their half pounds of chicken liver and rubber gloves.
☐	☐	All eagle scouts like Brussels sprouts.
☐	☐	Homosexuals, Jews, and Communists wield proper influence in the lawmaking process.
☐	☐	Kool-King hampers will keep cold things cold and hot things hot for only five hours.
☐	☐	I've got to get this fucker finished before Linda arrives.
☐	☐	That about wraps it up.



IT'S A CRIME

America looks back at its criminals the way it does its old baseball players, with a puzzling fondness that turns ground ball hitters into sluggers. Bonnie and Clyde were pathetic figures with or without their machine guns; John Dillinger blundered his way in and out of jails throughout the Midwest, then was shot down in a musical comedy ending right out of *Hellzapoppin'*. Remember Baby Face Nelson, Pretty Boy Floyd, Legs Diamond, Leopold and Loeb, Bruno Hauptmann, Lizzie Borden? We remember them all in the current special Crime section of the Fall, 1972, issue of *Liberty* now on sale. You will also read H. L. Mencken's ideas about capital punishment, Robert Benchley's story of "The Tell-Tale Clues," a short, short mystery by Philip Wylie, and reviews of the great crime films of Bogart, Cagney, Paul Muni and Edward G. Robinson.

Four times a year, *Liberty* revisits the great American writers and times of the past. You can subscribe today.

Subscription Department
LIBERTY MAGAZINE, Dept. NL882
635 Madison Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022

PUBLISHED:
FALL
WINTER
SPRING
SUMMER

Yes, I want to subscribe to *Liberty* magazine.

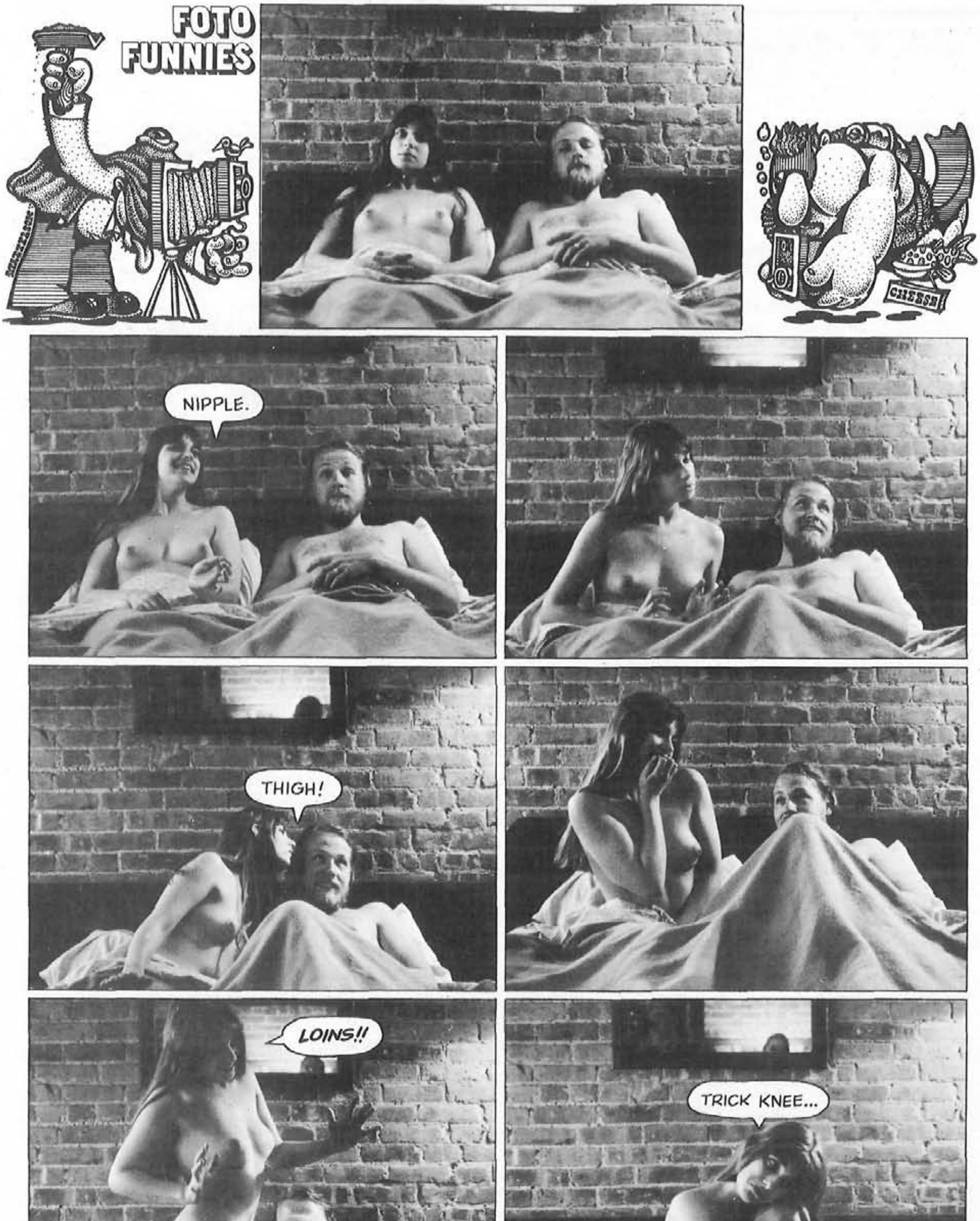
I enclose my check (or money order) for:
one-year subscription @ $2.95 ☐
two-year subscription @ $5.00 ☐
three-year subscription @ $7.00 ☐

For each year, add 50 cents for Canada & Mexico, $1 foreign.

NAME ____________________ (please print)

ADDRESS ____________________

CITY ______________ STATE __________ ZIP __________


FOTO FUNNIES
NIPPLE.
THIGH!
LOINS!!
TRICK KNEE...





SOMETIME IN NEW YORK CITY

John Lennon/Yoko Ono

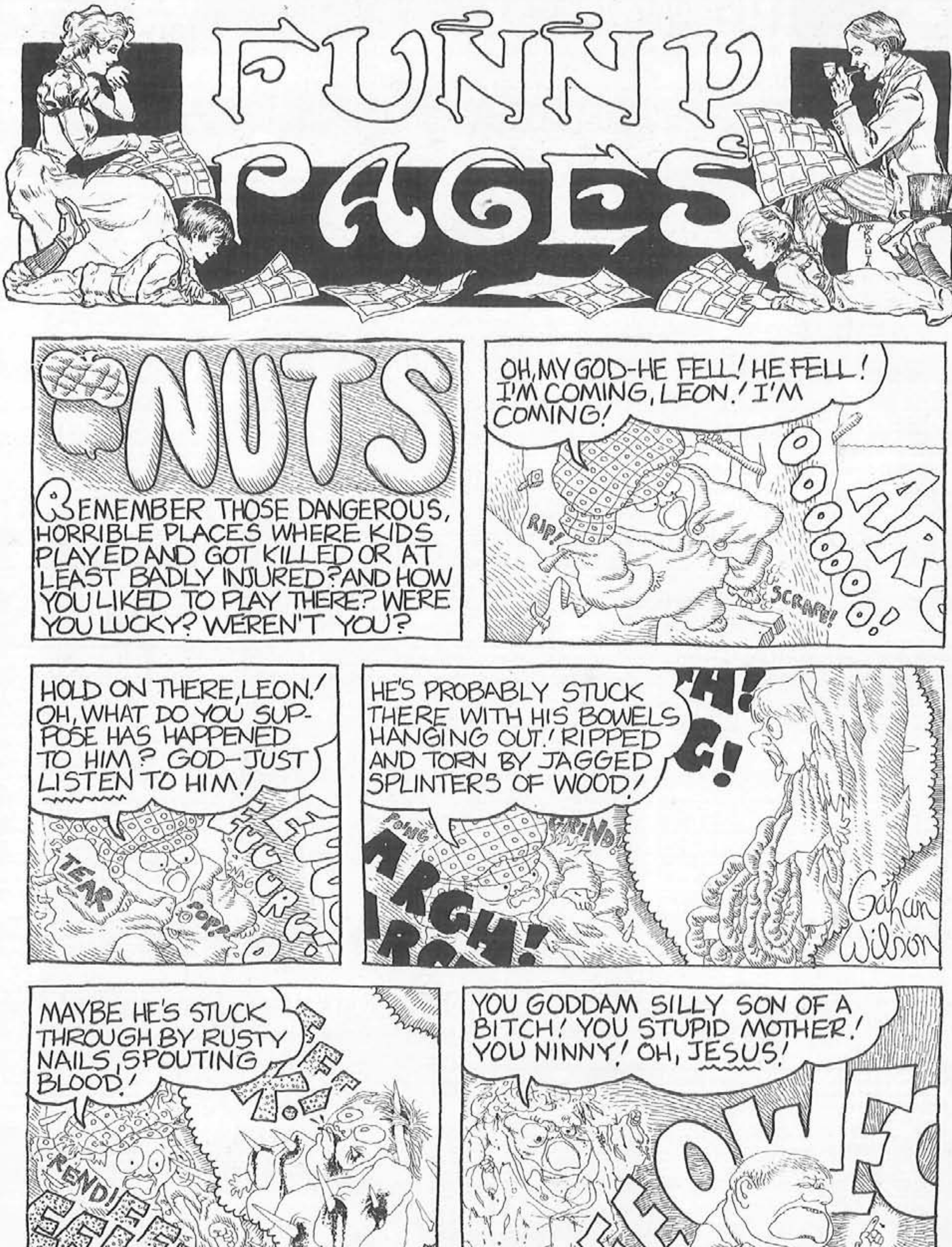
Plastic Ono Band with Elephant's Memory

Apple-SVBB 3392
Produced by John, Yoko & Phil Spector

FREE—LIVE JAM LP

John & Yoko
and star studded cast of thousands

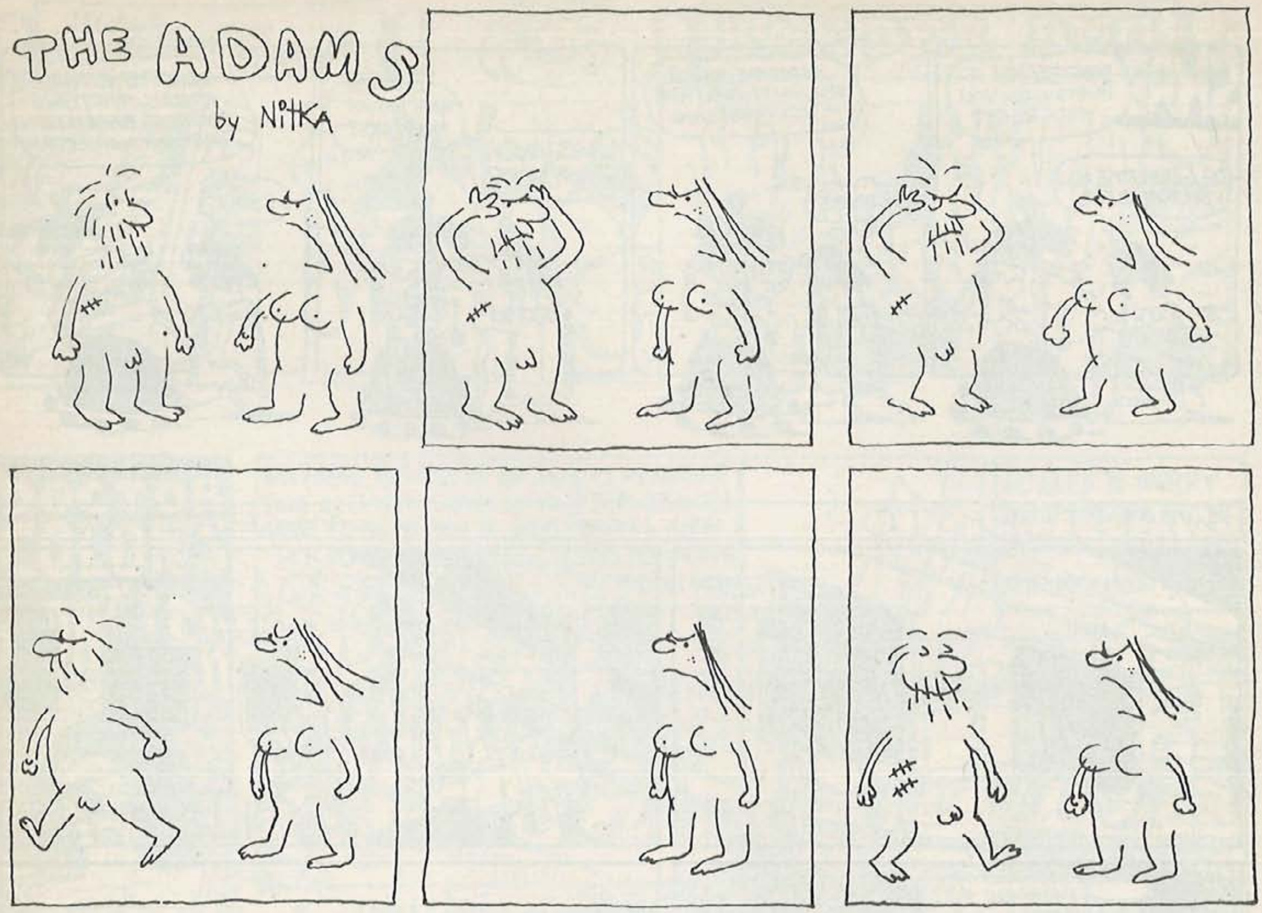
An additional 12" long player included inside this album is yours at no extra cost when you purchase Sometime in New York City. (Mfr. sug. list price $6.98)

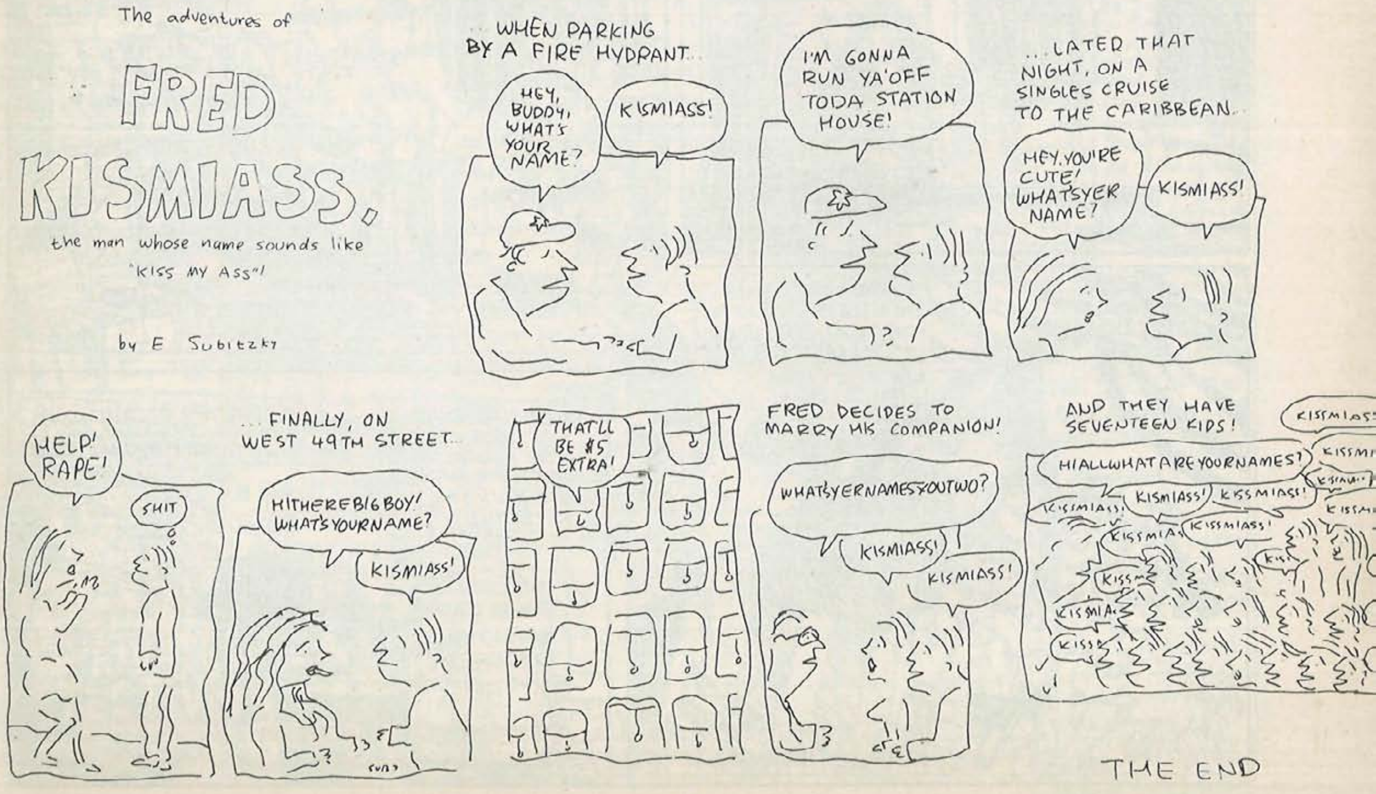

FUNNY PAGES
NUTS
REMEMBER THOSE DANGEROUS, HORRIBLE PLACES WHERE KIDS PLAYED AND GOT KILLED OR AT LEAST BADLY INJURED? AND HOW YOU LIKED TO PLAY THERE? WERE YOU LUCKY? WEREN'T YOU?
OH, MY GOD-HE FELL! HE FELL! I'M COMING, LEON! I'M COMING!
RIP!
SCRAPE!
HOLD ON THERE, LEON! OH, WHAT DO YOU SUPPOSE HAS HAPPENED TO HIM? GOD-JUST LISTEN TO HIM!
TEAR
POP!
SNAG
HE'S PROBABLY STUCK THERE WITH HIS BOWELS HANGING OUT! RIPPED AND TORN BY JAGGED SPLINTERS OF WOOD!
POING
GRIND!
ARGH!
Gahan Wilson
MAYBE HE'S STUCK THROUGH BY RUSTY NAILS, SPOUTING BLOOD!
REND!
YOU GODDAM SILLY SON OF A BITCH! YOU STUPID MOTHER! YOU NINNY! OH, JESUS!


IDYL
©J.JONES 1972
THE LONEWORN LADY
A MISOGYNIST MOON
OH, MY GOD!
THE END OF THE SPOON
STIRRING
OH! WHAT WILL HE DO? WHAT WILL HE DO?
THE WHITEPURE PROMISE— THE AMERICAN GOTHIC
A FATE WORSE THAN DEATH!
AH, THE MORNING SUN.
IT'S A RESTLESS LIFE WHEN YOU'RE HAUNTED BY YOUR DREAMS.


Farouk COMIX
RATS!
EMPTY
HEY THERE, YOU GOT ANY EXTRA TOILET PAPER ?!
NOK
NOK
I'M SORRY, THERE'S JUST ENOUGH FOR ME !
ARE THERE ANY NEWSPAPERS OR CANDY WRAPPERS ?
NOPE!!
YOU GOT SINGLES FOR A FIVE ?

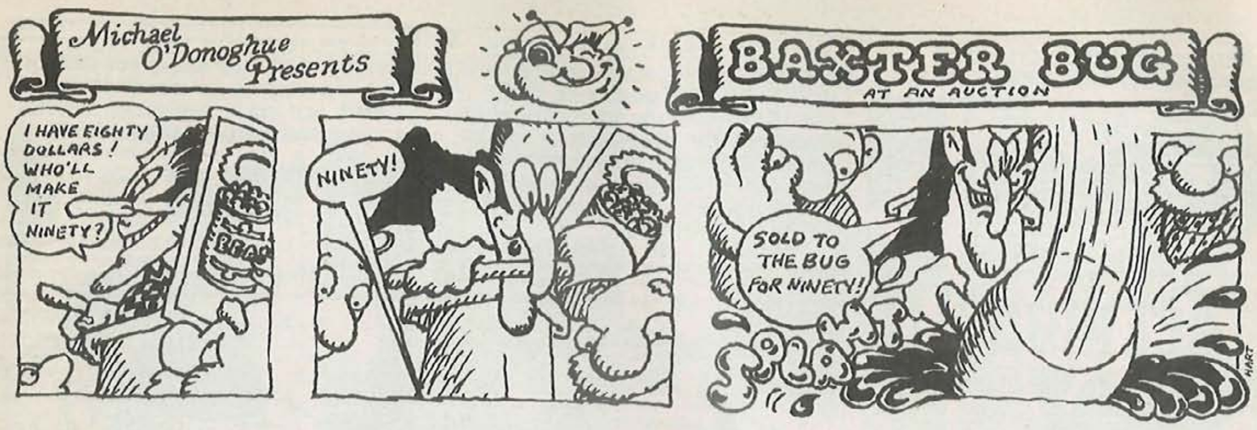

BRAMLEY'S BOARDING HOUSE PRESENTS
VINNY SHINBLIND
THE INVISIBLE SEX MANIAC
I HATE TO LEAVE, DOLLS, BUT I GOTTA REFUEL!
MY GOODNESS!
G-GOSH!
AS WE JOIN OUR IMPALPABLE EPICURE, HE IS CONCLUDING HIS MORNING EXERCISES AND IT'S TIME FOR LUNCH.
WHEW! IT'S HARD TO BELIEVE THAT THOSE TWO HAVE BEEN IN HIGH SCHOOL FOR TWENTY-ODD YEARS!
RIOT SQUAD
WOW! I'M HUNGRY!
SPLORT!
?
SWIZZ!
SPLAT!
TONGUE 5¢ A LICK
OUT
I THINK I'LL GRAB ME SOME EATS IN HERE!
LIVE FRUIT
MAYBE I'LL GET SOME TUBE STEAK AN' TAKE IT HOME!
CHOMP!
MUSHMELONS HARD & SOFT
GOOSH!
GLUG! GLUG!
HAMBURG $5 PER DAY!
HOLY COW! THERE'S THAT PREVERT MR. WHIPPLE!
IF YOU DON'T SEE WHAT YOU WANT, BEAT IT!
COLD CUTS
INSTANT WATER
...FASTER THAN A SPEEDING AMPHETAMINE...
?
HAR!
RIP!
RIP!
RIP!
PULL!
ZAM!
INSTANT WATER
HAR!
?
RIP!
MR. WHIPPLE! PLEASE DON'T SQUEEZE THE CUSTOMERS!!
SHOVE!
PUSH!
SLAM!
YOU SICK, SICK MAN!
HAR! HAR!
PINCH!
WHAP!
WHAP!
WHIMPER! WHIMP!
Susan Harris
P. Bramley


THE ADAMS
by NITKA


The adventures of
FRED KISMIASS.
the man whose name sounds like "KISS MY ASS"!
by E Subitzky
... WHEN PARKING BY A FIRE HYDRANT...
HEY, BUDDY, WHAT'S YOUR NAME?
KISMIASS!
I'M GONNA RUN YA'OFF TODA STATION HOUSE!
... LATER THAT NIGHT, ON A SINGLES CRUISE TO THE CARIBBEAN...
HEY, YOU'RE CUTE! WHATSYER NAME?
KISMIASS!
HELP! RAPE!
SHIT
... FINALLY, ON WEST 49TH STREET...
HITHEREBIGBOY! WHAT'SYOURNAME?
KISMIASS!
THAT'LL BE $5 EXTRA!
FRED DECIDES TO MARRY HIS COMPANION!
WHATSYERNAMESYOUTWO?
KISMIASS!
KISMIASS!
AND THEY HAVE SEVENTEEN KIDS!
HIALLWHATAREYOURNAMES?
KISMIASS!
KISMIASS!
KISMIASS!
KISSMIASS!
THE END


SHAB
OH, GREAT NOSE ALL, MY FOOT HURTS.
DON'T TELL ME! IT HURTS WHEN YOU WALK, RIGHT?
INCREDIBLE.
INCREDIBLE, RIGHT? WELL, YOU PROBABLY HAVE A ROCK IN YOUR SHOE.
SHOE? I HAVEN'T GOT ANY SHOES!
HAVE YOU GOT ANY ROCKS?
PLENTY.
RIGHT! LEAVE TWO ANIMALS AT MY CAVE AND COME BACK IN A WEEK FOR A CHECKUP.


WHISTLE-STOP
M.K. BROWN
WE'RE HERE.
WE'RE HERE!
GET HIM READY.
WHEEE!
ARGHSH ARGHSH GRASH
WE'RE THERE. GET HIM READY.
O.K.
SOMEBODY GIVE US A HAND HERE - LETS GET THOSE SHOES ON.
COME ON!
LADIES AND GENTLEMEN! THE NEXT PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES!
RAH! RAH!
YEA!
DO YOU SUPPOSE ACTUALLY SEEING THE CANDIDATE EAT THE RAT COULD COST US THE ELECTION?
IT SURE WAS A GODDAMN CARELESS THING TO HAPPEN,
I DON'T THINK ANYONE NOTICED.


Michael O'Donoghue Presents
BAXTER BUG
AT AN AUCTION
I HAVE EIGHTY DOLLARS! WHO'LL MAKE IT NINETY?
NINETY!
SOLD TO THE BUG FOR NINETY!
SPLAT
HART

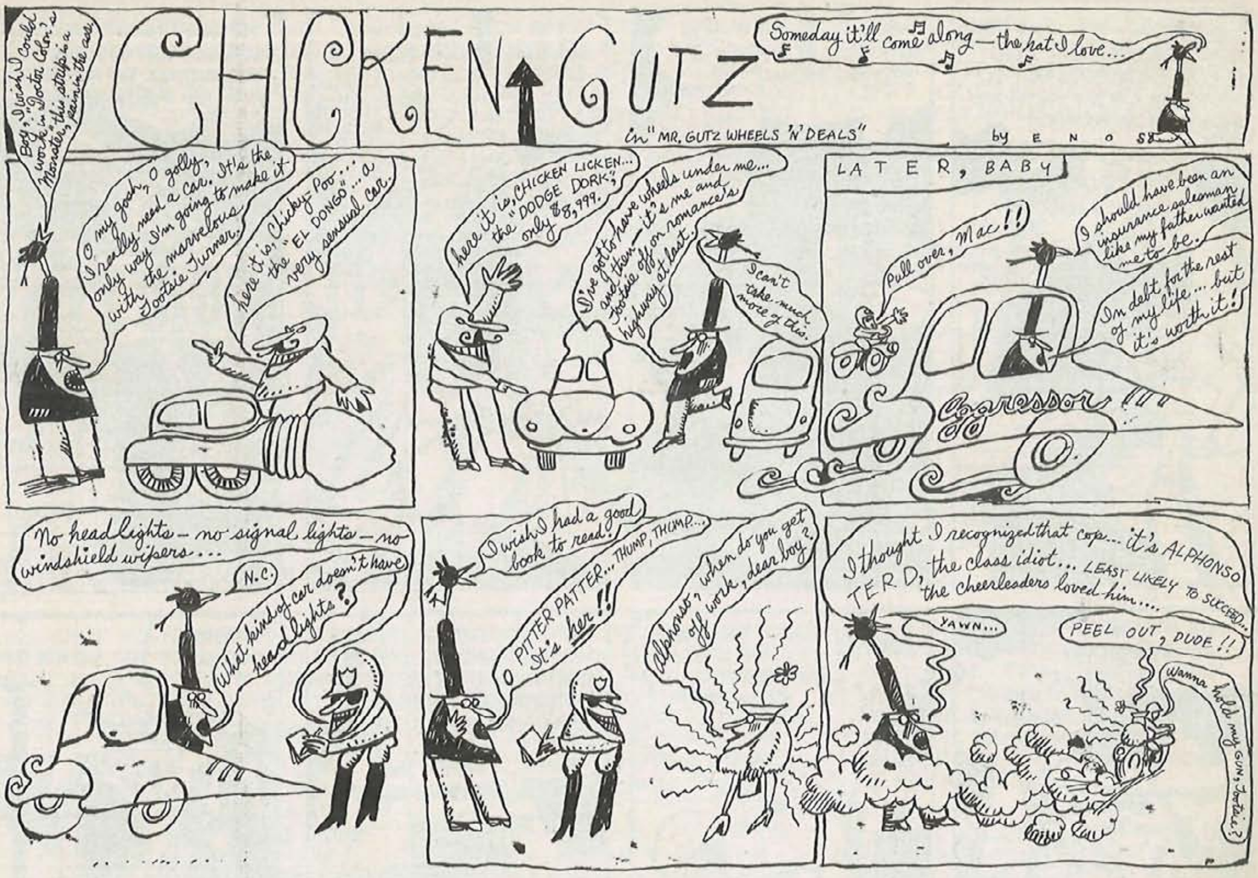

DOCTOR COLON'S MONSTER
WEIRD · REPUGNANT · REVOLTING · UNUSUAL · CALIBAN · DISGUSTING ·
WOLFGANG, THIS MUST BE THE 8TH TIME IN 3 YEARS THAT WE'VE GONE TO MÜNCHEN TO SEE "DER FLEDERMAUS."
IT'S MY FAVORITE OPERA, ROSALINDA. BESIDES, A FEW DAYS IN MÜNCHEN WILL DO US ALL GOOD.
NO NEED TO WORRY ABOUT SMEGMA AND THE MONSTER. THEY'LL STAY WITH MY COUSIN ADOLF.
SMEGMA, THE CURVE!
oh shit!!
The goddamned car went over the cliff and they were all killed!
THE END!
June 17, 1972
dear editor:
I don't know what the hell happened. This was going to be a pretty funny episode.
However, I still have some space to fill so I'll do up a new strip entitled "SAM AND ISABEL." I hope you like it and I apologize for what happened.
regards, rodriguez
SAM and ISABEL
JEW
CATHOLIC
THE TRUE-TO-LIFE STORY OF A JEWISH-CHRISTIAN MARRIAGE
SAM, WHY DON'T WE SELL THE ISRAEL BONDS AND BUY A NEW VOLKSWAGEN?
ISABEL, I'VE TOLD YOU NO! NOT UNTIL THEY FIND MARTIN BORMANN!
June 18, 1972
dear editor:
On second thought certain Jewish groups would probably object to the Semitic nose on SAM.
Also in Jewish circles there is great concern about the younger Jews falling away from Judaism due to an increase in intermarriage.
I won't continue with this strip.
best wishes, rodriguez


ACE DEUCE
PRIVATE DETECTIVE
IN A GREAT METROPOLIS
the story
ACE DEUCE HAS BEEN RETAINED BY A DES MOINES BANKER TO FIND HIS RUNAWAY TEENAGE DAUGHTER.
ACE DEUCE'S MISSION...
FIND THIS GIRL!
HEY MEESTER, YOU WANT BUY THEESE? HMMMM? I'M CLEAN.
HMMMM? THIS COULD BE HER. VERY CLEVER SUBTERFUGE!
DO NOT RESIST ME! YOU ARE DARLA JEAN HESKETH! A RUNAWAY CHILD FROM DES MOINES.
PRIVATE DICK BADGE
TACOS, MARIMBA, HOY! HERMAN BADILLO, MESA, FALANGE, ZAPATA! THE SIEGE OF THE ALCAZAR!!!!!
June 19, 1972
dear editor:
This last one isn't so good.
I'll try again next month.
regards, rodriguez
P.S. Do I get paid for this whole page or only as far as the demise of DR. COLON?


...AND NOW, BEFORE ENDING OUR BROADCASTING DAY, WE BRING YOU...
Sermonette
WRITTEN BY ED BLUESTONE
ILLUSTRATED BY FRANK SPRINGER
HELLO, I'M FATHER THOMAS CARLSON. THROUGH HISTORY, MANY PEOPLE HAVE ARGUED THAT THE SUFFERING WHICH JESUS ENDURED ON THE CROSS WAS INVOLUNTARY. I PERSONALLY LOATHE THESE HEATHENS WHO CONTEND THAT OUR LORD WOULD HAVE ABANDONED US HAD HIS FEET AND HANDS NOT BEEN NAILED DOWN!
CAN YOU HONESTLY TELL YOURSELVES THAT THIS MAN IS NOT HAPPY? NOT ADJUSTED TO HIS STATION IN LIFE? NOT FULFILLING SOME EMOTIONAL NEED FOR NAILS AND BLOOD?
THIS IS MY BAG.
YOU HEARD HIM YOURSELVES! IT'S HIS BAG! AND TONIGHT ON MY PROGRAM, JESUS WILL DISPEL ANY DOUBT THAT CRUCIFICTION IS HIS WAY OF SAYING "I LOVE YOU!"
THAT'S RIGHT. I LOVE PEOPLE. I TRULY ENJOY BLEEDING. I THRIVE ON BLEEDING FOR THE COMMON GOOD. AND KEEP THOSE PLASMA BOTTLES COMING!
MAY I INTERJECT, LORD, THAT WATCHING YOU BLEED BRINGS ME A JOY WHICH SURPASSES ANY OF MY OTHER HOBBIES. WOULD YOU NOW EXPLAIN HOW YOU'RE PLANNING TO PROVE THAT YOU VOLUNTARILY HANG FROM A CROSS WITH RAZOR-SHARP RIVETS PUNCTURING YOUR TINY LIMBS?
CERTAINLY. MY TRUTH WILL UNFOLD WITH A SIMPLE DEMONSTRATION....
I HAVE THE PHYSICAL POWER TO DETACH MYSELF FROM THE CROSS, AND TONIGHT I WILL TEMPORARILY LEAVE THE CROSS IN A DISPLAY OF MY FREE WILL, RARE ALTRUISM, AND ATHLETIC PROWESS OF OLYMPIAN CALIBER! ALSO, IT'S A HARD TRICK IN ANYONE'S BOOK!
I DON'T BELIEVE MY EARS! IF THE LITTLE COCKER PULLS THIS OFF, I'LL START PRAYING!
THE FEAT YOU PROPOSE SEEMS UNFATHOMABLE. YET SOME INTANGIBLE FAITH WITHIN MY SOUL COMPELS ME TO BELIEVE YOU CAN DELIVER. MAY I ASSIST YOU IN ANY WAY, MY LORD?
YOU MAY, MY SON. I MUST BE COVERED, WITH A SMALL PIECE OF CLOTH. IT IS IMPORTANT THAT THE SECRET OF MY MIRACLE NOT FALL INTO THE WRONG HANDS.
I HAVE ONLY MY HUMBLE HANDKERCHIEF, LORD. I BEG YOU TO FORGIVE THE UNWORTHINESS OF MY MONOGRAM AND TO ATTEMPT TO SPARE YOUR HOLY BLOOD ANY CONTACT WITH THIS BLASPHEMOUS $15 SILK GIFT FROM BISHOP SHEEN!
FEAR NOT, MY SON. MY BLOOD WASHES OUT MUCH THE SAME AS VEGETABLE DYE.
BEGIN AT YOUR LEISURE, MY LORD, BEARING IN MIND THAT THE HANDKERCHIEF WILL TEAR IF PULLED DOWN ON YOUR CROWN OF THORNS!
IF ANYONE IS INTERESTED, THIS IS WHAT THE HOLY GHOST LOOKS LIKE, EXCEPT THEN I HAVE OPENINGS FOR MY EYES.



HE'S GOING TO TEAR THAT HANDKERCHIEF AND I GOT IT FOR PROMISING NOT TO HAVE HIM ON MY SHOW ANYMORE. HOW IRONIC!
LUCK BE A LADY
ARE YOU READY? YOU MAY INDICATE SUCH BY SAYING "NOW!"
NU!
I'M SORRY, LORD!
I DIDN'T SAY NOW. I SAID NO!
HE JUST NEEDS A LITTLE MORE TIME. YET WE SHOULD ALL BE IMPRESSED WITH HIS PROGRESS.
WATCH THE HANKIE!
YOU'LL TEAR IT TO SHREDS!
I'VE ALMOST GOT IT!
WAIT!
YOU'VE PROVED IT! THE LAST NAIL DOESN'T COUNT!!
HE'S GOTTEN A LITTLE HUNG UP, BUT IT WAS A MARVELOUS ATTEMPT AT A TERRIBLY DIFFICULT MANEUVER. I'LL GIVE HIM A HAND....
PUT THAT HANKIE BACK!
THERE WE GO!
CRACK!
THANK YOU FOR WATCHING "SERMONETTE" AND SHARING JESUS' SUFFERING. I HOPE YOU'VE ENJOYED IT AS MUCH AS HE HAS. GOOD NIGHT.
I'M SEEING TRIPLE. MY FATHER LOOKS POLYTHEISTIC.
Sermonette
I ONLY NEEDED ANOTHER FIVE SECONDS!
"SERMONETTE" HAS BEEN BROUGHT TO YOU BY THE ARCHDIOCESE OF GREATER NEW YORK.
NAIL HIM BACK ON AND DON'T USE THE SAME HOLES!
WHY NOT?
HE DIGS PAIN, STUPID! YOU WERE WATCHING THE MONITOR!
Television



COMING NEXT MONTH

Boredom

What with Nixon's recent trip to China and all, we could do worse than study the works of Kao le-Tan (literally, humor-in-uniform), the great Chinese scientist and sage (A.D. 445–513?) whose contributions to Eastern culture include Chien-ha, the threefold path to well-being—stay in bed, avoid drafts, and drink plenty of liquids—and a form of divination, which he practiced with great success at the court of the Emperor Han Li, based on eavesdropping. He was also responsible for a large number of contributions in a more practical realm, including a variation of spit-in-the-ocean, played with paving stones, pumice, the bedpan, the tea cosy, the jussive subjunctive, and the first known clipboard, made from a solid block of jade with an ingenious dragon's-mouth clip.

Here is just one of Kao's Chih-lu, or aimless-thoughts-arrived-at-when-tipsy, of which he penned more than fifty thousand during his lifetime—I think it kind of gives the flavor of the man: Never give a ho-seh (a foolish, or gullible, person) a tse-han (a reasonable chance, a fair opportunity). Ho-seh is a little difficult to translate, but elsewhere Kao says one was born every ten fi, or seconds, a reflection perhaps of China's huge population.

Kao also produced a number of more traditional tales, of which this is the best example. One day Kao was being borne, as was his custom, in a comfortable sedan chair, so as to be in a better frame of mind to contemplate the way of things, along the road from Kantsien to the Palace of the Gibbous Moon, where he had a date to play spit-in-the-ocean with the Prince Tseh. An old beggar who happened to be by the side of the road accosted the wise man as he passed and said: Oh learned one, tell me, which is better, to be wise, and suffer the pain which comes with knowledge of disorder, or to be ignorant and, being thus pleasantly unaware of disorder, contribute to it?

Go fuck yourself, replied the sage.

Sort of makes you think, doesn't it?

The Wonderful World of Meat/A top-of-the-round tour, featuring Meat Lai, the Playmeat of the Month, Great Works of Western Meat, Yellowstone National Pork, Meat the Duck Press, and the Shank End for the Detroit Loins.

Celebrity Siblings Comics/This month starring Donald Nixon—by day the President's brother, by night the President's brother.

Our White Heritage/Most people don't know it, but George A. Rutherford, a white man, invented the magneto.

The Sistine Chapel Floor/You won't find it in your fancy-shmancy Skira art books, but it's one of the supreme accomplishments of the human spirit.

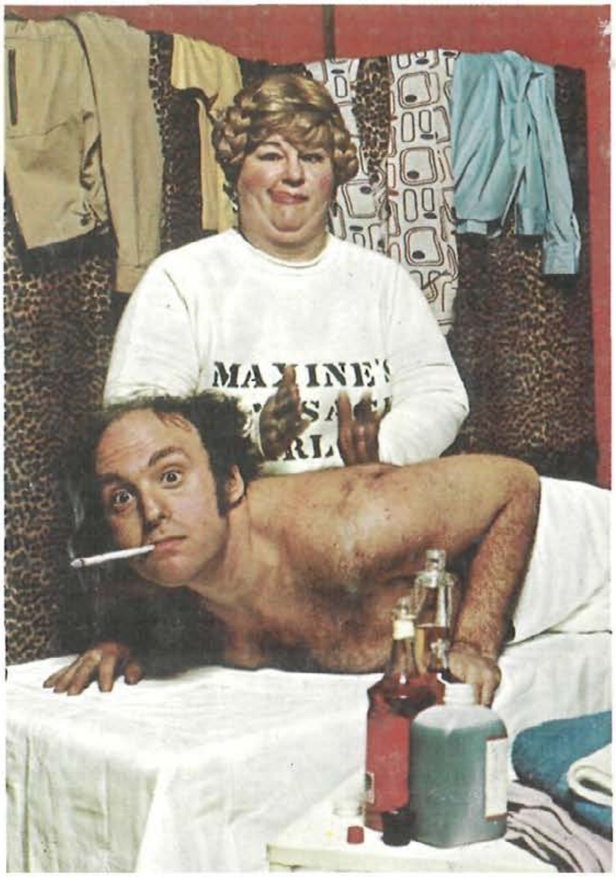
More to Come/". . . her living bra bit her! No, but . . ." Don't go away, Johnny will be right back with Shecky Green, Vikki Carr, Fanny Flagg, Enzo Stuarti, and champion sardine-packer Neil Ostapowich.

The Great Refrigerator Rally/A perfectly preserved 1937 gas-operated Kelvinator, with the first foot-pedal opener, the original butter dish, and lovingly burnished vegetable trays.

The Boredom Pages/Climb aboard, banality buffs, for a thunder-slow trip through the ho-hum and the dull, conducted by your own personal guide, the noted connoisseur of the vapid, George Sanders. □

The latest gimmick at Maxine's Massage Parlor is to offer customers her own brand of roll-your-own filter cigarettes.

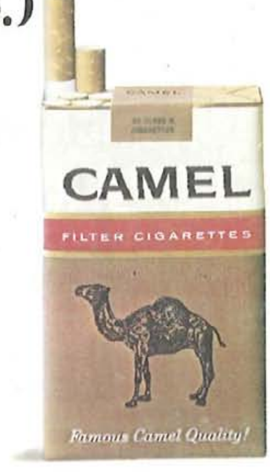
Now everybody will be smoking Maxine's roll-your-own filter cigarettes ...almost everybody.





Camel Filters.
They're not for everybody.

(But then, they don't try to be.)



Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

19 mg. "tar," 1.3 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report APR.'72.